SPECIAL "PRIME OF LIFE" NUMBER

March 1914

Price 6D

The QUIVER



Sound Advice.



You cannot do better than take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Brought up on

Mellin's Food

—and only Eleven Months Old!

So writes the proud mother of Constance Delia Astington, 14 Southcote Road, Tufnell Park, London, N., and the photograph may well be left to tell its own convincing story. The value of Mellin's food for infant-rearing has been proved in thousands upon thousands of similar instances. Mellin's contains everything necessary to the making of firm flesh, sound bone, and all that contributes to vigorous health,—above all, it can be assimilated by any child from birth onwards. Mellin's is starch free, and is prepared instantly without cooking.



Mothers should send for these:

A Sample Bottle of Mellin's Food, sufficient to prove its value, and a useful Handbook for Mothers FREE ON REQUEST. Mention this Magazine.

Address Sample Dept., MELLIN'S FOOD LTD., PECKHAM, S.E.

L. & C. HARDTMUTH'S

"KOH-I-NOOR"

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So good that they are often used down to the last half inch.

4d. each, 3/6 per dozen. 17 degrees and Copying.

Of all Stationers.

BERMALINE BREAD

A Wholesome——and Nourishing Food for Family Use, delicious to eat————and—— ALWAYS FRESH

Hungry husband—cold bone—all alone —cold day—appetite—taken away.

Next day—a hot stew—E.D.S.—a great success—husband happy—hooray!

That cold joint warmed up with a little Edwards' desiccated Soup will make one of the finest stews that ever came to a table.

1d., 4½d., 8d., 1/3. E.D.S.

ONE  CUP OF

PLASMON COCOA

Equals TEN of



ordinary cocoa

A BOLD STATEMENT—but PROVED TO BE TRUE

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STATEMENT BY *THE LANCET*:—

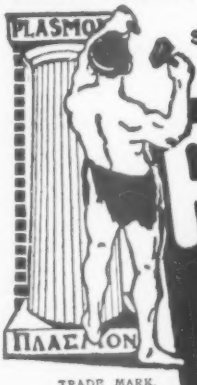
"Plasmon (*the pure albumen of milk, together with the organic salts and natural phosphates*) **increases the food value of cocoa enormously. The admixture of Plasmon makes cocoa a very nourishing article, an advantage which in its natural state it lacks."**

STATEMENT BY *BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL*:—

"Plasmon Cocoa yields a beverage of much greater nutritive value than ordinary cocoa."

Give your children Plasmon Cocoa, which is *THE ONLY COCOA* that

BUILDS MUSCLE — NOURISHES BRAIN — STRENGTHENS NERVE.



TRADE MARK.

Sold everywhere, 5d., 9d., 1/4

PLASMON
ALL NOURISHMENT
COCOA

2 PAIRS HOLEPROOF HOSE FREE

UNDER GUARANTEE (See below).

DARN NO MORE



100,000 PAIRS of the now famous improved V. & H. HOLEPROOF Ladies' Stockings and Men's Socks are now ready to be sent out on the understanding that if a single hole should appear within two months of purchase you can send them back, and **2 Pairs—FREE**—will be sent in exchange for them (under guarantee).

HOLEPROOF HOSE IS A NEW DISCOVERY. This little-known yarn is lighter in weight and at the same time tougher and stronger than any other brand. It is so pliable that it gives to continued pressure and wear, just as a sponge may be depressed by gripping in the hand, but still have no damage done to its fabric.

It wears three to five times as long as ordinary hose, so test it with guarantee of FREE replacement for two months.

SAVE MONEY.—CUT HOSIERY BILLS DOWN TWO-THIRDS. Why buy hose that wears out so quickly? Two pairs of **HOLEPROOF HOSE will outwear six pairs of ordinary Hose.** Read the guarantee: *"If a hole should develop in HOLEPROOF HOSIERY within two months of purchase we will replace them free.—Vaughan and Heather, Ltd."*

This is your protection. You run no risk. We could not afford to make such a guarantee if HOLEPROOF HOSE did not wear up to it.

FREE INITIALS.—If you order six pairs of Ordinary, or six pairs of Silk HOLEPROOF HOSE, your woven initials will be affixed to each Stocking or Sock—*free of extra charge.*

Price Ordinary Holeproof Hose.

Two Pairs Gent's Socks (post 2d.) Colours—Black, Navy, Pearl Grey, Tan, Purple, Fawn, Drab, Saxe, Green. **2 10**

Two Pairs Ladies' Stockings (post 2d.) Colours—Black, Navy Blue, Saxe, Mole, White, Champagne, Tan, Brown. **3 10**

Price Silk Holeproof Hose.

Two Pairs Gent's Silk Socks (post 2d.) Colours—Grey, Tan, Purple, Navy, Saxe, Green, Black, White. **7 6**

Two Pairs Ladies' Silk Stockings (post 2d.) Colours—Grey, Brown, Saxe Blue, Navy, Champagne, Black, White, Purple, Mauve. **10 6**

On the guarantee that we will replace them free if a hole develops within two months, will you send your P.O. to-day to **VAUGHAN & HEATHER, Ltd.** (Dept. 28), **The Mail Order House, Queen's Road, BRIGHTON.**



"Oh dear, I am so sorry, I shall have to go home—I have got a hole in my stocking." "But, my dear, why don't you wear VAUGHAN & HEATHER HOLEPROOF HOSE" I always do."





WHEN THERE'S 3 OR 4 OF YOU

how "Wood-Milnes" reduce the boot bills! A pair of Wood-Milne Rubber Heels or Tips outlast three ordinary leather soles. If you want the *comfort and the wear* you *must* get

Wood-Milne

RUBBER HEELS AND TIPS

In many varieties, and at various prices, from Boot-dealers everywhere.

But—if you value satisfaction—be *sure* to get "*Wood-Milnes*."

If you golf, try the "White Chief," a record Two-shillingsworth.

HAIR-GROWING EXPERIMENTS EVERYONE MAY ENJOY.

A Further Fascinating Chapter in the Romance of Research for Hair Beauty and Health.

HOW YOU MAY NOT ONLY SAVE YOUR HAIR FROM DISEASE, BUT MAKE IT GROW MORE BEAUTIFUL AND ABUNDANT.

Mr. Edwards, of "Harlene Hair-Drill" fame, to-day publishes suggestions for a series of scientific experiments which will enable everyone to test the health of their hair, and if it is weak or impoverished, to commence—without a penny of expense—a course of natural hair culture that will assure healthy hair in abundance.

Readers will remember the startling effect of the Royal Hair Specialist's first experiments. Those announced here are even more sensational.

YOU CAN MAKE THIS "X-RAY" TEST YOURSELF.

Here is an experiment, a startling "X-Ray" test advised by Mr. Edwards—a test you may carry out at home — which will give you some important information concerning the real condition of your hair.

Sit, or stand, facing an electric or incandescent light, hold up your hair as shown in the illustration — hold it loosely—and look through it. You will discover a disquieting number of "split" hairs, a quantity of dust particles adhering here and there, a twisted entanglement of unhealthy strands, falling hair, and many other signs of hair disorder.

You will also find that whilst some hairs are long, many more are short, and that there is urgent need for you to accept Mr. Edwards' Hair-Growing Gift.



The light reveals many hair blemishes.

AN IMPORTANT EXPERIMENT EVERY MAN SHOULD MAKE.

Next comes an experiment which men, as well as women, should make. It will quickly tell you whether your hair is as it should be.

Comb the hair thoroughly on the top, at the sides, and at the back for at least two minutes, with a clean comb. Then lift the hair in various parts of the head, and see if there is the least trace of thinning, if the hair is receding from the temples, or if there is the least sign of greyness or loss of colour.

Having done this, examine the comb carefully. Should you find the least trace of a powdery dust, or see any hairs clinging to the teeth, if the brightness of the comb has been at all dulled, then your hair is out of health, and needs a tonic restorative.

Before its condition gets worse send for Mr. Edwards' free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit.

WHAT YOUR FREE HAIR-GROWING OUTFIT WILL DO FOR YOU.

Post the special application form below, with 3d. stamps for carriage and packing, and, without expense or obligation, you will receive the Complete "Hair-Drill" Outfit by return.

It comprises:—

(1) A trial bottle of "Harlene," which feeds the hair and stimulates the hair-roots, makes the hair soft and glossy, and invests it with a beautiful lustre and luxuriance.

(2) A trial packet of "Cremex," a delightful Shampoo, which dissolves Scurf, banishes Irritation of the Scalp, and prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

(3) A Copy of Mr. Edwards' "Hair-Drill" Manual, containing the secret rules which made his fame, and which, practised for two minutes every day, make and keep your hair healthy and luxuriant, free from the slightest sign of Baldness, Greyness, or Hair Poverty.

You can then commence immediately to—

- **stop the hair falling or splitting.**
- **rid hair and scalp of dandruff and scurf.**
- **restore lustre and "life" to the most faded hair.**
- **make the scalp feel clean, fresh, and comfortable.**
- **and obtain hair strength and beauty.**

"Harlene" is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores, in 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. bottles, and "Cremex" in 1s. boxes of 7 powders, single powders 2d., or direct, post free, on remittance. Foreign postage extra. Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed.

FREE OUTFIT COUPON.

To EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

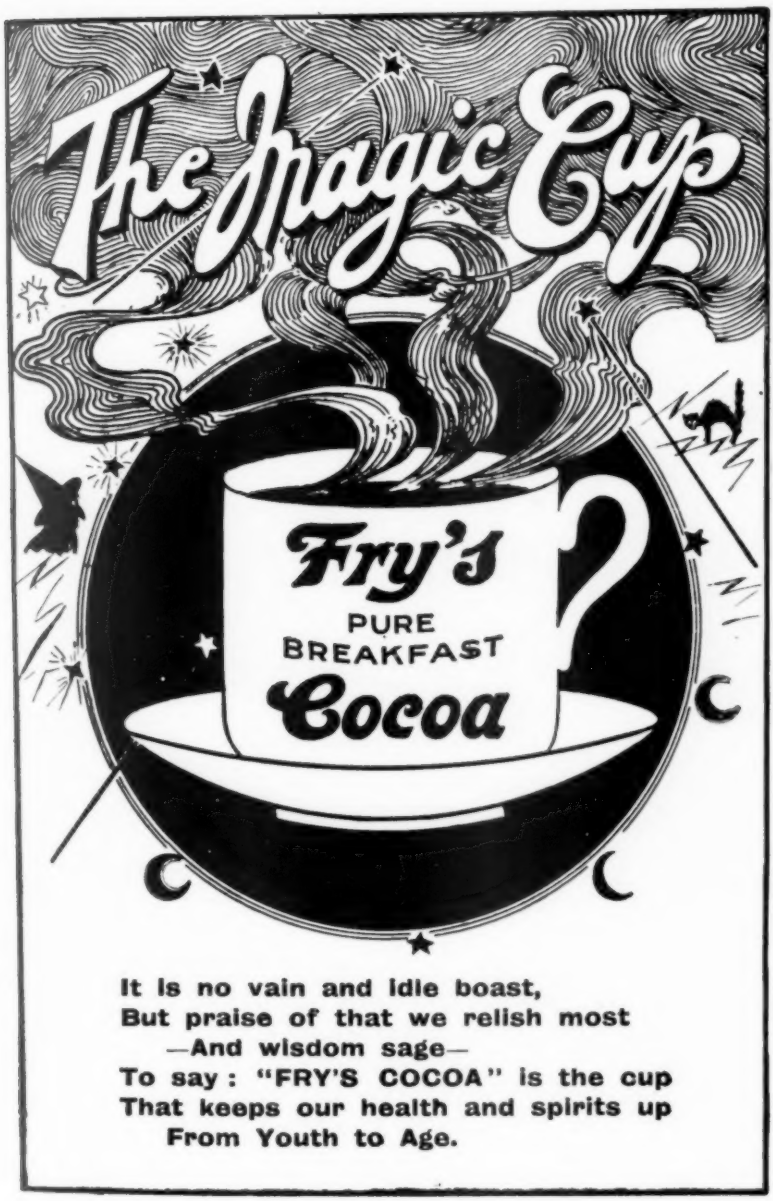
Please send me the Complete "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit as offered. I enclose 3d. Stamps to pay postage anywhere in the world. (Foreign Stamps accepted.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"Quiver," March, 1914.



It is no vain and idle boast,
But praise of that we relish most
—And wisdom sage—
To say: "FRY'S COCOA" is the cup
That keeps our health and spirits up
From Youth to Age.

This Coupon brings you a 4/6 Bottle for 1/10.

We authorise our Chief Chemist to send to the applicant who forwards this Authority a regular 4s. 6d. bottle of TATCHO (enough for *at least* one month), carriage and packing paid to the applicant's own door, at the nominal price of 1s. 10d.

Dr. Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer Co

5, Great Queen Street, London, W.C

If you do not wish to cut the paper quote "169 The Quiver."





Falling Hair saved by Tatcho.

What users themselves say.

Read this remarkable testimony to the wonderful powers of Tatcho. See how Tatcho saved the hair of people like yourself.

These grateful people, probably like you, may have tried many remedies which had failed. Then *to their delight*, after using Tatcho, they began to find fewer and fewer hairs in the comb, and the hair on the head growing thick and glossy and lustrous. In their enthusiasm, they took their pens and wrote these letters of gratitude to Tatcho, appending their own signatures and attesting them as true.

What Tatcho has done for others it can do for you. It creates long and lustrous hair; it brings the elasticity of health; it stops falling; it—read the letters.

TATCHO'S OFFER.

Owing to the large response to our former offer, and the great public enthusiasm for Tatcho, which is saving the Company large sums in Press Advertising, the Company has placed a further sum of five hundred pounds in the hands of their Chief Cashier, who has instructions to add 2s. 8d. out of the Company's Advertising Appropriation Fund to your 1s. 10d., in order to bring your payment up to the ordinary price of the bottle.

You will soon see a wonderful change for the better in your hair. Do not be discouraged if you have tried other remedies which have failed. So had the writers of the letters printed here—but the Company has suppressed the names of the failures. *Tatcho is different.* Fill in the special coupon above—to-day—now. Send only 1s. 10d. for your 4s. 6d. bottle.

"Lady Collins
used Tatcho for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick."
18, Ashburn Place.

"Highly delighted."
"Tatcho has worked wonders on my hair and I am highly delighted with it."
L. Grierson,
Hazel Bank, Clifton Drive, Lytham, Lancs.

"Best of all."
"I find Tatcho the best of anything I have ever tried for my hair."
Mrs. Blake,
3, Bank Buildings, West Kensington.

"Wonderful Effects."
"I am simply delighted with Tatcho. Its effects are wonderful. It is impossible to praise it too much."
S. Teasdale,
Stirling Street, Grimsby.

"Just lovely."
"Your Tatcho is just lovely. I am delighted with it and shall speak of it widely."
M. Humphries,
The Rectory, Stewartstown Co. Tyrone, Ireland.

"Hair soft and glossy."
"I have used many hair restorers, but none to compare with Tatcho. I have even used it for my children and it makes their hair so nice and soft and glossy."
Mrs. Heathcote,
111, Egerton Road, Bishopston, Bristol.

"Tatcho has done my hair so much good."
Miss Florence Atkins,
Royal Bath Hotel, Bournemouth.

"Lady Powell
has found Tatcho very beneficial, the falling of hair having ceased."
Torr Alulan, Dunoon, N.B.

"Very valuable."
"My experience of Tatcho proves it to be a very valuable restorative for the hair. I have recommended it to very many of my friends and their opinion entirely concurs with my own."
O. T. R. Dargue,
36, Grosvenor Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

You see—Benger's is the one food you can adapt to circumstances.

It is self-digestive to an extent entirely under control. After 10 minutes' standing the self digestion is getting nicely on the way. After 15 or 20 minutes it has further advanced. You stop it by simply boiling up. It is interesting, and more than that—Benger's Food is a power in the hands of the intelligent man or woman because it can be made to suit infant, invalid or aged person.



BENGER'S
Food

is prepared with fresh new milk as directed, and forms a delicious food cream.

Post free—to all who have the care of Infants and Invalids, a 56-page Booklet —"Benger's Food and How to Use It."

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Our mills are supplying high-class London Tailors with thousands of the new Donegal Tweeds, and now, in order to make the beauty and unusual durability of our hand-made fabrics better known, we will make you, to measure, a splendid three-garment suit in any style you wish.

This suit will be fashioned throughout by clever craftsmen accustomed to the best London work only. It will be a suit you could not possibly buy elsewhere under 45/-, and our price to you, for the next few months, in any of the thirty grand hand-woven fabrics we send you, is only **30/-**

FREE. A full range of the new Donegal patterns, self-measurement form, and our handsome book, "The Story of Donegal Tweeds," all post free on request.

Donegal Tweed Co (Mail Order Dept. F 3) **Oldham Place, LIVERPOOL.**

Also at DUBLIN, BELFAST, and DONEGAL, IRELAND.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

The vogue of the Brogue

For the Golfer

The scratch man, the handicap man, every man who golfs, will find a surer stance, a greater foot-ease, comfort, and immunity from damp feet if he foots the course in Norwell's Scotch-made all-leather brogue shoes, and—no matter how roughly used—they keep their perfect shape to the end.



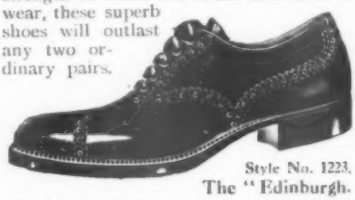
Style No. 1220.

Special Quality Brogue.

A stylish shoe, soundly and stoutly built, with tough wearing soles and uppers of selected calf skin. Every inch is the best leather procurable and absolutely waterproof. There are no irritating seams, the whole shoe being lined with soft calf skin. This shoe always retains its flexibility and smart shape, and wears to the last stitch. Post paid **20/-**

For the Pedestrian

Tramping the hard rough roads of the country, or roaming o'er moor and fell, real buoyancy and stimulation can only be obtained if shod in Norwell's Scotch-made Brogue Shoes. Non-irritant, but always soothing to the feet, of great durability and strength to stand the strain and stress of wear, these superb shoes will outlast any two ordinary pairs.



Style No. 1223.

The "Edinburgh.

A walking or golfing shoe for all needs of the out-o'-doors man. Made in the new dark red-brown calf leather, is stylish and smart, thoroughly flexible and waterproof. Fits neatly and snugly around the ankle, and is always cool and easy on the feet. Post paid **18/6**

Norwell's guarantee you absolute satisfaction, or cheerfully refund your money in full.

Norwell's 'Perth' Brogues

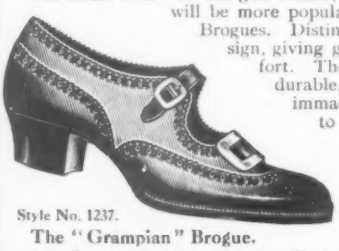
Direct from Scotch Maker to Wearer

Always state size and colour desired when sending your order.

Shooting, walking, golfing and sports boots for men and women, boots for dress occasions, for city wear. Stylish Brogue Shoes that are strong and durable for the young ladies, tough-soled and stout-uppered boots to stand the rough wear of the lusty growing boys, and "ease-and-comfort-giving" footwear for the tiny tots.

The New Style Buckle Brogues for Ladies

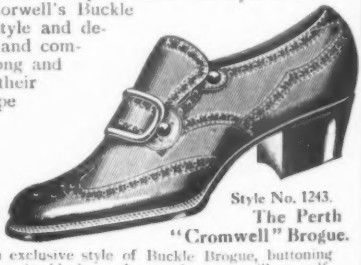
For smart wear—on the golf course, walking, or on the promenade—no style of shoe will be more popular than Norwell's Buckle Brogues. Distinctive in style and design, giving great ease and comfort. They are strong and durable, and keep their immaculate shape to the end.



Style No. 1237.

The "Grampian" Brogue.

A one-bar shoe, in rich dark brown or black willow calf, suitable for almost any outdoor occasion; highly finished, with plated unrustable buckle. Light in weight, flexible and durable, it has no lining to chafe the feet, and fits like a glove. Post paid **15/6**



Style No. 1243.

The Perth "Cromwell" Brogue.

An exclusive style of Buckle Brogue, buttoning two, in black or brown box or willow calf. Useful for any occasion—golf, walking, or promenade wear. Gives great wear, is thoroughly flexible and waterproof, and always keeps its shape. Post paid **18/6**

Norwell's pay postages in United Kingdom on all orders over 5/- in value, and all orders must be accompanied by remittance. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue of Family Footwear, which will be sent post free.

D. NORWELL & SON

PERTH, SCOTLAND

Established over 100 Years.



Trust the Man Behind the Boot



"RUTH AND NAOMI."
By P. H. Calderon, R.A.

"Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."—RUTH i, 16.

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For many years I was afflicted with a very humiliating growth of hair on my face. I have discovered a sure and harmless remedy which permanently removes this embarrassing growth, and acts directly upon the follicles, thereby exterminating root and branch; it is absolutely painless. I have treated hundreds of cases with perfect success. Write to me in confidence for further particulars, and enclose stamp to pay postage. It is quite an inexpensive treatment.

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You can Play the Piano To-day

BY

Naunton's National Music System.



IT makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are 80 years of age or only 8, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

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"You cannot fail." All you have to do is to sit down to the piano with our music and play it at once—Hymns, Dance-music, Songs, Classics, anything.

Over 50,000 people are playing by it, and are playing perfectly. If they can do it, so can you.

Yes! I'm one of the 50,000

If you are one of the thousands who have tried and failed, have given up learning by the old methods owing to the difficulties, or if you are afraid to begin because of the drudgery, let us tell you all about this wonderful, simple, rapid, and perfect Naunton's National Music System, which is a real educator. That word "educator" means "to lead out" or "to draw out." It does *not* mean "to cram in." Our system draws out the musical powers of our students to their own delight right from the very first lesson. Take advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive five tunes which we guarantee you can play; thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you and give you many years of purest pleasure.

No one need ever say again, "I wish I could play"; everyone can do it, to-day.

READ WHAT OTHER PEOPLE SAY

One pupil writes after 9 lessons:—"I had tried to learn under many masters for about nine years, but at last had to give it up. I can read and play by your system easily."

A Composer says:—"I think it A1, easy, excellent. Any person could understand it."

A Composer of over 3,000 popular songs says:—"I consider it the most ingenious invention in connection with music I have ever seen."

Another pupil writes after 5 lessons:—"Your system is splendid."

Another pupil writes after 6 lessons:—"I can play well, and am teaching two of my friends."

A Mother writes:—"Florrie can play splendidly, and I can play also. Your system is certainly splendid, and is just as easy as you said."

Another pupil says:—"I am recommending it to all my friends, and two of them have sent to you for their lessons."

A Sample of many—after one lesson:—"When reading your advertisement I could scarcely believe that any system could achieve what was there stated. But on studying your first lesson I realised that at last a system had been discovered which is capable of instructing persons who formerly held the idea that to play the piano was utterly beyond them. This opinion of themselves must now be entirely set aside. Naunton's National Music System is the acme of simplicity, or simplicity in perfection."

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

To THE MANAGER, NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.

Being a reader of THE QUIVER, and desiring to test your system, I send herewith postal order for **One Shilling**, in return for which please send me your "**Special No. 1.**" published at **2/-**, containing five tunes, with your instructions how I can play them at the first sitting, also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

DATE.....



You need not shake this Bottle.

The Oriental fruits and spices are so perfectly blended with Pure Malt Vinegar that

H.P. Sauce

does not separate in the bottle—it is the same all through—the last drop is as delicious as the first.



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER.

I want to place a copy of my Book, **"THE FACE PERFECT,"** in the hands of every woman who is a sufferer from this dreadful scourge. *It is free to you* for the asking. If you are anxious to rid yourself for ever of your disfigurement, my Book will show you how it is possible. *Write to-day.* I give all letters my Personal and Strictly Confidential attention.

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The best marking ink still in 1913.

Used with or without heating, whichever kind is preferred.

It won't wash off

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Diamond Half-Hoops, £7 upwards.



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GIANT SWEET PEAS



The Value of a "Name"

is very real in the case of Flower or Vegetable Seeds. The gardener who buys without regard to the importance of reputation is apt—at the end of an arduous season of toil and care—to find his best efforts negatived because they have been wasted upon "dead" or inferior seed. The experienced gardener buys only ECKFORD'S seeds because years of experience have proved the wisdom and economy of taking the trouble to secure the right quality and the right kind of seed.

Whatever bears the famous name of ECKFORD may be depended upon; the name of ECKFORD has never been attached to unreliable or inferior seed. Although you may hitherto have known the name simply as the source of the world's choicest sweet Peas, one season's trial will convince you that Eckford's Flower and Vegetable Seeds ALL bear the hall-mark of quality, and can be depended upon to justify the gardener's care and skill in raising them.

SPECIAL SWEET PEA COLLECTIONS FOR 1914.

Exhibitor's "A" Collection.
40 Splendid Waved Varieties. This collection also includes a half packet of each of the Novelties for 1914. The number of seeds, other than Novelties, will be 25. This is splendid value. Price **15/-**, Post Free for Cash.

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30 Splendid Waved Varieties, excellent for any purpose, fine for exhibition. 25 seeds of each. Price **10/-**, Post Free for Cash.

Villa "B" Collection.
24 Varieties. A splendid range of colour for garden effect and cutting. 50 seeds of each. Price **5/6**, Post Free for Cash.

Villa "C" Collection.
12 Varieties. A splendid range of colour for garden effect and cutting. 50 seeds of each. Price **2/9**, Post Free for Cash.

Exhibition "C" Collection.
24 Splendid Waved Varieties, excellent for any purpose, fine for exhibition. 10 seeds of each. Price **5/6**, Post Free for Cash.

Villa "A" Collection.
50 Splendid Varieties, 25 seeds of each, exquisite for garden effect and cutting. All free flowering and strong. A fine range of colour. Price **10/-**, Post Free for Cash.

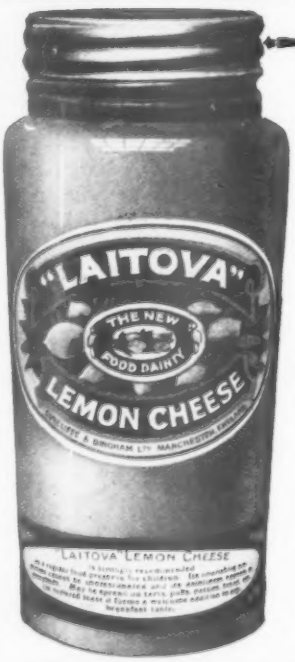
Half Villa "B" Collection.
24 Varieties. The same as the Villa "B" exactly, only 25 seeds of each variety. Price **3/-**, Post Free for Cash.

Villa "D" Collection.
12 Varieties. The same as Villa "C" exactly, only 25 seeds of each variety. Price **1/6**, Post Free for Cash.

We also send a specially written Booklet on the Culture of Sweet Peas FREE with each Collection

FREE. Send a Post-card to-day for a large Illustrated and Coloured Catalogue. It gives all particulars of the **New Sweet Peas** for 1914, and contains a full List of **all Flower** and **Vegetable Seeds** necessary for your garden.

HENRY ECKFORD, F.R.H.S., SEED GROWER AND SPECIALIST, The Sweet Pea House, Dept. 63 **WEM, Shropshire.**



The New Screw Top keeps it always fresh.

Laitova Lemon Cheese

The daily spread for children's bread.

Buy some to-day in glass jars with the
Screw Top, 6½d.
Small Jars, 3½d. and 2d.

50 WATCHES given each month—March, April, May, and June, 1914, to boys under 16.

Get your mother to buy a jar of Laitova, persuade five friends to do the same, steam the Labels off the six jars, and send them to us with your friends' names and addresses, together with a short essay written on Laitova. The best 50 efforts each month will be awarded a handsome Laitova Watch, value 5/-, fully warranted. No entrance fee—no hard puzzles.

PRIZES FOR LADIES each month whilst so advertised. One award of £1, two of 10/-, and four of 5/-, given for the seven best recipes, using Laitova Lemon Cheese.

Sutcliffe & Bingham, Ltd., Cornbrook, MANCHESTER.

"SWAN" FOUNTPENS

are the most durable and smoothest fountain pens in the world, because the point is osmium iridium, which is many times harder and years more durable than iridio-platinum—the fused alloy now so commonly used, and which is both cheaper to buy and far cheaper to grind than osmium iridium, the natural alloy we have used, and **used only** for the past fifty years.

We guarantee every "Swan" to give years of service, and what is more, we guarantee to give every user satisfaction.

Sold by Stationers and Jewellers, 10/6 upwards.

Write us to-day for our New Catalogue.

MABIE, TODD & CO., 79 & 80 High Holborn, London, W.C.





DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!



Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air-cushions that draws the broken parts together, and holds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably, and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that everybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to us, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price. Write at once for our Illustrated Booklet.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 638 Bank Bldgs., Kingsway, London, W.C.

MARVELLOUS CHINA BARGAINS!

Royal Semi-porcelain pure white Chelsea-flute, Combination Dinner, Tea, and Breakfast Service 21/- 64 pieces. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Packed Free. China Services suitable for presentations. Household Outfits. **Crystal Glassware a Speciality.**

Send for our Lists. Post Free.

RITCHIE & CO., STOKE-ON-TRENT, STAFFS.



"LIVING PICTURES AT HOME"

THE old saying that "There is nothing new under the sun" has surely been nullified by the well-known Moseley firm, who have introduced a novelty in post cards and panels for painting on, the surface of which is so prepared that flowers, birds, butterflies, figures, etc., when painted, instantly assume their "living form," accompanied by a wonderful soft tone, velvet-like in its depth and beauty.

It is astonishing how lifelike an object will become when painted on these special cards, and what really exquisite effects can be obtained by their use. The cards are supplied in packets of six for 1s., post card size, or can be had in panels for picture painting.

It is well worth while to send a shilling for a sample packet to The Art Works, Moseley Village, Birmingham.

At The Art Works, Moseley, are also produced the Moseley Oil Tablets, which well deserve the high reputation they have gained. These tablets, in post card or other sizes, can be had plain or tinted in many exquisite shades, and are quite ready for use. They will be found cheaper, and incomparably better, than cheap canvases, and provide the amateur with the very best surface and artistic background.

To those who take a delight in beautifying the home, the Moseley Gold Enamel should very strongly appeal. It is a really excellent article, and can be used for decorating dozens of articles throughout the home. It never loses its colour and beauty.

The well-known Moseley productions can be obtained of all the leading dealers, or you should write to the firm for the name of the nearest agent in your district.

Do not forget to send for a packet of the "Living" series. Your friends will be astonished and delighted with the pictures you will be able to produce therewith.

"NEAVE'S—ISN'T THAT BABY FOOD?"

THE question was asked rather wonderingly by a friend who interrupted me as I was going over my order for the stores and checking the items one by one. "Three tins Neave's Health Diet," I had said aloud, and had then changed the order to four tins.

Neave's Health Diet, as I readily explained, isn't identically the same as Neave's Infant Food. The latter is quite probably the best food in the world for infants; but what does a middle-aged bachelor know about babies? Of the Health Diet, however, I could speak with assurance. It is undoubtedly the ideal supper food for the delicate, nervous, over-strained business man, or the woman troubled with indigestion or sleeplessness.

My friend tackled me again on this point. "You are in the pink of condition," said she; "your nerves are as tough as pin-wire—business cares and troubles run off your mind as water runs off a duck's back; a score of times you have told me that you are fast asleep almost as soon as your head touches your pillow."

"All quite true," I assured her; but added reproachfully that she had never asked me about my little fads and fancies, and that I had never cared to explain to her, unasked, that my favourite supper, during many a year of hard-working, healthy manhood, has been a pint basinful of Neave's Health Diet; that I never once have regretted taking this, and this only, for my supper, and that I seldom take any other kind of supper without feeling sorry for the unprofitable exchange.

"It's worth trying for yourself," I assured her, "it is really." And I further explained that she couldn't go far wrong in writing direct to Messrs. Josiah Neave and Co., Limited, Fordingbridge, and ordering sample tins of Neave's Health Diet and Neave's Baby Food. These sample tins are offered post free at 2d. apiece to all who write mentioning THE QUIVER.

THE PICK OF THE PEN-MARKET

THERE is only one complaint that can be lodged against the average fountain pen of first-class quality. Looking at one of these handy and trusty servants, and acknowledging all its merits, one is yet often driven to the exclamation, "It is very good, but very *dear*"; and the usual dole of comfort is offered in the form of the remark that if one will have a good thing one must be prepared to pay for it. This is true, but not to the extent usually accepted.

The Neptune Pen—made in England by British workmen—has made name and fame for itself during many years' service, on the combined score of first-rate quality and efficiency, and genuinely moderate price. For 5s. one can purchase an absolutely reliable Neptune; for 10s. 6d. one can get a real beauty—the pick of the pen-market.

The best way to acquaint oneself with the many attractive varieties of Neptune pens is to write direct to the manufacturers, Messrs. Burge, Warren and Ridgley, Limited, Great Saffron Hill, London, who will promptly forward a fully illustrated catalogue of Neptune pens to any inquirer who writes mentioning this magazine.



A MARVELLOUS
Invention for
THE DEAF.

Write to-day for Booklet

Explaining how the Deaf can now hear.

It does not matter what the cause of your Deafness (unless you were born deaf), you can hear with this wonderful appliance as well as others.

Age is no barrier, nor the length of time you have been deaf. Mr. R. G. Smith, of Tottenham, was deaf for 24 years, and can now hear as well as anybody. We can give positive proof of hundreds of similar cases.

"The Murray Ear Drum" makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. A miniature Telephone for the Ear—invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Thousands sold.

People affected with this distressing complaint are invited to write for valuable Booklet, fully descriptive of this wonderful and yet simple invention, which enables the deaf to hear, and also contains convincing proof of its efficacy from users in all stations of life. If you are deaf or know anybody who is deaf, write for this Booklet. It costs nothing; we send it free to anyone on receipt of stamp to pay postage.

THE MURRAY CO., 195, Century House, 205, Regent Street, London, W.

TWENTY

different ingredients are used in the MANUFACTURE of

GORDON DILWORTH

Tomato Catsup

and these, being skilfully blended by our special process, produce a sauce fit for a king—unsurpassed and unsurpassable.

APPETISING, DIGESTIVE, DELICIOUS.

Everywhere at 3d., 6d., 9d., and 1/- per bottle.



Pynozone

Cures every form of Catarrh.

A few drops sprinkled on the handkerchief, and frequently inhaled, or on the pillow, while you sleep, will speedily allay all inflammation of the air passages and effectively cure the severest form of Catarrh. **1/- post free.**

R. HEAP, Analyst, Piccadilly, Hanley, Staffs.

LOOKING OUT FOR THE BEST

What is the most valuable food known to man? According to the most distinguished of modern scientists the palm must not be given to beef nor to any meat extract or essence, nor to any other form of flesh-food—nor even to bread; but to an accurately balanced combination of malted barley, rich sweet milk, fresh eggs, and pure cocoa.

In describing this so carefully balanced food we have talked about "Ovaltine," which consists solely of the ingredients just named. Its flavour marks the delicate interblending of malted barley and cocoa, and the beverage, when prepared according to directions, is as light as it is sustaining. "Ovaltine" needs no cooking whatever, but has simply to be stirred into hot milk. It is hard to imagine how anyone with a mind and will set towards enjoying a good night's rest could fail to fall asleep after paving the way to repose by indulging in a generous night-cap of this really delicious food. "Ovaltine" can be obtained of all chemists and stores in tins, priced 1s., 1s. 9d., and 3s.

BOOKS! For Study, Recreation, on all Subjects and for all Examinations, Second-hand at Half-Prices. The largest stock of Second-hand Books in the world. Over 1,000,000 volumes in strictly classified order. Catalogue No. 955 Free. State wants. Books bought.

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COUPON. THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS.

To the Editor, "The Quiver,"
La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the League of Loving Hearts and forward a Certificate. I enclose One Shilling.

(Signed) .....

Address .....

.....

Healthy Children, Happy Mothers

The 'Allenburys' Foods being perfectly digestible and closely resembling healthy human milk, give freedom from Digestive Ailments, Promote sound sleep, and ensure vigorous health and development.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

MILK FOOD No. 1. *From Birth to 3 months.*
MILK FOOD No. 2. *From 3 to 6 months.*
MALTED FOOD No. 3. *From 6 months upwards.*

Pamphlet "Infant Feeding and Management" sent free

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard St., London

F 179

FREE HOLIDAY ADVICE FOR OUR READERS.

Now that many of our readers are looking forward to Easter, Whitsun, and Summer Holidays, a bureau has been opened in connection with Cassell's Time Table Department, for the service of any reader who wishes advice on Where to Stay or What Town (Seaside or Country) to visit for a holiday, or those who purpose coming to stay in London. The Holiday Expert will advise the best Route, best Hotels or Boarding Houses, and likewise choice of town.

An interesting Holiday can be economically spent on the Continent, including a delightful Sea Voyage at each end of the holiday period.

Also information is given regarding Coasting Trips, and short or long Sea Cruises.

All particulars will be given as to cost of Railway or Steamboat tickets, Hotel or Boarding House charges. In connection with the above department, advice is also offered to those seeking information regarding choice of Schools, Colleges, and Educational Establishments of all descriptions. Poultry Farms are also recommended to those desirous of becoming pupils.

All inquiries should be addressed: Travel Editor, "The Quiver," La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

The only sure and harmless treatment that entirely destroys hair growth permanently, inexpensively, and without pain.

Ladies whose beauty is marred by unsightly hair growths have long sought for an effective and permanent treatment that will entirely supersede Electrolysis, which causes so much pain and expense, besides the uncertainty of permanent cure. The CAPILLUS MFTG. CO. wish it known that they are in possession of a marvellous home treatment that quickly and permanently removes all superfluous hair, **it goes right to the root and destroys it for ever.** The treatment does not cause the slightest pain or injury to the most delicate skin. This new method being so simple and harmless, any lady can use it in her own home without entailing the slightest inconvenience and with perfect success.

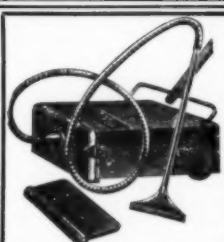
We have received thousands of testimonials from ladies testifying to the remarkable success of CAPILLUS. Hundreds of these ladies state that they have tried electrolysis, powders, lotions, and cosmetics without permanent benefit, and wish they had known of our wonderful method before.

Send no money; we want to give you positive proof of what CAPILLUS will do for you before you spend a single penny. Send your name and address to-day, enclosing stamp to pay postage, and we will forward a full description of this inexpensive home treatment, that will fully convince you of its efficacy. Don't hesitate; it will cost you nothing. Write to-day; it will be to your advantage.

THE CAPILLUS MFTG. CO., 309 Century House, 205 Regent Street, London, W.

See page

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THE VICTOR VACUUM CLEANER

Works like an ordinary Carpet Sweeper, and sucks out the dust and dirt with no more labour.

NO NEED TO TAKE UP CARPETS FOR SPRING CLEANING.

Handsomely finished, in Polished Wood Case, each **£2.** If fitted with Detachable Front Board, 6 feet of Flexible Tubing and Nozzle for cleaning upholstery, **19/6** extra.

Write for List and name of Nearest Agent to

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Choose Your New Suit

By Your Own Fireside



Draw up the easy chair, get your favourite smoke, and go leisurely and carefully through the "Lion" cloths in our 1914 patterns. Imagine yourself tailored in one of these splendid cloths in the "right-in-front-of-fashion" style shown in our style book. Every cut, every stitch, made with a carefully thought out purpose. Measure yourself; thousands have done so already by our Easy Self-Measurement form.

Misfit means money back.

Smart Suit prices start at 29/6

Send your address for **120 Free Patterns** and **easy Self Measurement Form. Ask for Bunch 77.**

Cloth in the Piece

Get your own tailor to make up our suit lengths. Price **10/6** upwards.



GROVES & LINDLEY, 77 Lion Buildings, Huddersfield, England.

We do a big trade with foreign and colonial customers by post, and know just what they want.

DIRECT FROM THE CENTRE OF MANUFACTURE AT WAREHOUSE PRICES POST PAID.

SPECIAL OFFER: 2 Pairs Ladies' Plain Black Cashmere **Hose, Fortified** Slender **Feet,** Soft, Smooth and Women's or Warm. Excellent Wear. Women's. *Send on receipt of remittance; money returned if not approved.*

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RELIABLE BEST HOSIERY, QUALITY PURE WOOL for 2/8

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Peach's Curtains

Send for **NEW SEASON'S CATALOGUE**

"IDEAL HOME DECORATIONS,"

Post free. The Standard Buyer's Guide for **Curtains, Nets, Muslins, Casement Fabrics, Linens, Hosiery, Laces,** etc. Direct from Looms. Makers' Prices. Write at once.

S. PEACH & SONS, 120 The Looms, NOTTINGHAM.

USE AN

ONWARD ROASTER

and your meat will lose less in weight, and retain its natural juices. Just right for roasting Beef, Mutton, Pork, Rabbits, Fowl, Fish, etc., whilst it makes apple dumplings simply delicious.



8 Sizes. Size 12in. by 11in., 4/- Carriage Paid.

Quickly saves its cost. Buy one to-day from your Ironmonger, or, if you prefer it, we will send one on approval on receipt of P.O. **FREE.**—"Economical Cookery," a dainty little booklet, will be sent post free anywhere on request.

EDWIN CHAMBERS, Dept. Q, **Onward Works, Leeds Rd., BRADFORD.**

CURE THE DRUNKARD

With or without his knowledge, by a simple and inexpensive Home Method, which can be administered in Tea, Coffee or Food.



If you have anyone dear to you afflicted by the terrible drink habit, this remarkable drink cure will more than interest you. We will give you positive proof of the wonderful cures effected by this remedy; in fact, we not only tell you, but give an opportunity of testing it free of charge. Even with the trial package we have heard of many who have received benefit; it can be used without fear of detection, and is quite tasteless, and has cured hundreds of cases without the patients' knowledge. A recent testimonial, No. 1358, says:—

"I am happy to be able to tell you now with confidence that a cure has been effected by use of your Antidipso, and the patient is now permanently cured. Since he commenced taking the powders and up to the present time he has had no desire for intoxicants. I am very grateful to you for your help, and will do all I can on your behalf, and will endeavour to get others to try your wonderful and sure remedy." (This testimonial and hundreds of others can be seen at our offices.)

FREE It now rests with you. Write to-day for a free trial, enclosing stamp for postage, and test it for yourself. We will send a free trial, instructions, booklets and testimonials, to all who write to-day. Do it now; to-morrow will bring the remedy. Correspondence strictly confidential.

The WARD CHEMICAL CO., 597 Century House, 205 Regent St., London, W.

LEARN TO PLAY MUSIC AT SIGHT IN TWELVE LESSONS.

By FOLLOWING the ADVICE of Mr LANDON RONALD, Dr. BORLAND, and Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE.

And thus gain for yourself a LIFELONG PLEASURE.

Correspondence Lessons to everywhere from—

THE PIANOFORTE SIGHT-READING SCHOOL, Room 21, 157 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

A PROGRESS BOOK

Of all the happy ideas connected with the growth and development of one's own dear baby there is surely none more attractive than the keeping of a Progress Book, such as has just been published by Messrs. Mellin, of Mellin's Food, Limited, Peckham, London, S.E.

This delightful book, most charmingly bound in dark green cloth, gilt-lettered, is a revised and extended re-issue of an earlier Progress Book that has had a most marked success during recent years, and copies of which are now being held as treasures in tens of thousands of homes.

The Progress Book is printed throughout on excellent paper, neatly ruled for entries by hand, and, as baby lives, grows, and thrives, all the delightful happenings of infancy and childhood are noted one by one, beginning with weight, length, and chest measurement at birth, and going on through innumerable changes and developments until the most wonderful baby that ever was born emerges from childhood to youth, and thence to the threshold of manhood or womanhood.

A copy of the Progress Book will be sent post free to bona fide applicants, mothers, or expectant mothers, who write direct to Messrs. Mellin, Limited, Peckham, London, S.E.

FITS CURED

By **OZERINE.** It has **cured permanently** the very worst cases of Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, etc., when everything else had failed. In almost every case Fits cease entirely from the first dose. It is recommended by one sufferer to another, and, by that means, is now being

SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Many thousands of testimonials have been received, and more are coming to hand every day.

30 YEARS' EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS

From Russell Square, London,
May 29th, 1913.

"Ozerine is making a new woman of my wife. Her life, since taking it, is such as she has not known for many years—regarding freedom from fits. Trepanning did no good whatever, but inflicted a lot of unnecessary suffering."

From Rhymney, Monmouthshire,
30.5.1913.

"I am very proud to inform you that my son has not had one attack since he took the first dose of Ozerine 2½ years ago. He is now in splendid health, and follows his employment daily."

These are only two from many thousands of letters which have been received, all testifying to the extraordinary efficacy of **OZERINE.** It has cured sufferers of all ages, from 18 months to 80 years. I invite you to

TEST IT FREE OF CHARGE.

A post card sent now will bring the remedy by return, without charge or obligation.

4/6 and **11/-** per Bottle, post free.

For the Colonies, India, America, and Foreign Countries a Package sufficient for 40 days' treatment will be sent to any address in the world post free for **12/-** (3 dols.). Write to

I. W. NICHOLL, Pharmaceutical Chemist,
27 HIGH STREET, BELFAST.

COUPON. LETTER COMPETITION.

"Prime of Life."

Name (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) .....

Address .....

* Over 30
* Under

* Please cross out the one which does not apply.

Address: The Editor, "The Quiver," La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Nerve Breakdown.

Almost a Cripple and Wasted to a Shadow. Operation Failed—Now Well and Back at Work. Completely Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Never believe that weakness of nerve or body is incurable while you have not tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. That is the moral of the amazing case here reported from Twickenham, near London. Mr. F. Roberts, the subject of the cure, lives at 28 South Western Road, St. Margarets, E. Twickenham, Middlesex, where he was seen lately by a reporter concerning his remarkable cure.



Mr. Roberts, Twickenham.

"Dr. Cassell's Tablets have simply worked wonders in my case," said Mr. Roberts. "I was almost a cripple, and now I am actually back at work. It was an ulcer under my toe that led to my trouble," he continued. "I did little for this except apply a little ointment, but it got so bad at last that I had to have medical advice. I worked on till I could work no more. I had gone quite numb in both legs, right up to the waist. I had to go to hospital, where I remained an in-patient for nine weeks. They called my ailment 'tabes,' and I had to undergo an operation which lasted an hour and a quarter. After that I was discharged, but had to continue attending as an out-patient. I had practically no feeling in my legs: I should not have felt a needle pushed into them. Although I always carried two sticks I could not keep from staggering, and I had wasted from well over 11 stone to 8½ stone in weight. It was while in hospital that I heard of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I got a small bottle, and even that did me good. There was no doubt at all about the improvement. From that time I left off the hospital treatment and persevered with the Tablets. It was simply wonderful how I improved, and now, after thirteen months of idleness, I am thankful to say that I am back at work. I have pulled up weight wonderfully, and my general health is splendid."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

SEND FOR A FREE BOX.

Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage, etc., to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box A68), Chester Rd., Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.

These are no exceptional cases; similar cures are being effected daily by Dr. Cassell's Tablets. The wonderful power of Dr. Cassell's Tablets to cure nerve-failure, stomach and kidney weakness, and general vital exhaustion, in old or young, makes them the surest remedy ever devised for

Nervous Breakdown	**Sleeplessness**	**Kidney Disease**
Anæmia	**Nerve Pains**	**Stomach Disorders**
Heart Weakness	**Debility**	**Children's Weakness**
Spinal Paralysis	**Brain Fag**	**Nerve Paralysis**

FREE ADVICE on your case will be sent free of charge on receipt of name and address. Mark your letter private, and address to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box A68), Chester Road, Manchester. All chemists sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 10½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d.—the 2s. 9d. size being the most economical.



Make Your Hair Attractive!

Icilma Shampoo Sachets are entirely *different* to all other hair preparations, and no *imitations* can possibly give the same good results. Used regularly, they make both children's and adults' hair healthy and attractive, and save at least half the time usually required for a wet shampoo, because (except in the case of *very* heavy hair) they need no rinsing and dry so easily and quickly that the hair can be dressed almost immediately. They are the *only* wet shampoos that help the hair to *grow*. Ask for and see that you get

Icilma

Shampoo Sachets

2d. per packet, 7 packets 1/-
Icilma is pronounced Ice-Seema.

A Free Full-size Packet together with a wonderful Book on Beauty will be sent to any address on receipt of a post card. Icilma Company, Ltd. (Dept. 79), 51 King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.



His Faithful Friend
Makes labour light.
All rest would end
Lost he Fluxite.

Anyone can easily repair metal articles with

FLUXITE

The paste that

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

And LEAD-JOINTING.

In Homes everywhere soldering jobs are being done with Fluxite to save time and money. It is used in Workshops and on Motorcars all over the world.

Of Ironmongers, &c., in **6d., 1/-,** and **2/-** tins.

The "FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET

contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron, a pocket Blow-lamp, Fluxite, Solder, &c., and a pamphlet on "SOLDERING WORK."

Price **4/6,** Post Paid, Sample Set, United Kingdom.

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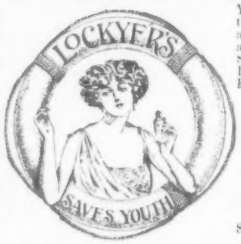
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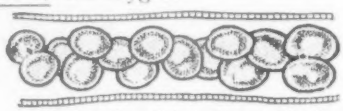
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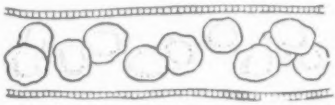
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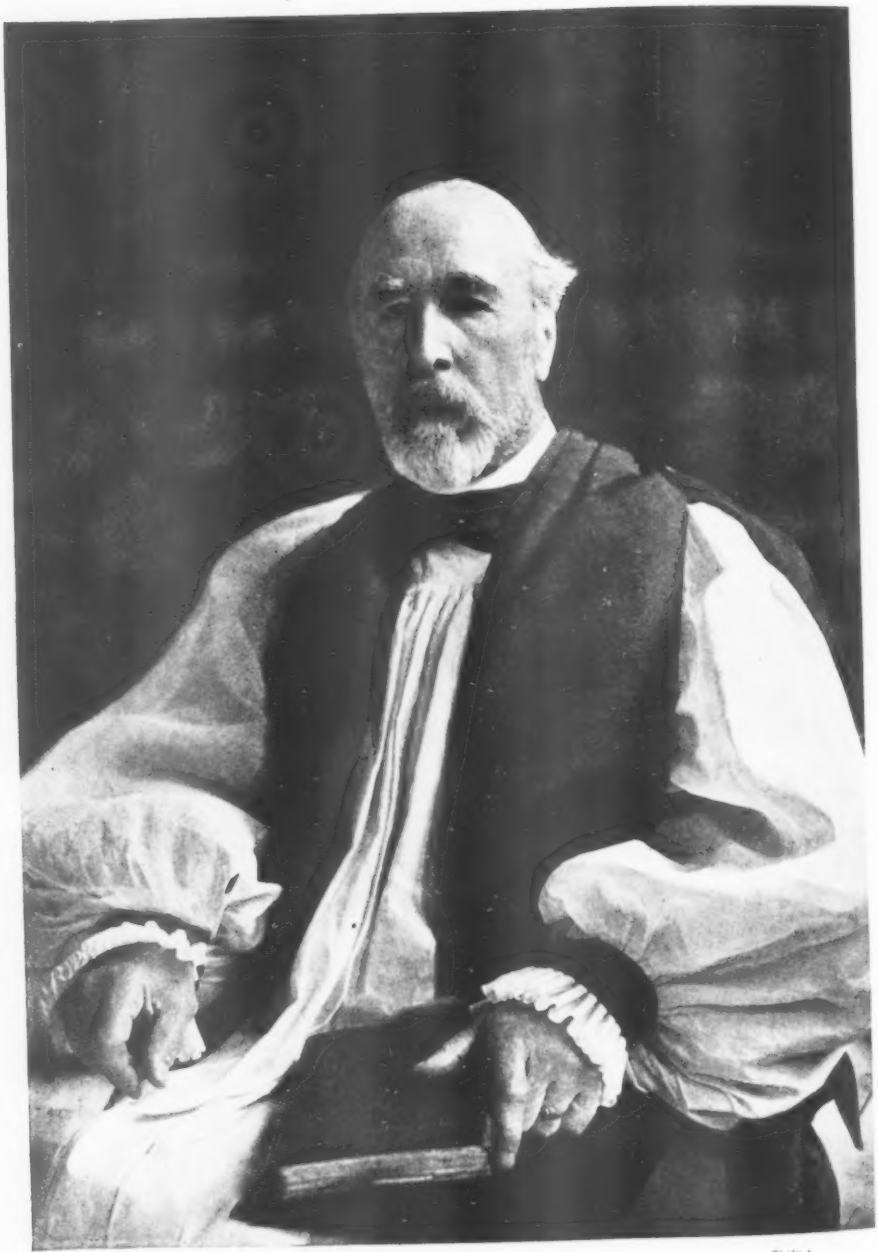
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THE QUIVER

VOL. XLIX., No. 5 MARCH, 1914

Prime of Life Number

AFTER FORTY—WHAT?

An Urgent Plea for the Consideration of a Much-neglected Subject

By M. H. KIDSON

Childhood and youth have had their share—and more—of counsel and warning. But what of Middle Age? This article makes an urgent plea for the consideration of the subject, which is also dealt with in its various aspects in stories and articles throughout this number.

COUNTLESS books and pamphlets have poured, and are continually streaming, from the press relating to the most scientific methods of rearing and nurturing young children. Still more numerous are the works bearing on the inexhaustible topic of the education and training of adolescence; while for young men and women requiring information or advice concerning the various careers opening before them a huge mass of literature awaits their choice.

But at this point sign-posts cease, and the light which should shed illumination on the path of later years is for the most part confined to the generally narrow limits of personal experience. So it happens that pitfalls are hidden from view till all too late to avoid them.

An Amazing Situation

May not this condition of unpreparedness be in some measure an explanation of the difficulty, grown to such appalling dimensions in our own day, which people of both sexes who confess to having passed their fortieth year find in obtaining fresh engagements should they chance to be thrown out of their situations? It has come within the experience of the writer to hear a strong, capable woman of thirty-eight make the amazing declaration that were she unexpectedly to be cast on the industrial market two years later she would be considered "off." And testimony is frequently forthcoming that men of equal age and similar stalwart frames are liable to the same disability.

That the barrier is a most artificial one will be admitted when reflecting that the loss to the community at large, if carried to its logical conclusion, would mean the subtraction of the host of distinguished men in every walk of life who have long passed their fourth decade.

To subside into the backwaters of life at the age of forty is simply a disastrous waste of what ought to be the most profitable years.

It is high time, in the interests of generations to come, added to the grave need of removing a menace to their own future, that the young men and women of to-day woke up to the advisability of

preparing to demonstrate in their own persons the truth that to advancing years actually belong the ripest and richest fruits of knowledge, capacity, and merit.

The subject constitutes a convenient peg whereon to hang some reflections on the wisest method of preparation for both middle age and later life.

They will be directed mainly, though not exclusively, so far as the first division is concerned, to that class in every rank occupying subordinate posts, as being chiefly affected by the disadvantage to which reference has been made.

The Source of the Evil

Let us begin with an inquiry respecting the source of the evil. No doubt it has its spring in the low esteem in which, generally speaking, and of course in its impersonal sense, the second half of life is usually held. It is indeed a strange paradox that length of years to which most people aspire should be thus slightingly appraised as they pass.

This spirit of depreciation is variously exhibited. In some people it takes the form of an aggressive defiance towards what they appear to regard as the onslaught of time; others force themselves to view the procession, as it affects their own personality, with mere resigned acquiescence; while with the devices of many to conceal not only the signs but the fact of their age we are all more or less familiar.

The blame for what all must admit to be an undignified deportment rests on the similar demeanour of our progenitors for many generations back, which we, with similar carelessness as to the accumulating grave consequences, have in our turn presented as a copy to our children.

To condemn the later generations, therefore, for the existent difficulties is both erroneous and unfair.

The question next arises how are we to attempt to remove this flaw in our sociology? Naturally, in one way, by determining to uphold the standard of age before the eyes of children from their earliest years, and by more careful training of their characters to fit them for their adult career than it is to be feared is generally bestowed on them.

As regards the first part of this work, we shall find that Nature has provided a fertile soil on which to operate. One has only to mark the ambition of the little ones to imitate the actions of their elders, or to witness the irritation displayed by youths and maidens when their ignorance or lack of wisdom is imputed to their juvenility, to discern that were unperverted instinct allowed continuous play, increasing years would be valued as gravitating towards a fuller life.

Yet how opposed to wise teaching on this point are the maxims the young most frequently hear. A child, for example—the illustration will be a familiar one to most readers—who has put an inquiry respecting the age of a grown-up person is reproved on the score of rudeness—surely a most perplexing reason to the small person whose fate it has been to submit to queries *ad nauseam* in reference to the number of his own tender years. Thus early has begun the shaping of the unbeautiful attitudes before portrayed. Similar instances might easily be multiplied.

But important as is the need for reform in the fundamental work of training the young, to ensure for them an honourable position when they arrive at middle life, it is insignificant as compared with the revolution in action and thought required in the case of the average adult from the age of twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age and onwards.

At the dawn of this a certain class of people appear to think that they have gained a sufficient store of learning and knowledge to last them for all practical purposes through life; and further, that their characters have matured to a degree beyond which future development is, to say the least, uncalled for.

A Fatal Delusion

A more fatal imagination can scarcely be conceived, and those who wilfully act upon it have no legitimate ground for complaints when, on reaching middle age, they discover that a younger generation with fresher light and unimpaired flexibility is preferred before them.

Man was made to grow and not to stop. Knowledge, at all events, he may make very sure, will not stand still, and whoever does not strive to keep pace with

its advance, in whatever branch of commercial or professional business he is engaged, will eventually find that the more recently educated man will step into his shoes.

A Warning to Young People

It is a warning which cannot be too graphically and earnestly impressed upon young men and women as they enter upon their respective vocations. Only by persevering in a progressive course of gathering information and skill can they hope to make their value of permanent duration.

Probably the objection will be raised by some that they are dog-tired as it is with their day's work, and are incapable of extra exertion.

Doubtless in the case of many persons there is a very real consciousness of weariness. But this sensation is frequently induced by the mechanical fashion in which, day after day, their work is performed. Bringing to bear upon its pursuit improved methods, expanding ideas, an activity of mind irrigated from many sources, will produce a vitalising effect, imparting a physical glow rather than a dogged sense of fatigue. But even were it otherwise, the short outlay of time daily or weekly required for this invaluable intake is a quite incommensurate sacrifice in proportion to the priceless benefits to be derived from the expenditure.

Reflect for a moment on the precarious position in which a medical man would find himself were he to neglect, on the plea of fatigue—and what profession is more hardly worked?—to obtain the latest science relative to the art of healing; on the low status of a solicitor too idle to instruct himself concerning the ever-increasing legislation of his country; on the success of a schoolmaster which is only assured if he is capable of casting aside with fresh generations of pupils textbooks of learning which satisfied the educational requirements but a few years back.

It is not, of course, advocated that impulsive or hastily planned changes should be constantly tried in practice or established usage, such as would only tend to upheaval and change, not always for the better.

The reward will come when through patient perseverance the fully developed powers of middle-aged men and women will enable them to stand on an equal, if not superior, level with their juniors. What has hitherto been accomplished by the minority must be aimed at by the majority.

Is it not often due to a disregard of this law of progressive knowledge that many men who have brilliantly concluded their school or university career do not always realise the promising future predicted for them? Satisfied with having so far outstripped their comrades on the educational course, they have allowed themselves to rest in the unshaken confidence that they are sufficiently far ahead not to be easily overtaken.

"What a relief it is to turn from the slow grasping of a subject by A to the quick, intelligent grip of it by B!" exclaimed a tutor in connection with two brothers whom he numbered among his pupils. But in the sequel it was A who, by plodding industry and steady perseverance, found himself, before he had reached his fortieth year, holding a lucrative and important public post, while B, at the same period, lacking in his brother's more serviceable qualities, had advanced little beyond the comparatively obscure position from whence he had started.

But essential as is the task of protecting the outward bulwarks necessary for the safeguarding of the happiness and prosperity of middle life, still more imperative is it to fortify the internal defences by means of the development and strengthening of personal character. To leave this undone is to render the former work both ineffective and futile.

Not Age—but Childishness

Young people are apt to regard the defects and foibles of their elders half scornfully, half compassionately, as belonging to their time of life. In very truth they are no such thing. They are simply the ugly product of unchecked juvenile faults, and are unlovely in proportion as are the naughtinesses of children of an older growth to the prettily displayed wilfulness of babyhood.

"For when the breath of age commits a fault
'Tis nauseous as the vapour of a vault."

Hence the extreme desirability of parents impressing upon their charges, ere they go out into the world, the duty of character improvement, the foundation of which they themselves should have laid.

Such is a very brief sketch, capable of much individual enlargement, of the lines to be pursued by those who hope to hold the field with the rising generation. We will shortly recapitulate the points:

1. The careful training of childhood and youth in those characteristics which will most easily enable them to walk in the paths indicated.

2. A natural and dignified welcome by adults of the advancing decades as containing, if used aright, limitless opportunities and choicest gifts.

3. The climbing on the stepping-stones of increasing years to higher elevations of knowledge, skill, and high personal character.

Equipped thus, both men and women will be prepared to meet certain difficulties with which they will be confronted when they have passed their fortieth year, and which, if not successfully steered clear of, will endanger their prospects of future happiness and usefulness.

For while this moulding process has been taking shape, a younger generation will have been rapidly growing up. It will no longer be a simple question of youth and manhood. The two generations will now have to encounter each other on a footing of common duty where the work of each is equally necessary to ensure the smooth working of the machinery of life.

Leadership, not Superiority

Hitherto the attitude of the elders in relation to their juniors has been, in the main, that of kindly authority or superiority. From this stage it must learn to display those qualities which are necessary for the position of leadership, namely the ability to make disciples of those over whom they have command, recognising the truth that, while they have much to impart to their less experienced co-workers or employés, the gain is not altogether on the one side. The greatest men have always shown themselves most willing to appreciate this fact, and have thus been able to retain their ascendancy through life. Unfortunately, it is generally those who have the most occasion to realise its truth who are slowest to accord it recognition, and are apt to resent the idea of listening to suggestions from those they have dandled on their knees during an irresponsible childhood.

It is men and women of this type who have wrought most harmfully in the matter of effecting that breach between the ages which has proved so destructive to the prestige of middle life.

They are described by those who come under their control as domineering, difficult to work with, irritable or apt to take offence. Loss of business or enforced abdication will in course of time become the fate of principals who allow these failings to get the dominion over them, while employés will be visited by the swifter punishment of deposition in favour of those whom they have disdained.

A Basis of Mutual Respect

For their common welfare the different ages must learn the lesson of mutual respect. But it is idle to talk of a young man honouring his superior unless that honour has a solid foundation on which to rest. It is worse than foolish for young people to belittle their elders, seeing that the generation which is to succeed them is already passing from the nursery to the schoolroom. What is sown in this respect will most surely be reaped. It is no less for their common interest that the elder man, whether in his capacity of parent, employer, or superior in business life, should treat his juniors as colleagues rather than as raw schoolboys. He will ultimately reap the reward of his wisdom through the natural fusion in his mind of those modern theories, ideas, and changes in which the younger generation has been reared. The younger man, for his part, should, if trained aright, have the sense to understand that his highest ambitions can be most easily realised by drinking from those founts of wisdom and experience in possession of his seniors which have stood the test of centuries.



"The dinner was an exceedingly pleasant affair"—*p.* 460.

Drawn by E. S. Hodgson.

FLOOD·TIDE

A Story of the Prime of Life

By J. J. BELL

I

TO judge from their ease of manner and the reminiscent nature of their talk, the three men sitting beneath the clock in the club lounge were old friends who had not met for a good many years. You would have guessed them to be about the same ages—somewhere between forty-five and fifty. A little more than casual student of humanity would probably have soon discovered another point of similarity: they were all successful men.

Nordenfold, the slim, nervous host, was editor of a great London daily; Scarlet, the clean-shaven, pallid man on his left, was an eminent surgeon on a brief holiday from his Midland city; Gordon, stout, rosy, debonair, had earned at the age of thirty the comprehensive yet vague title of financier. The three had been at college together.

The host, glancing at his watch, was saying: "Chambers should be here immediately. He 'phoned a little while ago to ask for ten minutes' grace. Seems to be pretty hard-wrought. He's with Bullards, the big chemical people, you know."

"Fine business," remarked the financier. "I suppose old Chambers has done pretty well."

The editor shook his head.

"But he's a partner by this time, surely?"

Again the editor made a motion of negation. "Chambers doesn't seem to have got on. I can't understand it. He had plenty of energy and ability——But here he is," rising.

The financier muttered to the doctor: "I should scarcely have known him. He looks older than any of us."

The new arrival's greeting to his old friends was warm yet diffident. There was no doubting his pleasure at meeting them

once more, nor did his manner suggest apology; rather was it as if pride had warned him to fit his bearing to theirs. He was as well dressed and groomed as any one of them. The honesty of their welcome put an end to his slight outward embarrassment, and within the minute he was, to all appearances, at home.

The dinner that followed was an exceedingly pleasant affair. Chambers, however, excused himself from going on to the theatre.

"Seemed jolly enough," remarked the financier, while the three were waiting for a cab.

"Remembered more about the old days than we did," observed the doctor.

"Yes," the host said slowly; "but I don't think he used the present tense once."

Harold Chambers reached his home in the northern suburb shortly after ten o'clock. He had walked a portion of the way, partly to save pence, partly to rid himself, if possible, of a certain bitterness of spirit before meeting his wife.

He found her at her usual evening occupation—sewing. There had been times of late when Chambers could have snatched the work from her hands and tossed it into the fire or out of the window. He had been married twelve years, and there were four children.

He greeted her cheerfully enough, and there was no hint of regret or complaint in the eyes she raised to his. She was ten years his junior and still pretty.

"So you didn't go to the theatre, after all," she said when he had taken his accustomed chair.

"It would have made me too late. At the last moment I found I should have to be at the factory early in the morning."

"Again?" She bent over her work.

"It's necessary. Kiddies all right?"

"Splendid!" She contrived to put some brightness into her tone. "Tell me about the dinner-party. Did Mr. Nordenfold give you a nice dinner?"

"The dinner was excellent, and so was the company," he replied. On the way home he had mentally noted a score of things to tell her, but now for the life of him he could not utter one. "Yes," he said, making an effort, "Nordenfold's club does things well, and of course it is always pleasant to meet old friends again"—he cleared his throat—"even when one is the failure among the brilliantly successful." The bitterness had won, after all.

Her needle did not stop all at once. Some moments passed—long moments—before she looked at him. He was leaning forward, hands clasped, eyes bent on the carpet. "Oh, Harold," she said softly, "why will you be so unjust to yourself?"

He drew a long breath. "You mean, unjust to you and the children, Beatrice."

With a swift movement she put aside her work, rose, and went to his side. Laying her hand on his shoulder she said steadily: "You know very well I do not mean that."

"Are you content with things as they are?" he asked.

She seated herself on the arm of his chair. "My dear, haven't we as much as most people? Haven't we enough? Ought not I to be content?"

He shrugged his shoulders, then caught her hand in his. "Are you?"

Suddenly her eyes filled. "No!" she said; "I'm far from content. But my discontent is for your sake. You—you have not been rewarded according to your work."

"Nor you according to your patience, Beatrice."

She shook her head. "I've been happy," she said simply. Then abruptly—"How long have you been with the Bullards, now, Harold?"

"Twenty-three years." He sighed. "I'm afraid it's no use going into that again. Listen, Beatrice! This very afternoon I approached Bullard on the old question—with the old result. He was quite pleasant about it—and quite firm. 'You know, Chambers,' he said, 'I could get other men to fill your place——'"

"That's not true!" she cried indignantly. "He could get no men who have studied the business as you have, who know every detail as you do."

Chambers smiled faintly. "Yet you are right, dear. He couldn't. But he thinks, or pretends he thinks, he could, and that is enough for him. Although I have done the work of a general manager for years, he has never recognised me as such. He imagines he does everything himself. Well, I admit he does a great deal. His two sons, though they have their partnerships, have no

authority, and next to no responsibility. The way he treats them is absurd. I firmly believe *they* would give me all I want, but they are not free to do so. No; it's no good talking about it. I'm in the wrong firm, but it's too late to think of making a change. I'm getting old, and the years rush past."

"You are just at your very best," she exclaimed. "Don't compare yourself with your successful friends—I'm sure I don't grudge them having their success early. But it's not what a man does with a part of his life, it's what a man does with the whole, that really matters. You have all those years of experience—all those years that you have paid out so faithfully, so patiently. Oh, you *must* realise your own value; you *must* make others—Mr. Bullard included—realise it. You must not go on *giving* for ever. I know how you feel about men who force their way to success, not caring how they crush their fellows; but there is no hurting others in this case; there is no one between you and Mr. Bullard, and he is making more money than he knows what to do with. I don't believe God gives a man brains and power to be sold at the lowest figure; if He does, then all commercial success is wrong and wicked!" She stopped short, trembling with her passion of love for her man and jealousy for his place among other men.



"'Are you content with things as they are?'"

Drawn by E. S. Hodgson.

Amazed at her vehemence, Chambers looked up at her. "What shall I do, dear? Dare I take the risk of offering Bullard my resignation? Suppose he accepted it? Remember, Beatrice, that I'm middle-aged, and middle-aged men are not greatly in demand."

"It's queer," she said, speaking more calmly, "how people seem to dread middle-age. Why, it ought to be the greatest time of a man's life. He owns the past, present, and future. He has all the romance——"

"Romance!" Chambers smiled in spite of himself.

"Yes, romance, if he cares to see it. By romance I don't mean the state of being romantic, which is chiefly youthful ignorance. I mean the real struggle and the real beauty and the real love and—" Again she broke off, but this time in an attitude of listening.

He was listening also. "Why," he cried suddenly, "there's a taxi stopping at the gate. Who can it be at this——"

A bell rang furiously.

Chambers rose and hurried from the room. His wife followed, reaching the little hall as he opened the front door.

A bearded man in rough clothes stood on the step.

"Mr. Chambers," he said thickly, "will you come with me at once? The factory's on fire!"

It took Chambers four minutes to change

his clothes. In that time his wife had warmed some soup which she insisted on dividing between him and the messenger, one of the Bullards' foremen.

"It's all up with the old place," the man informed them. "Brigade has no chance. Things exploding right and left."

"It'll be a blow to Mr. Bullard," said Chambers, moving to the door. "We've never had so many orders on hand. Let us go, John."

He turned back to kiss his wife. "Don't know when I'll be home, Beatrice. It—it's an awful business," he muttered.

"Yes," she whispered, "and a—a great opportunity."

He stared.

"Go, dear," she said, her voice giving way. "I wish I could come, too."

II

IN the dawn of that fine spring morning Chambers stood gazing at the ruins of the ugly buildings wherein he had thought and wrought, hoped and despaired, for three and twenty years. He was not more than ordinarily sentimental, yet the sight filled him with profound melancholy. Smoke of changing hues and shades, white vapours, vile and deadly stenches, rose from the shells of brickwork towards the calm, lovely sky. Flames still leapt here and there, pale flames, green flames, ruddy flames; but little was left for them to devour. The car heard thuds and crashes and cracklings and hisses, also the rush and plash of water.

The offices and warehouse had been saved, but the factory and stores were completely gutted.

One of the young Bullards—he was not so young as his father's apparent estimate—arrived in a cab and joined Chambers. He was married and lived in London, but he had been with his wife at a ball when the summons reached his flat. He exhibited little concern.

"I suppose we can do nothing till the governor turns up," he said to Chambers. "Are the insurances and so on all right?"

"Oh, yes," replied Chambers. "The first thing to be done is to find temporary premises. There's an empty building in Falmouth Street, which could be got at once, I believe. A few hours are worth saving at a time like this. I thought Mr. Bullard would have been here before now." Bullard, senior, a widower, had his home in the country.

"So did I. The car can do it in under the hour. You 'phoned him, yourself?"

"Before two o'clock, and he said he would start immediately."

"Looks as if the car had broken down," the young man remarked. "It's a pity we can't go ahead and do something, Chambers. I suppose there are lots of things you could tackle."

"If I had the authority, Mr. Philip," said Chambers quietly.

Mr. Philip made a sound of impatience. "Why not take it? Surely the governor won't object to your saving time——"

He was interrupted by the arrival of a constable who inquired: "Mr. Bullard, junior?"

"Yes," said Philip.

"A telephone message received at the station to be delivered to you or to Mr. Chambers," said the constable, presenting a folded paper. "I was instructed to wait for a reply, sir."

Philip opened the paper, and his countenance changed. "Oh, I say, this is bad! Listen, Chambers." He read: "Sorry to inform you that Mr. Bullard's car met with mishap at Farrow Bridge. Mr. Bullard sustained fractured leg, but not seriously injured otherwise; he is now being attended to in his own house. Mr. Bullard wishes his sons to await further instructions before coming to see him. They need not be anxious. He desires the presence of Mr. Chambers, at nine o'clock. Mr. Chambers will find a suitable train from Marylebone at 7.55. Mr. Bullard urgently requests that nothing whatever be done without his authority. Please acknowledge receipt of this message."

There was a short pause, and young Bullard smiled faintly. "The message is itself the best guarantee that he is not seriously hurt. Still, a broken leg at his age is bad enough, poor man. Well, Chambers, I'll go along to the station and send a reply. I suppose I may say that you will be there at nine? Wish I could go with you—but you know what my father's orders are. . . . Just as well we didn't start to do anything. You might let me know as soon as possible how he is. Charles will be upset when he arrives from the

North, about noon. . . . I think you ought to go straight home now, Chambers, and have some breakfast and an hour's stretch. You can't do anything here."

"That is so," Chambers agreed. "I shall certainly let you know how Mr. Bullard is, at the earliest moment possible."

Philip nodded and moved away with the constable. But a moment later he returned.

"I say, Chambers," he said confidentially, "it looks as if you were going to have the baby to hold for a bit. Charles and I don't know much about the old business, but—er—we're at your disposal, and all that. Just order us about, you know. And—if you don't mind my saying it—we—that is Charles and I—know your—er—value." He hurried after the constable, leaving Chambers with an unwonted sense of comfort pervading his spirit.

"You are quite, *quite* sure that Mr. Bullard is not *dangerously* hurt?" Mrs. Chambers's countenance was as anxious as her voice, and her hand shook as she put sugar in her husband's cup.

"His son did not appear to be acutely alarmed, and remembering the telephone message which had evidently been dictated by Bullard himself, I'm inclined to think with Philip. All the same, Bullard must be over sixty, and——"

"Oh, I'm so glad it's not dangerous!" cried Mrs. Chambers, whose eyes were astonishingly bright, considering that she had not closed them since Harold's hurried departure. "I can't tell you how glad I am, dear."

Chambers looked the least thing amused. "I had no idea you nourished such a secret tenderness for 'that horrid old Bullard,' as I have heard you call him. Shall I give him your sympathy, Beatrice?"

"You can *give* him anything you like, Harold, if you will only *take* this tremendous opportunity. I thought it was great, a few hours ago, but now it has become immense. You will take it?"

"Of course. No one is gladder than I of this chance of showing what I am worth to the firm, and perhaps——" He paused, then told her what Philip had said at the last moment.

"Yes, that was nice of him," she admitted. "Still, old Mr. Bullard will be head of the firm for years to come. It is him you have to deal with. . . . You will do it to-day, dear—won't you?"

"Do what?"

"Make a bargain about—your future."

Chambers stared at his wife.

She moistened her lips. "Harold, what do you think Mr. Bullard will say to-day?"

"Why, he will give me instructions for carrying on the business during his absence."

"And what will you do?"

"My best."

"For whom, Harold?"

In the brief silence that followed, her meaning flashed upon him. "Beatrice," he said, "would you have me bargain with a sick man?"

"If the sick man feels well enough to keep on holding command of a big business that has just been burnt out, he is certainly well enough to deal justly with the man who is going to have all the work. This is the opportunity of your life, Harold."

"And would you have me ask for an increase of salary?"

"That would not be doing your best." Mrs. Chambers stretched out her hand and laid it over her husband's. "My dear," she said, steadying her voice, "you are going to ask Mr. Bullard for a partnership."

Chambers fell back in his chair.

"You are going," she went on, "to ask him for a share—— How much did the firm make last year?"

"Oh, I say, Beatrice!"

"How much?"

"Nearly thirty thousand pounds."

"Then you are going to ask for a tenth share, which is not greedy when you consider everything!"

Chambers laughed; he could not help it. "Proceed, dear," he said with gentle irony. "You are about to tell me that Bullard will send forthwith for his lawyer to draw up a new deed of co-partnery——"

"No; Mr. Bullard won't do that all at once. He'll probably refuse to consider such a thing."

"Oh! And what do I do then?"

"You offer him your resignation—a month's notice, isn't it?"

Chambers did not say anything for nearly a minute, and during that time his tired face grew graver and graver. "Are you in earnest about it all, Beatrice?" he murmured at last. "But of course you are,"

he quickly added. "The only thing that made me doubt your earnestness was your hardness towards Bullard, for it is so unlike you to want to hit a man when he's down——"

"The hardest thing in the world is a woman when she's fighting for her own," she said, with something like a sob. "Besides, Mr. Bullard is not really down. He's as powerful as ever, except in one respect."

"And you think it would be fair of me to take advantage of his weakness?"

"Oh, do be just to yourself for once," she cried. "There, dear, I can say no more about it."

III

OF the two pale men in the big, handsomely appointed bedroom, the younger was distinctly the paler.

"Sit down, Chambers, and talk in your usual voice," said the man in the bed. "The surgeon assures me that it isn't a bad break, as such things go, but it will tie me up for weeks. Exceedingly galling. Could not have happened at a worse time. Now go ahead and tell me what you can about the fire."

Seating himself, Chambers began, but ere he had spoken for two minutes the other interrupted him, saying irritably:

"Speak up. I'm not a feverish invalid. What's wrong with your voice? Caught cold?"

"I don't think so," replied Chambers, and proceeded as clearly as he could with the recital.

"Well, now," said the old man, when the other had finished, "that's all in the past. Let's take the present and the future. You have a fair general knowledge of the business, from factory to counting-house?"

"Yes, Mr. Bullard."

"H'm! Got a notebook?" Chambers was prepared with that. "Good! Now listen."

Chambers was kept busy for a couple of hours. Then—

"That's all I can say at the moment," said Bullard. "You will have to use your discretion and take some responsibility at times," he added, with obvious reluctance. "I shall give my sons their duties presently. You might tell them I wish to see them this afternoon, three o'clock. That idiot of a doctor insists on my resting."

Chambers felt himself dismissed. He rose and stood looking down at the man on the bed. But at that moment he did not see his employer. A vision of his wife and children intervened.

"Have you anything to ask me about?" Bullard's voice was a trifle impatient.

Through a break in the vision, as it were, Chambers saw again the keen, hard, imperious face that he had never yet beheld actually soften. It was now or never, he told himself.

"Come to-morrow, if there's anything you can't grasp. Of course there's sure to be something—lots of things. But, meantime, you must arrange for temporary premises."

Chambers pulled himself together. "Mr. Bullard, there *is* something I must ask you now."

"Well, what is it?"

"I must ask you for proper authority to act for you. You have said I shall have to use my discretion and take some responsibility at times. Such times are bound to be many——"

"You have my authority."

"I have no authority of my own, Mr. Bullard."

There was a pause until the rich man said: "What exactly do you mean?" He said it calmly, almost pleasantly. That was his way of concealing anger, as Chambers was aware.

"I mean that my present position is not that of a man who is expected to take charge of enormous interests at a critical time."

The words fell clearly, unfalteringly. Chambers himself heard them as though they were coming from the lips of another person.

"Ah, I see! You believe in the psychological moment, Chambers. You presume this to be the moment to suggest an increase of salary!"

The younger man took a grip on himself. "It seems to me, sir, to be the moment to ask for some recognition of my work in the past, for some definite knowledge of what my service is going to be worth in the future."

"How much more do you want? Fifty pounds—eh?"

"A great deal more than that. But I also want recognition."

"Recognition?"

"A partnership—a fair share in the business that you have asked me to take charge of."

"Indeed!" The word came like a stab, but Chambers did not wince. The vision was still before him. "And what," inquired Bullard, with awful pleasantness, "would you consider a fair share of the profits, Mr. Chambers? Might I hope that one half would meet with your approval?"

"A tenth would seem fair to me."

"You are absurdly moderate! Still, in the event of your proposal being rejected, have you any alternative to offer?"

"My resignation."

"Ah! To take effect a month hence, I think?"

"Yes."

There was a silence, in the course of which Bullard pressed an electric button convenient to his hand.

"Well, Mr. [illegible]mbers, your resignation is accepted," he said quietly. "Until it takes effect, I feel sure you will do your best for the firm. 'Phone me at any time. Good morning."

The door was opened, and Chambers, like a man in a dream, followed the servant to the car which was waiting to convey him to the station.

It was after midnight when he broke the news to Beatrice. He blamed himself for having been too abrupt, for not having been sufficiently respectful, and so forth. He spoke of consulting Nordenfold the editor, and Gordon the financier, as to the future. He assured her that all was not lost. . . . And Beatrice, dry-eyed, sat at the table with her head in her hands, and said nothing at all.

The cry of a child roused her. She remembered that the little one had not been so well all day. An hour later Chambers was on his way for the doctor. By morning three of the children were down with measles.

In the weeks that followed Beatrice had her hands and head and heart full. She had scarce a moment for self-reproach. As for her husband, he was only at home each night for a few hours' sleep.

There are different kinds of "mercies" in this world, though we may recognise merely the kind we like.

IV

ON a Saturday afternoon in May, Chambers came home a free man, or, to use an equally true though less pleasing phrase, out



"'Sit down, Chambers, and talk in your usual voice,' said the man in the bed."

Drawn by E. S. Hodgson.

of employment. He had delivered a final account of stewardship to Mr. Bullard the previous afternoon. The parting had been amicable enough. Mr. Bullard had even gone so far as to thank Chambers for his recent services, and to wish him luck in the future.

Then Chambers had gone home to tell his wife the little that had happened.

On this afternoon, Chambers, having played for a little while with the children, almost themselves again, retired, unable to resist sleep any longer, to the easy-chair in the small back-parlour.

Two hours later Beatrice found him still slumbering. Her heart was very heavy. What madness had possessed her, she asked herself, to say the words that had brought about such a disaster? The sight of her man's exhaustion, the thought of the worries that would seize upon him the moment he awoke, her own anxiety for the future, drove her to despair—despair that was far beyond tears. She wondered, for the hundredth time, whether it would be of any avail to approach Bullard in her own person; and for the hundredth time she was realising the futility of such a plan, when the maid came softly to inform her that a gentleman, who had not given his name, was waiting in the other sitting-room to see Mr. Chambers.

She was not going to disturb her husband then for the sake of his best friend, and so she went herself to the caller. A stranger, a good-looking young man, bowed as she entered the room.

"Mr. Chambers is resting at present," she said at once, trying not to speak curtly. "Is it anything of importance? He is very tired. He has been working night and day for weeks."

"I know something about the magnificent work your husband has been doing, Mrs. Chambers," the young man said, with delightful warmth. "My name is Bullard, and I bring a message from my father."

Beatrice caught at the back of a chair. "Won't you sit down?" she whispered. Recovering her voice, she asked: "Is it about something my husband has forgotten—something very important?"

"There is no reason why I should not give you the message," he said, with a charming smile, "for it concerns you also, and you can decide whether it is worth while to interfere with his rest. My father desires me to say that he would be glad if you and Mr. Chambers could favour him by lunching with him on Monday. He will send the car for you at noon. Frankly and briefly, Mrs. Chambers, my father, like my brother and myself, finds he cannot do without your husband, and is ready to enter into an arrangement of co-partnery on the terms already mentioned between them." He stepped swiftly forward. "Mrs. Chambers, you are faint——"

"No, no! Is it true, Mr. Bullard?"

"Perfectly true. My father would have come himself, had he been able. Mr. Chambers's work during the past month has impressed him more deeply than I can say. I do hope Mr. Chambers has not already made other arrangements. Such a man as he is is sure to be promptly captured."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," she cried, "but I must tell Harold at once."

It was much later in the evening when she suddenly said: "Harold, why has he asked *me* to lunch?"

Harold, all his cares gone, gave several brilliant and highly complimentary replies to the question, which, however, was not truly answered until after lunch on the Monday.

Mr. Bullard in his invalid chair was looking astonishingly genial. He was the sort of man who may doubt the wisdom of a thing until he has done it, but, having done it, regards his act as the wisest in the world.

"Between ourselves, Chambers," he said irrelevantly, "I'm rather curious to know who put you up to it."

For a moment the guests were puzzled. Then Chambers reddened slightly and his wife flushed hotly.

The old man turned sharply upon Beatrice. "I thought so!" There was a hint of irony in his tone, but his eyes were not unkindly. "The main difference between our ideas, Mrs. Chambers," he went on, "is that you believe a man can get all he deserves, while I believe he deserves no more than he can get. There is no sentiment in business, no romance in middle-age."

"I beg your pardon," she protested gently. "In middle-age——" She halted before his dry smile.

"Need I explain that I referred to my own years?" he said, with a bow. "You and your husband are still —— At all events, you can still blush."

THE PRIME OF LIFE

What Middle-Age Means to the Average Man

By A. C. BENSON

Poets and soldiers may do better work in their youth, but, Mr. Benson claims, the experience, endurance, prestige which come only in the prime of life are necessary in the majority of callings. For statesmen, lawyers, doctors, writers, teachers, preachers, middle-age is the Prime of Life.

IT was Dr. Arnold, I think, who used to say that the age of forty-nine was that at which a man's faculties are at their ripest and best, while his bodily powers have not yet begun to decline; and I suppose that, roughly speaking, the decade between forty and fifty may be said to be the prime of life, the time when the first struggles are over, when a man has found his line, learned best how to work, and when all his faculties are at their strongest and fullest.

The world is ruled, says an old proverb, not by the young nor by the old, but by the middle-aged. Of course, much depends upon what a man's work in the world is: some work is best done in the light of accumulated experience, and with honourable prestige to enforce it; while creative work, demanding zest and enthusiasm and keen initiative, is likely to be best done before age has begun to take the edge off the power of enjoyment.

Youth of the Poets

It is certainly true that poets have generally done their best work early, when their hearts are full of the wonder and strangeness of the world—indeed, the age of thirty-five is sometimes spoken of as the age that is most fatal to genius. Keats, Shelley, and Byron all died young, or comparatively young; Wordsworth did all his best work in about five early years.

Tennyson never surpassed, and perhaps never equalled, his first two volumes; while Browning's earliest work, "Pauline," which he wrote as a very young man and afterwards tried to suppress, shows an extraordinary maturity of genius.

Rossetti once wrote to Mr. Hall Caine that many writers did their best work at an early age, and found out afterwards in a rage that they had lost their "first fine careless rapture." Probably he was thinking of his own poem, "The Blessed Damozel," which is perhaps the most wonderful feat of genius on record for a boy of nineteen to have achieved.

The truth is that poets tend to get mannerised as life goes on: certain words, phrases, cadences tend to recur; and it sometimes happens, as in the case of Browning, that their later work tends to be little more than a parody of their faults of writing. It is, indeed, a curious problem to study the later lyrics of Browning: the subjects are similar, the method of treatment is the same; there is the same keenness of observation, the same inclusion of the less obvious features of a scene; but something has evaporated, some early glow has died down; just as there comes a moment after sunset when the glory of the westering light suddenly pales, and leaves the landscape colourless and dull.

Youthful Soldiers

The same seems to hold good of great soldiers. Alexander was a youth, Cæsar was hardly a middle-aged man, at the time of their most notable campaigns; the Duke of Wellington's and Napoleon's military careers were over soon after they were forty, while Nelson was struck down in his prime; but that is, after all, what one would expect. Not only is a certain high-spirited sort of daring needed for brilliant strategy, but much depends upon physical vitality. If a general cannot fare hardly, do with little sleep, spend long hours in the saddle, and bring a fresh and vigorous brain to every stage of his problem, he can hardly hope to hold the enemy in the hollow of his hand, as the Duke said to his officers when he

roused himself from sleep, wrapped in his cloak, on the eve of the battle of Vittoria.

Indeed, it has been thought that the collapse of Napoleon at Waterloo was partly due to the fact that he was in indifferent health and suffering from the effects of a chill.

Moreover, the sense that one is dealing with men as with pawns, and that one must disregard loss of life and possible carnage, needs an iron nerve; and a reluctance to sacrifice battalions at an urgent crisis of a fight has often led to ultimate defeat. The ideal age for a great soldier is that at which he has lost the rashness of youth, has gained by prestige the confidence of his men, and yet has not lost the dash and the toughness of vigorous manhood.

Where Experience Counts

But when we come to consider the more peaceful side of life, and examine the careers of statesmen, lawyers, ecclesiastics, writers, men of science, doctors, teachers, we find a different set of qualities brought into play.

The success of such as these depends largely upon experience and prestige. For a statesman it is not enough to be brilliant as a speaker and vigorous as an administrator; he has to learn the art of governing men, of conciliating opponents, of working with colleagues with whom he does not wholly agree. He has to learn the art of judging people, of perceiving how far they can be relied upon and what guns they carry; he has to acquire the power of foreseeing contingencies, of forecasting results; and he must do this, not by painful calculation, but by an insight which becomes almost instinctive. This all comes to a man late in middle life; and one of the most serious difficulties in political life is that a man's prestige and dignity and influence may go on increasing, until he reaches an age when his hold on affairs grows weak and his judgment fails. And yet it is very difficult for a man to realise this about himself.

Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone are both instances of men who continued to hold office till a very advanced age; they could not be passed over, because in England if one becomes a Grand Old Man, one's popularity increases till it is impossible for anyone to suggest retirement. Mr. Gladstone is a very notable instance of this, because he was well aware of the danger. He more than once announced his determination to abandon public life, but when the call came, again and again, it seemed out of the question for him to stand aside, and while his physical vigour and his oratorical power did not desert him, there was little to warn him that he had lost the faculty of political discrimination.

Among the Lawyers

Lawyers are proverbially long-lived people; but this is probably due more to the fact that legal success depends, perhaps more than any other kind of success, upon health and vigour. Not only does the life of a leading barrister demand extraordinary powers of work, but in many cases, in addition to his professional work, he has to endure the strain of political life.

If a man is to get up important cases, to be able to make long and intricate speeches in Court, to keep a vigilant eye upon the opposing counsel as well, and at the same time to attend in his place in Parliament, and if necessary to speak there, he must have a constitution of iron; he must be able to do without sleep and exercise, and yet to keep his brain absolutely clear and undimmed.

Even when a man becomes a judge, the strain is often very great. Assize work is severe, and much of the business trying to the nerve of a judge; not only is he liable to much public criticism, but criminal trials, with often very tragic issues involved, are a heavy responsibility; while a judge has to bear in mind that any fatigue leading to impatience or irritability may hamper the course of justice, so that he must not only be alert, but both considerate and kindly; and it is well known that many judges have found that presiding over a case which involves a capital charge is a serious ordeal.

Neither are ordinary people at all aware of how much a judge's work is done behind the scenes, and how much time has to be spent in studying pleadings and in writing judgments. It seems to the on-

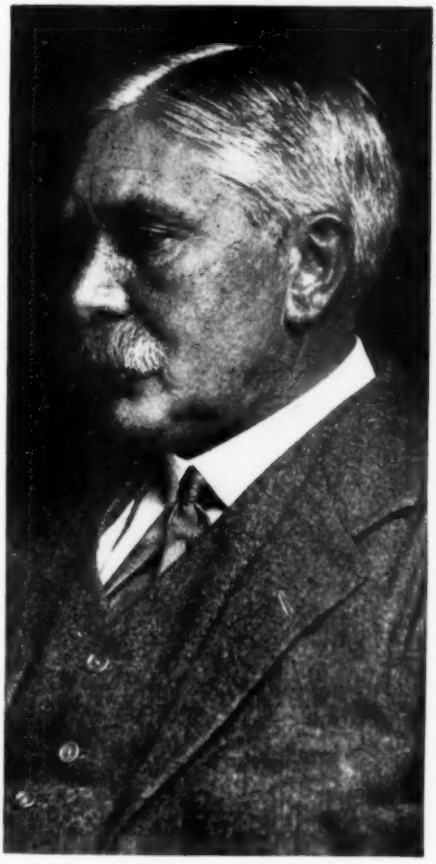
looker an easy and a pleasant task to preside in a court with dignity and aplomb. Yet this is, after all, but a small part of a judge's life.

It may then be said that while a lawyer's best and most brilliant work is done in the prime of life, judicial work is more fitted for men of age and long experience.

The same holds good of high ecclesiastical positions, though there has been an increasing tendency of late years to promote younger men to bishoprics than used to be the case. The fact is that the work of a bishopric has altered very much in the last fifty years. Half a century ago a bishop was a man who could live a life of reposeful dignity. He was apt to be a referee, rather than an initiator of ecclesiastical policy. His correspondence was not overwhelming, and his public appearances were limited to a certain number of Confirmations and ceremonials. But now that the Church has multiplied her activities, and plays so large a part in the social life of the time, a bishop is in constant request to transact business, to advise, to lend his support, to preside at every kind of gathering.

It was Bishop Wilberforce who initiated the conception of a bishop, as Tait wittily said, as a man in a constant state of perspiration; while the motor-car has added heavily to the work of a bishop, because he is now practically obliged to accept engagements which in former days the slowness of communication made it impossible for him to fulfil. So that here the tendency to appoint younger and younger men to great posts is both inevitable and desirable.

When one comes to consider the work of other professional departments, one becomes aware how much success depends upon a certain accumulation of experience. A doctor's professional life may be a very long one, as he may develop a power of swift and sympathetic diagnosis which costs him comparatively little trouble and anxiety, while the gentleness of advancing age may win him the confidence of his patients in a marked degree. But, of course, medicine has of late been very much specialised, and it is here that, as a rule, the most brilliant reputations are won. This, certainly, tends in a certain degree to simplify a doctor's life, because it limits the problems with which he has to deal, and thus accumulates experience more conclusively.



A New Portrait of Mr. A. C. Benson. Photo: Pictorial Agency.

The same tendency to specialisation also simplifies the work of students in all departments—historians, statisticians, critics, and men of science. The stock of special knowledge rapidly increases, and a man is not obliged to break new ground or to vary his material; thus, though technical work of this kind can, of course, be best done when a man is in the



The "Prime of Life" in Art: The Laughing Cavalier, by Franz Hals. *Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co.*

plenitude of his vigour, it also becomes possible to prolong active research until a very advanced age.

It is not, perhaps, necessary to discuss the question of departmental office work. What a man loses in freshness and vigour he makes up for by facility and experience; and in work of this kind, where initiative and originality are not required, and indeed are often prejudicial to accuracy and fidelity, the quality of work is not apt to be affected much by the time of life.

Middle-Aged Teachers

The teacher's profession perhaps demands a particular treatment. As a rule, a teacher is not at his best when he is young; he has his mistakes to make; he has his own method to acquire. His sympathy with the immature and fitful minds of children and young people is apt to be imperfect. On the other hand, when a teacher is well past middle-age he is liable to grow indifferent and impatient, and not to make sufficient allowance for the levity and volatility of childhood. A teacher's best work is probably done between thirty and fifty; but the best teachers of all can continue their work until an even later age, because they learn a paternal sort of benignity which impresses without overaweing the childish spirit.

It is one of the strongest arguments for the better payment of teachers that their really effective time of work is a comparatively short one. I have known many schoolmasters, and I have little doubt that their best work was neither their earliest nor their latest work, as a rule; and considering the enormous range of their influence, and the permanent effects which it can have upon lives and characters, their case is one that needs close attention from the civic point of view.

But there is a change in the spirit of a man's work which often creeps on in middle life. When a young man starts in the race he often does so with an almost overweening belief in the value of his work and the force of his personality. And though this is indeed often an illusion it is a beneficent illusion, which is an almost necessary condition of spirited work.

Personality and Progress

Gradually, as a man grows older, if he acquires any real sense of proportion, any philosophical outlook on the world, he begins to see that his own personal factor is not of any very supreme account. He realises that progress has its own blind and instinctive laws, and modifies itself by some vital inner force, rather than is modified by external agencies. A perceptive man begins at last to see that he is himself rather the sign of a movement than its cause, and that perhaps the most he can do is to crystallise an idea that is working in many minds.

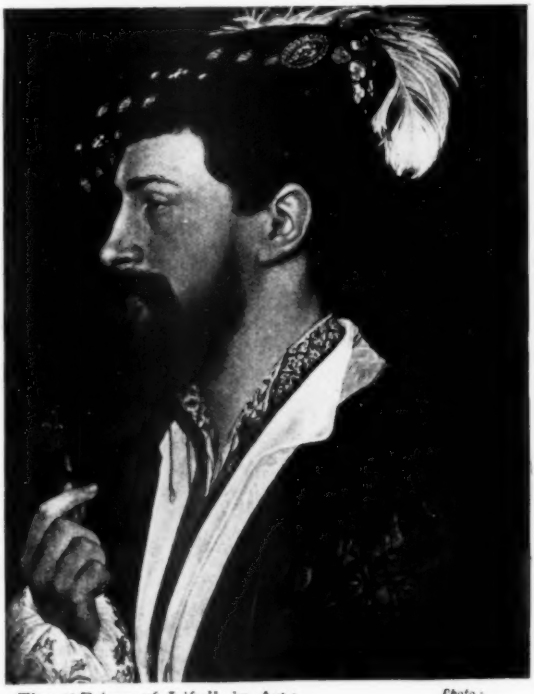
Much of a man's influence depends upon his being only a very little in front of his age; if he is too much in advance of his time, his ideas may have no

fructifying force; and thus many men come to see that, though their work has had an immense value to themselves, both for discipline and inspiration, yet it has not had a very deep or wide effect upon other minds and lives.

There is a touching story of an old ecclesiastic, who had lived a very active and combative life, who was quite laid away at the end of his days and rendered helpless in body by long illness. One day, after his toilet had been performed for him by his devoted nurse, and when he was being wheeled out into his garden, he broke out into half-impetuous, half-humorous complaints. "Oh dear!" he said, "what a wretched, useless log I am, dressed and washed and fed like a child, and unable to do or be anything!" Then he added, "I have often wondered of late why this dreadful trial is laid on me, and I remember that in old days I was very sharp with people, impatient of their indolence and stupidity, and very ready to blame and censure them. I am to be taught patience, and I am not to be allowed to go till I have learned my lesson!"

That, indeed, is what wise men sometimes have to learn by forced inaction—that the vigour and effectiveness of their working days was not, as they thought, the crown and end of life. In a man's prime it is easy to overestimate this, so that he seems like the fly in the old story, which sat on the steam-engine and said to itself, "How splendidly I sweep along, with what strength and majesty, so that people shrink back as I pass!" For it is undoubtedly true that what often gives people power and influence is not their own energy, but the position in which they are set, and the forces which it represents.

And finally it is true of some of the greatest spirits, that they have done their best work under the discouragement of indifference and even unpopularity; and that not till their work seems done and the world has at last caught them up, does it dawn upon their hearers that they were right all along; so that unsubstantial honours and unheeded praise fall thick upon them, when they have no more work that they can do, and are just, as Carlyle said, in a moment of world-wide recognition, "wearying for the end."



The "Prime of Life" in Art: Simon George, by Holbein. Photo: Bruckmann.



"'I must go, Margaret,' he said, and the high resolve of his look spoke in his voice" —*p.* 478.

Drawn by
J. E. Sutcliffe

THE BURDEN AND HEAT OF THE DAY

By HELEN WALLACE

THE prospect from the mullioned windows of the library at Aston Lacey was not an inspiring one that December afternoon. Beyond the mouldering moss-grown terrace, the empty flower beds, and the belt of sparse, straggling shrubbery and woodland, spread a stretch of sodden fields merging into dim moorland, where the stunted heather gloomed black under the low winter sky, further darkened by a heavy smudge of dull vapour along the horizon, telling of some industrial region lying beyond. Nor was the smoke, unluckily as most onlookers would have thought, wholly confined to the horizon, for in the near distance a thick plume wavered up into the windless air where the rushy fields lapsed into the sullen moorland.

A cheerless sight enough, but the master of the old manor house, who had been gazing steadily out, apparently at that isolated column of smoke, seemed in no way dispirited by it as he turned at last from the colourless, wintry landscape without to the faded, threadbare room with its long, drab rows of calf-bound books. Yet the face, with its proud, sensitive mouth, and its fine, clear outline, worn and chiselled by deeper lines than time had graven, suggested that despondency was its more habitual expression, while in the deep-set eyes there was a look of unexpectant endurance, more frequently seen in women than in men. But for the present that look, if not wholly dispelled, was lightened, and the dog, watching, nose on paws, on the hearthrug, seemed at once conscious of the change and leaped beseechingly up.

"Come on then, poor old Rover," said Rupert Lacey, absently, and, with the eager dog gambolling about him, he left the house and went rapidly through the park.

He had passed through the gates, when round a sharp turn there came a woman, whose appearance struck a new note amid the dull, low tones of leafless hedges, muddy highway, and grey, hanging clouds. Her erect, pliant figure and swift, easy step conveyed an instant impression of buoyant youth, but as she drew nearer it was plain that she was no longer young as years go, nor did she make any attempt to simulate youth. But if she had reached that climax of life, as well as of the year, when high summer is merging into autumn, it was the autumn typified by the gracious figures of Ceres and Pomona, the time of fulfilment, of glad fruition, of ripe plenty, untouched as yet by any hint of decay.

That the cheerful calm of her face had been broken often enough by storm and stress, the lines round the full but firm mouth and the humorous hazel eyes bore witness, but the storms had been braved, not shirked. Like a vigorous, growing plant, she had only been braced by rough weather, and if youth's mystic veil of rosy blossom were now dispelled, it had left behind a fair harvest, mellowing to maturity out of its early sharp crudities.

A more casual glance might have noted first how well her "robin's livery" contrasted with the wet, wintry surroundings —the admirably cut, practical coat and skirt of a warm brown, the dark furs, the smart, close-fitting brown hat with its vivifying touch of glowing scarlet.

It was little wonder that there was keen pleasure rather than surprise in Lacey's exclamation, "You!" as he came hastily forward with eager hands outstretched and kindling eyes.

"Yes; I found I could get away a few days sooner, so, as Theresa is always in a thousand worries, especially at Christmas, I thought I'd come down a little earlier and help her through some of them."

"Well, it's good to see you, whatever brings you," said Lacey in a tone of quiet but complete content; "but I'm beginning to hope that *our* worries at least are wearing to an end. But were you by any chance going to Aston?"

"Yes; I meant to ask for Mrs. Lacey. How is she?"

"Fairly well for her. Hope is a wonder-

ful cure," turning and walking by her side. "As you know, there's only Martin and Jack still at school now, and if things turn out as we hope there should be no difficulty in launching them in the world, and then, poor little woman, she could escape to the Riviera, or anywhere where the sun shines."

"So the colliery is really and truly going to be a success?" said Margaret Strain.

"Yes; I think it's certain now. My grandfather got disheartened too soon, came on a bad 'fault,' thought he was throwing good money after bad, I suppose, and shut down instead of persevering; but we've evidently hit the main seam now. Sir Thomas Duckford" (naming a great mining expert) "reports most favourably. I'll show you his opinion in the prospectus; it'll be out in a day or two now. Thurgood tells me the coal is equal to the best in the Durnley district," nodding towards the smoke cloud in the distance, "and you know what that means—an end to your servitude at the first possible moment."

"My servitude!" echoed Margaret, with a slight laugh. "My freedom rather. My dear Rupert, must I begin over again to prove how much better and happier I am than if I had hung on at the Rectory, a fifth wheel to the cart, and an unpaid housemaid and nurse to my sister-in-law's babies, and their governess perhaps, if I hadn't become too out-of-date by that time. No, no; give me my factory inspectorship rather, 'my crust of bread and liberty'"—again with her mellow laugh. "Whatever there has been to regret, that part of it I have never regretted." Nor had she any cause, anyone looking at her must have heartily agreed.

But Lacey's eyes were on the ground. "I wish I had risked it years ago; we shouldn't have lost half our lives then," bitterly. "But it seemed such a mere chimera, and money was so desperately scarce, and there was so much to do with it. I've had to raise every penny possible, and if anything should happen now——" He turned away with a swift intake of the breath.

"But you've no reason to fear that," said Margaret quickly.

"No; but I've been so starved of hope all my life, I've had to stand by and see everything passing away from me——"

"Not everything—surely not everything," said Margaret gently, her hand slipping down warm from her muff and closing on his in a strong and tender clasp.

Lacey started, and, turning, met the steady shining of her eyes.

"No, Margaret, no!" he cried. "Forgive me for such a word, but sometimes the thought of you, of your long faith and patience, of all we have had to forgo, has been the bitterest drop; but that is past, and now, Madge—now——" As the old girlish name, which with the years had gradually dropped into disuse, rose again to his lips, there was a new thrill, a quickened note in his voice.

They walked on in silence—the silence of full understanding, for though they had met with only a hand clasp and with no words of endearment, these two had been lovers since Rupert Lacey had come home from his second year at Oxford to find Madge Strain, a charming young hoyden, racing with her dogs round the Rectory garden, her mane of russet hair still tossing on her shoulders. But the years passed and Madge coiled up her hair round her shapely head and acted mistress of the house instead of her ailing mother, and still there was no word of marriage.

Aston Lacey was but a small estate in a bleak district, and every year it was shrinking in value, while there was a great family of boys to put out in the world. Rupert Lacey the elder, a jovial, improvident man, had married, as his second wife, a gentle little woman, who had brought him a train of sons, some of whom were still in the nursery when his hour came. With almost his last breath he had commended to his eldest son, Rupert, the care of his stepmother and the boys, and the young man had gallantly shouldered the burden, to which was added his father's debts. The fragile, delicate little woman, pronounced by everyone, her stepson included, "such a sweet creature," proved a very harpy where her children were concerned, developing that most unscrupulous selfishness of all—a mother's greed for her sons' advancement. To that she had remorselessly allowed Rupert to sacrifice his own prospects through all the years.

Madge, indeed, could not then have left her mother, but when, after years of invalidhood, Mrs. Strain's couch was empty at



"'How can I tell?' he said, like a man goaded beyond endurance"—*p.* 476.

Drawn by J. E. Sutcliffe.

last, and her son, the rector, had brought home a brisk, capable wife, rendering his sister's presence superfluous, there were still Tom Lacey's college expenses to be provided, and in swift succession Ralph to be started ranching in the North-west, and Charlie fruit-farming in Florida, and the other boys to be kept at school, and all this on empty farms and falling rents, while gentle Mrs. Lacey lamented the cruel necessity for Rupert cutting down all other expenses. So Madge had gone out into the world and had made a career for herself, and if the bliss she had once dreamed of still tarried, she had won the content which comes from the conquest of merely personal aims and of good work well done.

Now at last the future was brightening. As a final resort Rupert had reopened a long-abandoned colliery, and at length the

venture held out every prospect of success. With the floating of the company to develop it further, Aston Lacey would be raised to a pinnacle of prosperity such as it had never known in its palmiest days, and—the long years of waiting would be at an end. The hearts of both were very full as they walked back to the old house together. At last—in a few months—a few weeks even, it might be *home!*

At the door a dogcart was standing with a stout, serviceable pony.

"Thurgood is here," said Lacey. "Come and hear what he has to say; it will make it seem more real," he added with a smile which brought back youth to his face. But something in the manager's aspect banished Lacey's rare smile. "What is wrong?" he asked hastily; "you can speak before Miss Strain. Come, out with it, man."

And Thurgood spoke. He used few words, and many of them technical, but Margaret's quick mind easily gathered their serious import. To his trained eye there seemed indications that they were approaching a "fault," and a "fault," she knew, was a break in the main seam, sinking the coal a few, or it might be many, fathoms below the present level, and in any case involving heavy outlay before the seam was struck again. At the worst the seam might fail altogether and the mine have to be abandoned once more.

"Does anyone share your fears?" said Lacey in a curious, lifeless tone, when Thurgood had said his say.

"No, sir; one doesn't blab such news, and likely enough I may be quite mistaken. No man can be sure, but I thought you should know, for the sooner matters are settled and we get more helpers the better," with a significant glance at the reports and the papers on the table. "And there's another thing. I'm sorry to mention it, for it means more money, but it's urgent. There's signs of gas in the pit. I doubt we're getting near some of the old workings that we haven't quite traced, and the gas may have gathered there. We'll need more ventilation, more fans in the main roads, and I'd urge making a way through to the old shaft—your grandfather's. If the pit should really prove fiery it would give a better chance of escape. If anything happened both the new ones might well get blocked."

"You think this absolutely necessary?" asked Lacey in the same dull tone.

"Well, sir, it would make my mind easier if it were done."

Thurgood withdrew, and a heavy silence fell.

"I suppose this news makes waste paper of this for the present?" said Margaret at last in a low voice, and laying her hand on a pile of the prospectus of the Hunsworth Colliery Company, Limited. Better face the worst, though it should dash down the cup of hope which had just been brimming bright and sparkling at their lips.

Lacey looked up, and she started at the change in his face.

"How can I tell?" he said, like a man goaded beyond endurance. "In business you must settle things by business standards. In an affair of this kind everyone must take the risks."

"Yes, but not risks that they did not know of—or that were kept from them," said Margaret tremulously.

"And which may not exist after all," broke in Lacey. "Thurgood's as straight and honest as they make 'em, and he sees no reason for delay—quite the contrary."

"And is Thurgood the keeper of Rupert Lacey's conscience?"

"Nonsense, Margaret!" hotly. "Like all women, you're making too personal a matter of this. It's not a question of conscience at all. Sir Thomas saw no reason to expect a 'fault,' and Thurgood, as you heard, is quite uncertain. I must have something much more definite to go on. There's no room for Quixotes in business nowadays."

"Thurgood seemed very definite at least about the need for ventilation and the new exit," said Margaret in the same low, pained voice.

"I must see about that, too, of course; but everybody thinks that unlucky employers are able to finance every new fad. There are so many rules nowadays, no one can keep them all. That must be your experience, I should think."

"Yes, and I fought the defaulters tooth and nail," said Margaret, trying to emulate his lighter tone, and then her voice broke. "Rupert, I know what your life has been, what the old home and the old name mean to you, and what we have both hoped and waited for so long; but even if the worst comes we have still each other. Do what

you can—what you *ought* for the sake of the lives entrusted to you. Get another opinion beside Thurgood's, and if we must come to each other at last with empty hands, they will at least be clean. I've had to fight for myself. I know what money means, and all the more as one gets older, but I'd rather——"

"This has been too sudden for you," broke in Lacey with a vexed, embarrassed laugh. "You are taking it far too seriously. Of course, I'll do all I can, and I hope what I *ought*," forcing a smile; "but do me justice, Margaret. Is it for myself I've toiled all these years? What do you think it has been to me, that I've had to let you work and wait——"

"I don't grudge one hour of it," exclaimed Margaret passionately, "if it's still the same Rupert Lacey I am waiting for to-day as I've loved through all the years."

The door opened.

"They told me you were here, Margaret," said a low, silvery voice, as a delicate little lady entered, her pale hair in smooth, Madonna bands, and a gossamer white shawl thrown round her. "You'll find dear Ru overworking himself as usual, but this time he's bringing all our ships home."

Lacey pushed his papers together. Margaret tried to smile. Difficulties were not to be discussed before Mrs. Lacey. She must not be excited, the doctors said, and as she wept herself ill over Rupert's struggles and sacrifices each time some fresh outlay was needed for the boys, Lacey had found it needful to keep his anxieties to himself.

As the days passed and life went on at the Rectory in its usual busy round of little things and the stereotyped bustle of Christmas preparations, Margaret rarely saw Lacey alone, and when they met he tacitly avoided all that concerned the colliery. She did not again press the subject, though in the depths of her heavy heart she knew that if she lost her ideal of her lifelong lover she would indeed lose all. At least, it would not be lost without a struggle, for her love instinctively divined the fierce battle he was waging, and her heart yearned over him in these days which to her seemed weighted with some palpable dread, some nameless oppression, though what she trembled for she did not know.

Margaret had been helping to arrange a "treat" in the schoolhouse, for she had learned the lesson of the years, that there were other joys and sorrows than her own, and as she was returning from the village in the late afternoon, she heard a swift step behind her, and Lacey overtook her. One look in his face was enough—the dividing wall of constraint which had risen between them was gone. He caught her hands in a passionate clasp and wrung them hard.

"I can do it now, Margaret, my hands are clean," he said hoarsely. "I have been in hell for those past days, but it is over now. It seemed to me I could not give up this last chance, part with this last hope, and all the time a busy devil was whispering to me, 'Are you never to have any life of your own? You've lost your youth—will you lose your prime? You've but a few years before you now, that you'll have the power to enjoy. Age is waiting, death is waiting—will you die without having lived? Will you go to the grave heart-hungry? And all for a scruple, for a few chance words, for a mere doubt? You've got the best opinion in the country. Act on it, and then you can do everything needful for the colliery. It's now or never, if you and Margaret are to get any good of what's left of your lives—now or never—now or never!' Margaret, I swear to you that that fiend's chant has been ringing in my ears, tearing at my heart night and day, but now——"

"Yes, now—now?" she gasped.

"Now, thank God, it's over," and unconsciously he bared his head to the evening sky. "I tried to believe I could gain the world without losing my soul—without losing *you*, Margaret—but at the last clearness came. I saw I couldn't do it." He paused and then went on quietly. "I've given Thurgood instructions to have the new fans put in at once and everything needful done, and I've wired Sir Thomas to come and make a fresh examination. You know what that may mean?" They were facing the west. The sun had just gone down in a red, frosty flare against which rose the black column of smoke from the Hunsworth Colliery. Instinctively their eyes turned to it. "If that fails, it's the end," went on Lacey. "Aston Lacey must go—everything must go!"

"Let it go!" cried Margaret passionately. "Love and honour and truth won't go with it—no, nor my pride in you."

"You've little to be proud of," sadly. "I've done the right thing at last, but once it would have been the *only* thing for me. I'd have done it without another thought—there'd have been no question."

"Perhaps; but the sacrifice is all the greater now than when we had all our lives before us. You know now what renunciation means, what it will cost——"

Crash! Like a crouching beast, a shattering roar leaped out through the frosty hush of coming night, shaking the sky from rim to rim, staggering sense and hearing to a sheer terror of shock and confusion, while that single column of smoke spread to a dense, sulphurous smother, which hung like a pall over the ruin beneath. The man and woman, hand still clasped in hand, stared at each other aghast, while the lessening reverberations rolled away into the distance; then Lacey wrenched himself away.

"God have mercy on me; it's been too late," he uttered, and without another word started running like a madman towards that dread canopy of smoke. Now Margaret knew that her formless fear had taken awful shape.

On the pit-bank the sight was one pitifully familiar in a mining district. The tall winding-wheels had vanished; the engine house was a mass of wreckage. In the centre a knot of men were in eager conclave; others were trying to keep back the surging crowd. Through the confused din came heart-shaking cries of women wailing for their men, while others stood in blank, despairing silence. Most of them had a child clasped in their arms, or clutching, whimpering, at their skirts. One or two oil-flares had been kindled, and their lurid, intermittent blaze brought out one group of eager faces, then another, into startling momentary distinctness. One of these sudden flashes revealed to Margaret Rupert Lacey's face, but as she had never seen it before, transformed by a new will and purpose. He was in the midst of the central group, and she went straight towards him. At such a time convention did not exist.

"I will take one man with me, since you say I must," he was saying.

"It's too soon. It's fair throwing away your life," muttered Thurgood despairingly.

"That's my business," and Lacey's tone forbade further dispute. "If we don't come back, try the old shaft, Thurgood. We were coming near the old workings, you said. Now, men, who goes with me? No, not you," as Thurgood stepped forward; "you're more needed here. I feel bound to go—it's all I can do now, but I ask no man to come with me who's not willing to face the risks. You know what these are."

They did know—too well, and for a moment there was dead silence; then a big, rough-looking man came forward.

"I'll go—'t won't matter much to nobody whether I come back or not. Nobody 'll cry their eyes out if I don't," with a laugh of clumsy bravado.

He stepped into the improvised "bucket," for the cage was gone, and Lacey was following him, when the fitful light fell on Margaret's anguished eyes and white, parted lips.

"I must go, Margaret," he said, and the high resolve of his look spoke in his voice.

"I know you must. God go with you!" was all her answer and their sole farewell, though as the two men vanished down the black, gaping hole, she felt as if the heart were being drawn out of her body and sinking with them down—down—down.

Then the awful ordeal of suspense began. Mercifully, it had been the hour for changing shifts. The day workers were nearly all up; the night shift had not yet gone down. But there were a dozen souls in the pit and the two volunteers. What of them? No signal could be expected for some time, and yet everyone stood waiting. The women's sobs, the fretful crying of the frightened children, had sunk away, when through that long, heavy pause the earth spoke again. Once more that prisoned roar burst forth, once more the belching smoke blackened the heavens, and through it a cry of horror rose shrill to the veiled stars.

"There's a brave man gone, and poor Rundle with him, and both shafts closed here," Margaret heard Thurgood say gruffly, through a cloud denser than the acrid smoke; then her mind cleared. She felt no grief as yet—a strange exaltation rather. There would be all the rest of her life to grieve for Rupert; for to-night let her emulate him and do what she could. Wives and mothers, driven frantic by the renewed explosion, she led home one by one. "The man I



"'The man I have loved all my life has given himself for yours,' she said simply."

Drawn by J. E. Sutcliffe.

have loved all my life has given himself for yours," she said simply, and after that they let her sorrow with them—the only comfort there was to give.

The long winter night was wearing toward the tardy dawn when she left the last stricken house, to be met with the news, "They're all away to the old pit—they've been working there for hours." How she reached the old disused shaft, about a mile away, she never remembered; but in the wan, dreary light which was not yet day she saw ere long the crowds blackening the old pit-bank, and swarming like hiving bees round the tall, crazy chimney. She touched a man's arm; she could not speak, but he answered the entreaty in her eyes.

"Ay, there's just a chance. They're opening up one of the old roads that's quite close to the new workings. If the poor chaps weren't right in the way of the blast, we may get at them that way. I'm going down next shift. Eh, hear to that—what's that?" he broke off, for the tumultuous murmur rising from the crowd swelled suddenly to a shout. "We mun see to this."

He pushed through the throng, his broad shoulders making a way for Margaret to reach the inner circle. By now the shouts had become articulate. "They're through—they've got them!" rang out in every tone of wild excitement, and the knot of officials and doctors gathered at the mouth of the old shaft silently made way for her. A winding apparatus had been hastily rigged up, the "bucket" was rising, and presently Thurgood, grimed out of knowledge, stepped out.

"We'll have the first batch up soon," he said briefly to the waiting group, and then, seeing Margaret, he came up to her.

"Is he alive?" was all she could say.

He paused. "He's breathing," he said

reluctantly, "but if it hadn't been for him there wouldn't have been a soul alive. It's this way. There was no one actually in the intake where the first big explosion was, and when the second came Mr. Lacey and Rundle were knocked over, but they got off with their lives and managed to reach the other men. They knew both shafts must be closed behind them, but Mr. Lacey proposed trying to make their way to the old workings, and he set the men who were fit for it to hew a way through, while he dragged along the injured. It was a terrible risky business, with so many falls from the roof and the supports so shaken, but it was a kind of miracle, you may say. The explosion had brought down so much that, once we heard them knocking, what with our work and theirs we got through to them sooner than any of us dared hope. They're all alive, though some of them are pretty bad."

"And—and he—the truth?" The dry lips could barely form the words.

"There was a fall from the roof," slowly, "I heard the cracking and shouted, but he was bringing along big Jim Rundle, whose leg's broken. He might have saved himself, but he had to get Jim clear, and so——" He stopped, and then stamped savagely on the ground, saying almost in a snarl, "He must get round, for I do believe the blast's done our work for us and laid open the main seam again."

But at the renewed creaking of the straining rope Margaret had turned away to the shaft—she would know soon enough. One by one they were drawn up to the blessed air—the bruised and the maimed, but the living, each to be received with transports of welcome. Then slowly the windlass revolved again, and the woman waiting for the burden it would bring held her breath. Through her own body she seemed to feel the sickening pang which every jerk of the rope, every swing of the "bucket," must be inflicting on the tortured frame of the man they were bearing upwards. The exaltation which had upheld her through the long night was ebbing fast; she could only think of Rupert suffering, Rupert dy—no, that she would not think of!

At last the rope was still. Swift, skilful hands were lifting up a blackened, nerveless figure. They carried him into the shelter of the old engine-house, and Margaret sank down on the frosty ground to await the doctor's verdict, while the crowd lingered at a sympathetic distance. And long ago, in her fresh youth, she had thought she knew what love was, what parting meant, but now that that love had grown with her growth, coloured every thought, and become part of her very being, what did parting mean to her—now? And suddenly at that moment Thurgood's last words, unheeded at the time, and all that they implied, came back to her clear and distinct. Success now—prosperity now—Aston Lacey saved—oh, what a mockery it was—the rankling barb of life's irony planted in her bleeding heart.

Agony had yielded to merciful numbness, when she felt a hand upon her arm, heard a voice in her ear:

"He'll do very well now. Will you come? He is asking for you."

Someone helped her to her feet. She looked round her with dazed eyes, scarcely conscious yet of the deliverance vouchsafed her. Out of the frosty fog the red winter sun had climbed, every rimed twig and blade of grass was alight and sparkling. The night was gone—joy had indeed come "in the morning."



WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN?

An Article that Embodies the Opinions of a Number of Well-known Men

Collected by PEARKES WITHERS

THE cry of "Too old at forty" has been a painfully familiar one with us for years past—indeed, it might almost be said to have passed into the language and become a proverb. But its familiarity does not prove its truth! Proverbs are almost proverbially perversions, rather than epitomes, of fact—as is proved by the ease with which almost any one proverb can be flatly contradicted by another.

Admitting that "Too old at forty" is a proverb, we have a cheerful contradiction of its verdict in that other and slightly older proverb, "A man is as old as he feels," and to this scribe, at all events, the last saying looks and sounds and seems the more plausible of the two.

Proverbs, however, do not help the man who is over forty to conceal his age or to prove his youth, and though nine employers out of ten, or thereabouts, are themselves well over forty, eight of them out of ten display a reluctance to take a man into their service if he is over forty, except to fill a fairly high position, where experience is a desirable if not essential qualification.



Sir Thomas Oliver.

Photo: Elliott & Fry.

What is it then about the man of forty, or over, that makes him too old—if it really does? Is it loss of enthusiasm, lack of enterprise? Is it loss of elasticity, of adaptability? The question is a vital one—at all events to all men of forty and over—and with the Editor's approval I have approached several gentlemen whose opinions should be worth having, and induced them to try to throw some light on the subject.

The first of these gentlemen, appropriately enough, is a doctor; for a doctor should be able to tell us whether there is any physiological reason why the man of forty should be mentally and bodily the inferior of a man of a more youthful age. I laid the case before SIR THOMAS OLIVER, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P., who is a professor of physiology, and who has for many years studied the effects of different occupations upon different constitutions. He says:

"There is nothing the matter with the middle-aged man, nor is there the slightest truth in the statement of 'Too old at forty.' Where men have been constantly employed, the middle-aged man is capable of doing more work than the man fifteen years his junior. My experience is that men who have been pretty well employed are found, certainly between the ages of forty and sixty, doing more work than the younger men. They work longer hours, their brain work, too, is better than that of the younger man.

"It is after a man has reached forty that he fulfils the promise of his earlier years. Ask the 'head' of any large commercial concern, and he will tell you that at his age—even upwards of sixty—he is doing more and also better work than he did twenty years previously."

I am almost inclined to think that if I were over forty and in quest of employment I should carry a copy of Sir Thomas Oliver's message about with me in order to show it to all prospective employers who objected to my age. It is a message of reassurement, a medical certificate, so to speak, of the man of forty's right to work and live.

But it is obvious that Sir Thomas is not including among the stalwarts those men who have squandered their health and their

opportunities in their youth. He speaks of the average man of forty, who deserves an infinitely better fate than the shutting of doors in his face—of the man who has led a respectable and self-respecting life, and who has not confounded the word "work" with the word "shirk," like far too many of our young men.

I next approached Mr. A. W. GAMAGE, head of the well-known firm in Holborn, who has himself risen from the ranks to his present proud position among the commercial giants of the day.

"What is really the matter with the middle-aged man," he declares, "is a somewhat ambiguous question. What do you mean by middle-aged? I have known some men old at thirty, and others quite juvenile at seventy-three. Take, for instance, Mr. Thomas Barratt, of Pears' Soap fame, the King of Advertisers; there does not really seem to be much the matter with him.

"Treating this matter seriously, I think it largely depends upon the man and the life he has led. I have known many 'old' young men, who have been complete failures in the way of getting on in life, and I think the reason is that they have run into marriage at too early an age, before they have established themselves in life, and in most cases making a bad selection for a partner.

"Young fellows at a silly age frequently allow their fancies to run wild, never stopping to consider the desirability of the girl whom they are going to marry. In many cases they are totally unsuitable and frivolous wives, having no experience of housekeeping, etc., nor understanding how to get the best value for a pound sterling.

"I have heard many a young man say, 'Two can live as cheaply as one,' but this is a mistake, and the young married man soon finds this out after he has been married a few months; and then comes the struggle for existence. This is the secret of a young man growing old too soon. All the spirit seems to be taken out of him, and he has no ambition to push himself on. Of course there are exceptions to this, but I am merely speaking in this strain as I think this is really the explanation of what is the matter with the middle-aged man.

"The cry of 'Too old at forty' has become quite a familiar one nowadays. In our case we do not engage men over forty, for the simple reason that a man soon grows old after that age, but assistants who come to us young and reach the age of forty we do not say are too old, as by the time they reach this age most of them have pushed up the ladder of life, and are holding a decent position. We should never think of putting an old servant off because he is forty and over. We should think it a disgrace to put away, because he had passed forty, a man who has given us the best time of his life.

"This is not the case with all firms. I have known many firms in which men have been discharged after twenty years or more of service, the reason given being that they were getting too old, which I look upon as a disgrace to the firm. There are, however, cases in which the firm is justified; sometimes when they have been in the same employment for a number of years, men presume on this, and take liberties which they ought not to do.

"Many men are hen-pecked and worried from the cause previously stated, and they seem to have all the enthusiasm and vitality knocked out of them, and instead of being bright and sprightly, and taking an interest in their work—which an employer looks for—they become careless of their personal appearance, lacking in manners, and guilty of little mean tricks which years before they would have been ashamed of.

"This is my opinion as to 'What is really the matter with the middle-aged man.'"

Mr. Gamage looks upon early and unwise marriages as a frequent cause of failure at forty, and no doubt his opinion is founded upon personal experience as an employer. But although marriage undoubtedly means the making or the marring of a man, a man is not always marred in the matter of business success because his marriage happens to prove a fiasco. Many cases could be instanced of men who have "succeeded in life" (as the phrase goes) as a result of *failing* in marriage. Discontent is sometimes a stronger incentive to work than content.

Mr. Gamage mentions the juvenility of Mr. THOMAS BARRATT at seventy-three, and I promptly appealed to Mr. Barratt for his opinion on this subject.

"I am one of those who attach little importance to the 'Too old at forty' proverb," he announces, "but of course it all depends upon the nature of the man's employment.

Certainly, so far as any business man is concerned, he must, as a rule, have much more experience later on in life.

"I think that the preservation of one's mental and physical forces, after taking into consideration the all-important matter of parentage, depends upon the way in which one's youth is spent. Amongst my contemporaries of threescore and ten there have been usually men who have had plenty of outdoor exercise and but a modicum of night work. In fact it would resolve itself into the adage as old as the hills, 'Early to bed and early to rise is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.' (And perhaps I ought to add if you also advertise.)"



Mr. Thomas J. Barratt.

The doyen of all the advertisers strikes a cheerful note, and he also raises a fresh point in the discussion—the question of parentage.

Now nothing, of course, could excuse us, as men, for seeking to shift the responsibility of our failure on to our parents. "The man who accuses his father, accuses himself." But none the less our parents have a very great deal to do with what we may become, physically, mentally, and morally, and many a man of forty is too old largely because his parents were too old, or too young, or too unhealthy, when he was born. Still, we must bear the accident of our parentage without too much complaint, for after all it *is* an accident, so far as we are concerned. We have to make the most of ourselves, not grieve because ourselves happen to be less splendid than they might have been.

Mr. EUGEN SANDOW wisely, and as one might very naturally expect, advocates exercise as a means of keeping one's health and strength in spite of one's birthdays.

"Personally," he says, "whilst I am inclined to agree that the too-old-at-forty stigma may apply to many men, there are certainly many brilliant exceptions. Forty is an age to my mind when a man should really be at his best, for he has far riper business experience and sounder judgment than many men his juniors, whilst his health conditions should be, at this age, firmly established. Unfortunately, perhaps through over-indulgence in the good things of life, perhaps through burning both ends of the work-day candle in the search for wealth, many men arrive at forty with health impaired. Their nervous systems are overtensioned, and they are more liable to the various health troubles that in their youth they could easily fight against.

"Sedentary occupations, the luxury of taxicabs, fast train services, motor-buses, tramcars, bring these penalties.

"If every man approaching forty would realise the necessity of the practice of systematic suitable exercise—I do not mean violent or prolonged or competitive sports, as these are often in middle life provocative of trouble rather than of benefit—he would be, from forty to sixty, in the full enjoyment of the ripeness of his powers and pleasures. Systematic and, of course, scientifically directed exercises, such as would keep a man fit and well far beyond forty years, with his physical and mental powers at their keenest, do not mean more than the sacrifice of a few moments a day. 'Too old at forty' is a menace that wants actively fighting, or else it may prove very serious from a national point of view. Fancy a nation with every man at forty years of age compelled to retire! The idea is of course absurd. Live cleanly, healthily, adopt Nature's own device for keeping fit



Mr. Eugen Sandow. Photo: W. Brookes.

—systematic exercise—and the more men at forty, yes, and at sixty and over, that we have in business the better."

It occurred to me that it would be in keeping with the fitness of things to apply to Mr. WILLIAM FREND DE MORGAN for an expression of his views on a subject such as this, for Mr. de Morgan is not only young and active at seventy-four: he set out in life as an artist, and published his first book and achieved a world-wide reputation as a novelist after he had turned sixty! Here is an individual refutation of the phrase with a vengeance, only, of course, it must be remembered that Mr. de Morgan is a very exceptional man. His reply—one might almost have said his retort—takes the form of an epigram which is something of a paraphrase of that other saying which I quoted at the beginning of this article, "A man is as old as he feels." Here is the epigram:

"A man is the age medical examination guesses him at, without information from the Registrar!"

SIR JESSE BOOT, the famous founder of the ubiquitous firm of cash chemists, is almost as brief. He thinks "that the 'Too old at forty' cry is nonsense, and that a man should be able to go on till sixty, at any rate, doing excellent work."

That is what the average man of forty also thinks and probably feels, but it does not, unfortunately, explain why the majority of employers think differently when a man of forty applies to them for employment.

Mr. H. GORDON SELFRIDGE goes farther, and draws several conclusions. He says:

"You ask, 'What's really the matter with the middle-aged man?' and answering briefly I should say that too often the middle-aged man feels that his future is back of him, and instead of striving continually to make each day better and better, he too often feels that his hard work is done and he is entitled to take it easy then and on.

"That vital spark of ambition seems frequently, in the middle-aged man, to have become not so much a spark as a dying and cooling ember, and I think that this criticism applies to employers and employee alike.

"There is no reason why a man should be too old at forty, and many men are at their best at that time; but this is not true, I think, of the majority."

I have kept the views of SIR JOSEPH LYONS till last because, as it seems to me, they come very near to summing up the whole subject.

"Although," declares Sir Joseph, "I believe that 'youth will always tell,' and know that nothing else can be so valuable in life, I wish I were only forty that I might put a theory of mine to the test.

"That there is a great deal of truth in the phrase 'Too old at forty' cannot be gainsaid in respect of many men, but it should be noted that it is usually applied *not* to the man who has found his groove in the path of life—it is the wail of the man who has failed to do so.

"If I am right in this, it is, generally speaking, the failure who is 'too old at forty,' doubtless because he is then too old to change his habit of life.

"Any attempt to answer definitely *why* a man is too old at forty should prove more difficult than the effort to refute the statement, for the reason that the successful man at this age will always, by his weight of character, overshadow the very existence of his unsuccessful brother. It will perhaps be of more use if I indicate the system I have always tried to adhere to.

"As I mentioned at the beginning of this note, I am a great believer in the power of youth, consequently I and my colleagues have always sought young men to assist us in every department of our business. Naturally these men cannot remain young; therefore they are urged from the very beginning to look about and find the particular groove, in the many tracks along which our business runs, for which their energy and talent are best suited.

"If he finds this the young fellow's path is easy—as easy, that is, as any conscientious man can expect who keeps a cautious eye on the youngsters



Mr. William de Morgan. Photo: Elliott & Fry.

behind him scrambling for one of those places in the sun that the middle-aged man has secured, and which, if he be wise, he will spare no effort to retain.

"But, you may ask, how is he to keep it? My answer to that is, by keeping in close touch with the keenest of the younger men about him. 'Too old at forty' often arises from the false conviction that the young man is no match for his elders, whereas he is proving every day that the elder man must be very alert indeed if he is to forestall the efforts of the youngsters to get in front. The man of twenty-five to thirty is always studying the methods of the man of thirty-five to forty-five or more, seeking, if he can, to benefit by the experience his elder companions have had. How rarely do the middle-aged study and sympathise with the efforts of the young man to increase the value of his experience and force it home with his ever-present energy?



Sir Jesse Boot.

"Therefore I say I wish I were forty that I might show that I could learn sufficient from the young men about me to keep me from slipping back behind them.

"It seems to me that if the middle-aged failure was ever a success in life, he owes his downfall to a period when his success of the moment induced the condition known popularly as 'swelled head.' He thought the race was won before it was finished, and the young man generally knows that a race is never finished until it is won.

"If, on the other hand, he never has been a success, the older he gets the more will his failure be accentuated if his circumstances in life do not protect him from the struggle for existence to which most of us are happily subjected. I say 'happily' because without the struggle there can be no victory, and without victories life would be a dull experience."

The truth, I think, is out. The man who is too old at forty is a man who, unless he has been extraordinarily handicapped by ill-health, or extraordinarily cursed with the worst possible sort of wife, has wilfully or carelessly missed most of his opportunities. Instead of struggling to reach the front he has been content to follow in the wake of the crowd. He may have worked hard enough, but he has not worked well enough.



Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge. *Photo: S. Langfier.*

The plodder is often exhibited as a pattern to youthful "rolling stones," but there is no virtue in mere plodding and precious little profit. Nearly all the plodders are too old at forty because at forty they still occupy positions they ought to have left behind them at twenty-five. They stay indefinitely in one indifferent job.

One must progress in one's youth, or "retrogress" in one's age, for the plain fact of the matter is that the man who is still able to fill only a lowly position when he is forty must necessarily seem too old to an employer. If he has failed to advance in his younger years, when the greatest measure of enthusiasm and the greatest readiness to take chances are naturally expected of him, of what earthly use can he be in a business? He brands himself a failure if he is capable only of performing the same little round of duties to which he became accustomed in the beginning.

We can sum it all up in a paragraph, I am afraid, after all. The man who has "got there" is never too old at forty, but the average man who has got nowhere in particular is almost always too old at forty, because it is extremely improbable that, having reached that age, he will ever get anywhere worth getting to!



" ' There is nothing true, nor straight, nor honest about you,' he hissed. ' Claudia—will you marry me ? ' "—*p.* 489.

Drawn by N. Schlegel

THE GIRL WHO WISHED FOR MONEY

No. 2 in the Series "Heart's Desire"

By Mrs. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY

Eight young people are gathered round the fire on New Year's Eve, when, encouraged by their hostess, they each tell of the secret ambition of their hearts. "The thing that a man strives for—deeply, strongly, persistently—*that thing he can have!*" she tells them. They part, each to try to make the vision real. Here is the story of the one who wished for "Money."

CLAUDIA BERRINGTON prided herself that if she had many faults, she had at least one supreme virtue—she was honest! She condescended to no subterfuges, no half-truths, no beatings about the bush. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, fell from her coral lips with a nakedness which astonished her hearers, and this, despite the fact that few people had less consideration for honesty for honesty's sake. There was no "I can, because I ought" in Claudia Berrington's composition; her outspokenness was simply a means to an end. Very early in life her sharp wits had mastered the fact that honesty was the best policy, and that to speak the truth was at once to disarm criticism, and to avoid the danger of pitfalls.

To Claudia's supreme delight, she discovered that her adopted virtue was quite an asset in society. It was so uncommon, so striking to meet a girl who *really* said what she meant, that it made quite a sensation when found. People said to one another: "Have you heard Claudia's latest?" and hung upon her lips in delighted anticipation of shocks. And Claudia shocked them, and enjoyed the process.

Openly, amidst a party of intimates, Claudia had confessed that the one overwhelming ambition of her heart was to be rich, and as there seemed only one way in which a helpless young woman could obtain a limitless command of money, had declared herself ready to marry the highest bidder in the market. "A German-Jew stockbroker, or a Maharajah of 'something,' or a soap-boiler bereft of h's. Anyone will do!" she had cried, "if he can only give me enough." And in a *tête-à-tête* with a girl friend over her bedroom fire the same night, she had repeated and defended the same statement.

"Ashamed?" she cried, "why should I be ashamed? I'm not a bit! How can I help my own nature? Most girls put love before everything else—well, so do I; but it's love for *myself*. I love myself better than any stupid young man, and I mean to make myself happy. I couldn't be happy without money, therefore money I must have, and if I find a man who is ready and willing to give it to me, why on earth should I refuse?"

The friend looked at the fair, delicately cut face with a pang of envy.

"You are so lovely, Claudia; you'll find him fast enough, and he'll worship you, and think you a paragon of virtue. It *is* unfair! A plain-looking girl would have loved him back, and been amiable and devoted!"

"Oh, I'll be quite sweet to him. I'll have to be, to keep him in a good temper. I'll be wickedly extravagant, you see, like all *nouveaux riches*, and I detest rows! Don't you worry about the man, my dear. He'll be happy enough. So long as I get all I want, I'm quite easy to live with!"

"No one gets all one wants in life, Claudia," said the friend tritely. "All the money in the world can't protect you from the troubles which enter every life!"

"Perhaps not; but it can gild them! If I'm bound to have troubles, let me have them *de luxe*. A million or two can make anything picturesque. All the difference between sables and bombazine. Shouldn't I look sweet, Meriel, as a widow, with a Marie Stuart bonnet and a cloak of priceless sables? He might die, you know! You never can tell!"

Then Meriel had arisen and swept scornfully from the room, and Claudia had laughed and yawned and gone to bed.

Several men proposed to Claudia during the next two years, only to be rejected with a finality which left no ground for appeal,

and then, soon after the celebration of her twenty-fifth birthday, John Biggs appeared upon the scene. He was neither a Maharajah nor a German Jew, and he knew nothing whatever about soap-boiling. Probably in early years he had hardly been better acquainted with soap itself! He was an Australian by birth; a man of the people, who by a series of lucky chances had first discovered a gold reef, and then secured it for his own. A born fighter, he had experienced a delight in every step on the road to success, which was strangely lacking when the summit was reached. He was a multi-millionaire; he owned more money than he could spend. The battle had been fought and won, and henceforth life stretched before him barren of interest. He made his way to London, as millionaires have a habit of doing, was eagerly welcomed by a certain section of society, and in the course of a few weeks met Miss Berrington at a musical "At Home."

"Who's the Ogre?" asked Claudia of her companion as she watched the entrance of the big, lumbering man, who still carried his dress clothes with an air of discomfort. She shuddered daintily. "He looks like, 'The better to eat you, my dear.' Such teeth oughtn't to be *allowed!* *Has* he any eyes? They are so buried in fat that one can't see. It's very inconsiderate of Lady Rollo to give us such shocks! If he comes over here, I shall scream!"

"That's Biggs, the Australian millionaire, the third richest man in the world, so they say. He *is* an ugly beggar, and as glum as he's ugly. Doesn't appear to get much fun out of his pile! There's no need to be introduced to him, Miss Berrington, if you'd rather not. Shall we go and hide in the conservatory?"

The speaker was a recent acquaintance, sufficiently under the spell of Claudia's dimples to believe her everything that was disinterested and simple. Her reply gave him a shock.

"A millionaire, is he? That covers a multitude of—teeth! I shan't scream, after all. No; I don't want to hide. I've a penchant for millionaires! I'll sit here and look pretty! How long do you give him, Mr. Bruce, before he asks for an introduction?"

Mr. Bruce gave him ten minutes, but, as a matter of fact, it was only seven and a half by the clock before the Ogre was bowing before the Beauty's sofa, and being smilingly welcomed to a seat by her side. He was portentously ugly! Claudia, regarding him with her long green eyes, thought she had never before beheld so unattractive a man. "Flabby dabby" was her not inappropriate mental definition, but the small grey eyes looking out of the vast mass of flesh were disconcertingly keen and alert. Claudia realised that her description did not apply to the man's *mind*, however aptly it might fit his body.

As for John Biggs, no words could describe his admiration of this wonderful new specimen of womanhood. Never in all his life had he beheld anyone so fair, so exquisite, so ethereal. Her hair was like threads of gold. The exquisite fineness and beauty of her complexion was like that of a child. It seemed a miracle in the eyes of the big, rough man that a grown-up woman should preserve such delicacy of charm. Yet as they exchanged the first commonplaces of conversation there was something in the expression of those sunken eyes which was not wholly approving. They seemed to Claudia like small steel gimlets, piercing into her soul! As he bade her good-bye that evening, John Biggs announced coolly:

"I shall see you again, as arranged!" and when Claudia exclaimed, he waved aside her protests with a sarcastic laugh.

"You have been at pains to tell me exactly what you are to be doing every day of this week! Didn't you *intend* me to meet you?"

Claudia shrugged her shoulders, and took refuge in her usual honesty.

"Well—I *did!* But you might have pretended that I didn't. It's rather unkind!"

"I never pretend," said John Biggs. His eyes rested on the string of imitation pearls encircling the slender neck, and he spoke again, roughly, insolently: "Why do you deck yourself with sham beads?"

"Because I have nothing better, of course. What a stupid question to ask!"

"You ought to wear emeralds," he said. "They are the stones for you, with your complexion and eyes. You ought to wear emeralds. Ropes of emeralds."

"I intend to!" answered Claudia calmly.

Their eyes met, and they stared at one another; a cold and challenging stare.

During the next fortnight society watched with interest the progress of the affair be-

tween "Beauty and the Beast," and speculation was rife as to its outcome. Would he propose; and, if so, would she, *could* she accept? It seemed impossible to her friends that even Claudia the mercenary could sell herself to this ogre-like man. But Claudia herself had no hesitation.

On the fifteenth day after their introduction, the couple sat together under a tree at one of the outdoor functions of the year, and John Biggs asked a sudden question:

"What did you think of me," he asked, "when you first saw me that evening at the Rollos'?"

Claudia smiled at him with the sweetness of an angel.

"I thought," she said, "you were the ugliest man I had ever seen!"

"And yet," he said sneering, "you made eyes at me across the room. You willed me to come and be introduced!"

"Yes, I did. But that," said Claudia serenely, "was because you were rich."

The gimlet-like eyes stared long and straight at the lovely face, beneath the rose-crowned hat.

"I think," John Biggs said deliberately, "you are the most soulless human creature on earth! That lovely body of yours is a shell—a beautiful shell with nothing inside. You have no soul!"

"I don't want one, thank you. They're such a bother. Why are you so cross with me all of a sudden?" cried Claudia, making a delightful little moue of childlike injury and distress. "I've been so nice to you all this time, and it's mean to ask questions, and then get cross when I tell you the truth."

"You are false!" he replied coldly. "Your honesty is a blind to hide the falseness beneath. There is nothing true, nor straight, nor honest about you." And then bending nearer, so that his huge brown face almost touched her own, he hissed a question into her ear: "Claudia—will you marry me?"

Claudia gave a trill of bird-like laughter.

"Yes, please!" she cried gaily. "But what a funny proposal! You don't 'lead up' a bit well. They are generally so flattering and nice, and you were horrid. Why do you want to marry me if you disapprove of me so much?"

"Why do you want to marry *me?*" he asked in return. There was no lover-like ardour in his voice; the sunken eyes gleamed with a mocking light; every tooth in his head seemed to show as he bent over her. "Is it because you love me, Claudia?"

"N-ot exactly," said Claudia, with a gulp. His nearness gave her a momentary feeling of suffocation, but she braced herself to bear it without shrinking. "N-ot exactly; but I love the things you can give me! It's a fair exchange, isn't it? You want a hostess, I want a home. You don't pretend to love me, either!"

Then suddenly his eyes blazed upon her.

"Not you, perhaps, but your beauty! I adore your beauty," he cried. "Your beauty has sent me mad! Make no mistake, my girl, you don't deceive me. You are not worth loving, not even worth buying, though you are so ready to sell your dainty pink and white self, but I am going to buy you all the same. I've worked hard for my money, and I can afford to indulge myself in worthless trifles, if it suits my fancy. It is as you say, a fair exchange. You want my money, I want your beauty. I have worked among grim sights; now, for a change, I shall look upon—you!" He stretched out his great hand, and laid it beside hers. "Hide and satin! Who would believe we belonged to the same species! You're a dainty morsel, my dear. We shall make a pretty pair!"

Claudia looked at him, and felt a momentary shrinking.

"You'll be good to me?" she asked him. "You'll promise not to quarrel, or be stingy? You won't make me marry you, and then put me on an allowance, or fuss about bills? You'll promise faithfully!"

"You shall have as much money as you can spend. You're an object *de luxe*, my dear, and shall be shielded carefully in your glass case. I'm not a fool to buy a curio, and not look after its preservation. Take care of your beauty! Deck it up! It's mine! I've bought it—*See that I get my price!*"

He lifted his hand and stroked the exquisite cheek. Seen close at hand, the fineness and smoothness of the skin was even more wonderful than from afar. He gripped the chin between finger and thumb, and turned her face to his, staring greedily at each curve and line. In appearance, as in manner, Claudia went in for honesty. There was no artificiality about her beauty, not even a brush of powder upon the skin. The man who had just settled his terms regarded his purchase with kindling eyes.

"I'll buy you your emeralds, my beauty!

The finest emeralds I can find," he cried. "Everyone shall talk of you—everyone shall envy you. The Queen of Beauty—Mrs. John Biggs!"

Claudia Biggs had been married for two years, and had flourished like the proverbial bay-tree. Her wedding had been one of the smartest functions of the season, her honeymoon had been spent in a lordly castle "lent for the occasion" by its titled owner. As Mrs. John Biggs, she had made her presentation curtsy to her sovereign in a gown whose magnificence was the talk of the town; every house that was worth visiting threw open its doors to the millionaire and his wife, and society flocked to the entertainments given by them in their turn. There had been those who had prophesied disaster from the marriage, who had felt convinced that Claudia would not be able to endure so close a companionship with her Ogre, but as time passed on they were obliged to confess their mistake, for Claudia bloomed into an amazing, an almost incredible, beauty. She had always been lovely, but the loveliness of Claudia the maid was as nothing compared with that of Claudia the wife. What had been, as it were, a flower of the wayside, had become the most rare and costly of orchids, tended with every extravagance of care. The most exquisite garments, the most costly gems, were showered upon her by a husband who took no count of money spent on the adornment of the beauty for which he had paid so high a price; but if he were generous in the fulfilment of his promise, he insisted that Claudia should do her own share. She must be sparing in food and drink, she must take regular exercise; she must keep early hours, and retire to the country for specified periods of rest. John commanded, and, after one memorable attempt at rebellion, Claudia had silently obeyed. She never voluntarily recalled that occasion, but from time to time it visited her in dreams, and then she awoke screaming, as from a nightmare.

At the end of the two years, the girl friend who had lectured Claudia on the night of her first meeting with John Biggs came to pay a visit to the Mayfair mansion, and on the evening of her arrival repaired with brush and comb to her hostess's room to indulge in a hair-brushing *tête-à-tête*. Throughout the evening her eyes had been busy taking notes. She had observed that the house itself was even more magnificent than she had been led to expect, that the millionaire was assiduous in his attentions to his young wife, and that, with one trifling and, no doubt, passing disfigurement, Claudia was in radiant beauty. Only one difference did she observe in the friend of her youth, but that difference was a striking one. Claudia no longer made an affectation of candour; an air of caution, of reserve, enveloped her like a mist. There was a tinge of something like envy in the older girl's voice as she opened the conversation:

"Well, Claudia, so you have got your wish! You plumped for money, and you have more than you can spend. Do you find the experience as satisfactory as you expected?"

Claudia smiled, and leant back luxuriously against her cushions.

"Oh, *quite!*" she cried emphatically. "After two years' experience, I am still of the opinion that it is the only thing that matters. It's wonderful what money can do, Meriel; it's magical! Good people talk of greater gifts, but they are all in the clouds! and money is so beautifully, so tangibly real!" She glanced round the beautiful room, then down to the little ringed hand stretched out to the fire; she moved her fingers to and fro, so that the flames might wake the sparkle of gems. "I used to long for things that I could not have; now I never need to long, for they are mine as soon as I think of them! How can one help being happy when one has everything one wants?"

"There are some things that money cannot buy." Meriel could not resist echoing the truism of centuries, but Claudia shook her head with laughing contradiction.

"Rubbish! Don't you believe it! Anyway, it can buy such good imitations that you can't tell them from real! It can do more than that. It——" She paused, with a sudden intake of breath, and her voice sank to a deeper note, "*It can cover things up!*"

Meriel's eyes shot a curious glance. Throughout the evening she had studied the husband and wife with a puzzled scrutiny, and now, at the end of it, she felt as far as ever from solving the mystery which she sensed as lying beneath the surface. Claudia's manner to her husband was gay and charming, but in the midst of her lightest badinage the friend of her youth had discerned an



"The examination was over. The specialist stood hesitating, his face puckered in thought"—*p.* 492.

Drawn by N. Schlegel.

effort, a strain, an almost painful effort to receive her husband's approval.

And he? Nothing could be more marked than the man's care for his beautiful wife—why was it that through all his elaborate attentions there lurked a cold, a sinister effect?

"But what can you have to cover, Claudia?" Meriel inquired. "By your own confession, you have only to wish, and it is yours, and you have a devoted husband who looks after you as if you were the most fragile of hothouse flowers. It's absurd, you know, for you were always as strong as a horse! That transparent look of yours is a delusion; but how agitated he seemed, poor man! because your cheek was just a little inflamed to-night."

Claudia straightened herself; an involuntary shiver shook her slight form. Her voice had a nervous ring:

"It's nothing—it's nothing!" she cried. "Just spring, and these horrid east winds. But it won't go!—I've tried a dozen things; and he hates it—he hates any fuss or illness! I must never be ill, or have anything that spoils. There's this ball coming on next week, and I am to be the Snow Queen. I *must* get my face better before then! I've got the most wonderful dress. He planned it for me. He is determined there shall be nothing to touch it in the room. I daren't look anything but my best!"

"My dear Claudia!" Meriel's voice was full of protest. "What nonsense you talk! You are very beautiful, my dear, but you can't expect an eternal perfection! You must have your ups and downs, like other people, and grow old in your turn, and withered and toothless!"

Claudia leapt to her feet with a gesture which was almost fierce in its intensity.

"Be quiet!" she cried. "Be quiet! Don't dare to speak of it. I'm young still—twenty-seven. I've ages and ages ahead before I need think of growing old. And women don't lose their beauty nowadays. They know how to keep it. And I—I more than anyone!"

She crossed the room to her dressing-table, and, switching on an extra electric-light, bent low to examine her face in the glass.

"It's only a slight rash, Meriel; *but it won't go!* I—I don't know what to do about it. Do help me!"

It was the first time that Claudia's friend had ever heard her appeal for help, and there was a thrill in her voice which could not be denied.

"My dear girl," she said quickly, "I'm no good at cosmetics. My complexion has to take its chance, and nobody cares whether it's good or bad. But if you are specially anxious to look your best at this ball, why waste time in experiments? A few guineas more or less is nothing to you. Go to-morrow to consult the first skin doctor in London."

"I will!" cried Claudia firmly.

The examination was over. A longer and more exhaustive examination than seemed necessary for so slight a cause. The specialist stood hesitating, his face puckered in thought.

"You think you can make me quite better for the ball?"

He looked at her swiftly, and as swiftly looked away.

"That is a very short time. I am afraid I can hardly promise that."

"How soon can you make me better?"

"These skin troubles are sometimes lengthy affairs. It will be necessary for you to have a course of treatment. I should like to see Mr.—er—your husband, and talk the matter over with him."

Claudia swept forward with a commanding air.

"It is impossible! I forbid it! He does not know I am here to-day. He must not know! If there is anything to be done, I must do it without his knowledge! I cannot tell him. I dare not tell him! What is it that is wrong with my face? *Why do you look at me like that?* Oh! do tell me that it won't take long, that it won't get worse; that I shall be able to—hide it from him; to keep—to keep my beauty! *What is the matter?* Why don't you speak? You must tell me. I *must* know! Whatever it is, I *must* bear it alone! I must know——"

The great doctor turned away his face. His lips moved, once and again, before at last the dread word echoed through the room:

"*Lupus!*"

(In my April number Mrs. de Horne Vaizey will give the story of "The Girl who Wished for Adventure.")



Benwell Tower.
The Residence of the Bishop of Newcastle.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

THE BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE

A Visit to a Northern Diocese

By the Special Commissioner of "The Quiver"

"WHEN I came from the Isle of Man to Northumberland as Bishop of Newcastle, my friends told me that I should never be able to stand the rigours of the climate," said Dr. Straton to me (the Special Commissioner of THE QUIVER). "But I am glad to say I never felt in better health, and, with ordinary care, the bracing air suits me to a greater extent than the mild climate of the Isle of Man. The keen north-east wind in the spring is, I admit, severe, but it acts like a tonic. There is naturally much more work to be undertaken by the Bishop of Newcastle than in Sodor and Man, and yet, notwithstanding this, my health and strength are good."

Whilst talking together in the Bishop's library at Benwell Tower, a cold wind was blowing across the uplands. You felt the nip. Sound in wind and limb, you rejoiced in the exhilaration; but, as the Bishop remarked, it had a knack of discovering weak places.

I knew the Bishop's work for the day. He had been addressing a large gathering in Newcastle in the morning, and I had heard his message—direct and sympathetic—delivered with much vigour and in good voice, even though it came from a man in his seventy-third year. As I looked at his tall, well-knit figure, I should have guessed his age at sixty-five had I not known to the contrary. He has a strong face, as befits one who has not scrupled to adopt a firm attitude with respect to principles that he holds dear.

On one occasion I was present at the meeting of the Bishops in the Northern Convocation in York, and heard him deliver a clear and unmistakable expression of his own views on the Vestment question. The Archbishop of York, who presided, accepted the policy against which Dr. Straton protested. Cogently and courteously the Bishop urged his points without equivocation and without word-chopping. When he had finished you knew what he meant, and appreciated the convictions that had moved him to speech.

When Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman translated the Bishop from Sodor and Man to Newcastle, Dr. Straton was described as a "Protestant Bishop." The appointment was criticised on this account, and in some quarters of the Church the translation came as an unpleasant surprise. Yet with the majority of Churchmen—at least, of the laity—there arose a feeling of satisfaction that one who possessed convinced views on the reformed character of the National Church had received the reward that belonged to faithful service in many important spheres of Church activity. Well-informed Churchmen are convinced that a policy of ignoring Protestant views will work havoc in the Establishment, although in order to remain the Church of the nation divers matters of opinion must be tolerated so long as these do not run counter to the Thirty-nine Articles. On this ground, I believe the Bishop, with Prayer Book in hand, to be well able to prove that he is loyal to the spirit and text of that common heritage of the English Church,



The Bishop of Newcastle.



Dr. and Mrs. Straton
at Home with Friends.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

and that his critics might find it difficult to stand their ground against him.

In course of conversation with the Bishop, however, I appreciated one of his characteristics. Not the slightest shadow of change has occurred in his attitude to sacerdotalism in the Church of England. But—and this is my point—he is anxious not to exaggerate differences; indeed, his first appeal to the whole body of the clergy on the occasion of his enthronement was to maintain the highest degree of unity possible by keeping within the law. When I was in the diocese I had the opportunity of noticing personally the Bishop's catholicity of spirit at a large Confirmation service. The vicar was a High Churchman, but over 130 candidates had been prepared for Confirmation, and the Bishop's address was of a character with which neither the ultra-Protestant nor the convinced ritualist could have found fault. Distinctly evangelical in tone, it was also wise in its counsel and earnest in enforcing the lessons of the solemn occasion, and would, I believe, have commended itself equally to Prebendary Webb-Peploe and the Bishop of London. The Bishop went, on the evening of the same day, to a still larger Confirmation, in order to meet the requirements of the district, and then, after a busy and tiring day, returned home between ten and eleven o'clock at night

A Bishop cannot, of course, be held personally responsible for everything that takes place in his diocese. But a fair test of his success as an organiser and a worker is obtained from "The Official Year Book of the Church of England," which gives the following figures with respect to Confirmations in the Newcastle diocese: For the four years ending 1907 there were 12,966 Confirmations, and in the four following years ending 1911, 14,479. Of course, the Bishop would not desire to take personal credit for this

increase, but the fact deserves to be known and appreciated.

Again, with respect to diocesan funds, the Bishop has been most generously supported by the laity. When I saw him he was endeavouring to raise £700 in annual subscriptions on behalf of "The Bishop of Newcastle's Aid Fund," in order that he might assist a number of worthy diocesan objects which hitherto had been provided for by the less reliable method of annual bazaars. Mrs. Straton had previously undertaken much heavy work of correspondence and organisation entailed by bazaars, but her health having suffered, and nearly all her chief supporters being desirous that more reliable means should be utilised, the Bishop undertook to raise the amount in the above-mentioned way. This effort has now proved successful, and the Bishop can rejoice that in this and other respects—especially in that of the Diocesan Society—he has put the diocesan finances on a sounder and better-supporting footing.

Newcastle is in many respects a difficult diocese to work. To begin with, it is so near the Scottish border that Presbyterianism has obtained a natural and sturdy foothold. In some of the border parishes Churchmen are in a small minority, and when you come to towns like Newcastle, as well as in the mining villages, you find a strong element of Nonconformity. I mention these facts simply to explain the existing situation. Still further, the diocese is very large in area, and the Bishop has to travel over 2,000 square miles (or 1,300,000 acres), and, but for the gift of a motor-car from his friends, would have found the task much heavier than it is at present. He has travelled 25,000 miles in his car already, having visited every parish in the diocese; so that those who provided this welcome present can appreciate its services, both to the Bishop and the discharged diocesan work.

Dr. Straton has passed his majority in the episcopate, having received the



The Drawing Room, Benwell Tower.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

appointment of the bishopric of Sodor and Man from Lord Salisbury towards the close of 1891. The story is recorded that the Prime Minister discussed with the new Bishop what special enterprise he would undertake to mark his tenure of the see. "Would he like to devote his attention to the erection of a Cathedral, or to something else?" With a practical mind, and anxious for the welfare of the clergy, the Bishop replied that he preferred to devote his energies at the outset to the provision of a living wage for them. "God bless you for that!" exclaimed the Marquis. The result of the conversation was the founding of the Manx Church Sustentation Fund, by means of which £22,000 was obtained by the Bishop, the income of which was devoted to the permanent increase—besides Easter offerings and annual subscriptions—of the small stipends attached to the benefices in the Island. A few years later the Bishop again rendered signal service to his clergy by a public appeal for those who had suffered severely by the failure of a local bank. He was successful this time in securing £2,000, by means of which every clergyman who had lost less than £200 received back the whole amount, and thus, so far as the poor clergy were concerned, the disastrous failure had for them practically little more than temporary inconvenience.

Referring further to his association with the Isle of Man, the Bishop showed me a picture of the memorable open-air services arranged for visitors every Sunday during the holiday months on Douglas Head and at Kirk Braddan. These were organised by the late Rev. R. B. Baron, of St. George's, Durham, and the late Canon Moore, and during his episcopate in the Island the Bishop frequently preached on these occasions.

When Dr. Straton left the diocese of Sodor and Man for Newcastle the presentations which were made to him and his wife at a representative meeting in the Government House indicated the manner in which his work and that of Mrs. Straton was regarded by all sections of the people.

Going back an earlier stage in the Bishop's life, nearly the whole of his parochial experience was obtained in



The Bishop of Newcastle's Library. Photo: Pictorial Agency.



The Private Chapel, Benwell Tower. *Photo : Pictorial Agency.*

Yorkshire, and more especially in Wakefield. Having received the appointment of Vicar of Kirkby Wharfe in the West Riding from Lord Londesborough in 1866, he laboured there for nine years until the late Bishop Bickersteth gave him the important living of Wakefield, prior to its being included in the new bishopric of that name. At that time it was in the diocese of Ripon, and Bishop Bickersteth made Mr. Straton Rural Dean of Wakefield, and later honorary canon of Ripon.

As Vicar of Wakefield Mr. Straton introduced new methods of organisation in Church work. By his system of parochial visitation and his Communicants' Union, as well as by his pulpit ministrations, he gave the services of the Church a new force and attraction for the inhabitants of that Yorkshire town. But his most substantial contribution was rendered as secretary to the fund for the Wakefield Bishopric. The division of the then Ripon diocese became necessary on account of the enormous growth of population and the impossibility of the Bishop of Ripon superintending the various and multiform agencies of such a huge diocese. Over £94,000 was raised for the new Bishopric Fund, and in some quarters the success of the movement prompted the suggestion that he would be chosen as first Bishop of the new Wakefield diocese. As will be remembered, however, Dr. Walsham How, who had worked most faithfully and well in East London, received the appointment from Lord Salisbury, while Canon Straton became Archdeacon of Huddersfield—one of the two new archdeaconries in the Wakefield diocese. Three years later—and on Christmas Day—the official announcement of his appointment to Sodor and Man appeared in the Press.

Like all convinced Evangelicals, the Bishop of Newcastle is strong in his attachment to and support of Home and Foreign Missions. The work of the Church Pastoral Aid Society appeals especially to his sympathies and assistance. His relations with Nonconformity are also of a pleasant character. He does not minimise differences, but is anxious

to proceed on the lines of Resolutions 76–8 of the last Lambeth Conference.

Benwell Tower, the home of the Bishops of Newcastle, is a delightful residence for a Bishop, and by tramcar is not much more than a quarter of an hour's journey from the centre of the city of Newcastle. Lacking possibly the stateliness and picturesque qualities of episcopal residences of older sees, it possesses historical associations of a most interesting character. Formerly it occupied the site of an old house which belonged to the Benedictine Priors of Tynemouth, who used it for their summer residence. The chief part of the present building was erected in 1831–2, and consists of a central tower with two storeys, having north and south wings. Eventually the place came into the possession of the late Mr. John William Pease, a well-known member of the Society of Friends and a banker of Newcastle. When Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, set himself the task of raising funds for the endowment of the new bishopric of Newcastle, Mr. Pease with great generosity offered Benwell Tower, with about five acres of land, as a free gift for the residence of the Bishops of Newcastle, and this offer was most gratefully accepted. In 1882 the ladies of the diocese subscribed £1,200, and supplied the dining-room, library, and entrance-hall with permanent furniture.

Thus an ancient ecclesiastical property came once again into the possession of the Church. At one time a domestic chapel belonging to the Prior was connected with the house when it belonged to the Benedictines. This was destroyed about 1780, and unfortunately no trace has been left as a clue to the erection of this building. Burials formerly took place in the precincts of the chapel, and at present gravestones — to the number of fourteen — are in the lower garden attached to Benwell Tower. As pointed out by a writer in the *Newcastle Diocesan Magazine*, the Bishop of Newcastle is probably the only English Bishop who has gravestones in his garden. Adjoining and towards the east of the north wing of the Bishop's house a new chapel was erected in 1886–7 by the late Bishop Wilberforce, the first Bishop of the new see.



The Dining Room, Benwell Tower. Photo: Pictorial Agency.

CORRODING GOLD

Serial Story

By ANNIE S. SWAN

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS

The Rodneys live in suburban style at Denmark Hill when the amazing event that was to alter their whole lives bursts upon them—an almost unknown Australian relative leaves a huge fortune to Mrs. Rodney. Cyrus Rodney, the head of the household, is perhaps the most unaffected, but Mrs. Rodney goes to see Lady Hatherley, who—on terms—undertakes to arrange their entry into the social world. Cyril, the elder son, practically throws over his fiancée, Carrie Bygrave—a girl with twice his intellect, but of a humble family. Estelle gives up her teaching appointment, and Kathleen, who has been private secretary to a literary lady, Mrs. Dyner, is carried along in the whirl, to the disappointment of honest John Glide, her father's apprentice in the City Road. Jack, the younger son, is to sail for Australia, to take control of the sheep-run that produced the fortune. The family make arrangements to leave Denmark Hill and take on a large town house in the West End.

CHAPTER XI

THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY

AN air of bustle and of expectancy pervaded the whole house. The scent of flowers hung heavily everywhere, and the staircase was draped with rambler roses and with smilax, forced in the hot-houses of those who cater for the tastes of the fashionable and the rich.

It was a fine, but not a noble, staircase, though the house was one of the largest in Hans Crescent. Lady Hatherley had encountered some difficulties in her dealings with Mrs. Rodney. Willing to plunge in certain directions, she was unexpectedly and aggravatingly niggardly in others. Lady Hatherley had done her best to engineer to her the transfer of a large, ugly and particularly depressing town house in one of the squares, which belonged to some impecunious friends of her own.

The house had a bad name on the letting register, because it was so poorly equipped and because there were so many restrictions attached to its occupancy. It was on the several visits to this house with her chaperon that Mrs. Rodney had suddenly revealed what Lady Hatherley afterwards described as her "distressing middle-class thrift."

"It's a dingy hole, my lady," she had said, "and not worth the money. It would have to be done up and refurnished from top to bottom. Look at them beds! I wouldn't sleep in them myself, nor would I let any of my children sleep in them on any account. I'm willing to pay—oh, yes! But I must get good value for my money. I won't take this house."

It would not have occurred to Lady Hatherley herself to turn up, as Mrs. Rodney did, the mattresses to see whether they were clean and wholesome, and while the thing at once exasperated and amused her, she was compelled to a secret respect for her refractory pupil.

Mrs. Rodney was quite sincere in her desire and determination to obtain what she considered good value for her money, and the trait which Lady Hatherley found so disconcerting and offensive in the early stages of their acquaintance was to prove the salvation of the Rodneys later on.

Lady Hatherley was obliged to give in about the house. She had no alternative, though she relinquished with a pang of regret the handsome honorarium which the proprietors had agreed to pay her if she could get it advantageously off their hands. A lease for three years at a rent out of all proportion to its value had been their suggestion and desire when Lady Hatherley had called on them with her proposition of the Rodneys as tenants. But the negotiations had fallen through.

The Hans Crescent house was pretty, bright and well furnished, and it took Mrs. Rodney's fancy at once. She liked the open space outside and the charm of the immediate neighbourhood. The fact that

motor-buses ran through the square where the other house was situated had hopelessly prejudiced her against it even before she entered it. It was Mrs. Rodney's desire to get completely out of the area in which motor-buses plied.

This was the night of her first reception—the occasion on which Lady Hatherley was to make good her promise to bring the people.

About nine o'clock Mrs. Rodney was putting the finishing touches to her toilette in the pink-and-white bedroom on the first floor. She had been laced into a very tight and very *décolleté* gown of oyster-coloured satin with an over-dress of old lace, which Lady Hatherley had obtained for her at one of the bargain prices—which spelled a very substantial commission for herself.

She had done rather well, and was likely to continue doing well, in the matter of commissions with various tradesmen, and the campaign in which she was engaged was one after Clare Hatherley's own heart. She had become an expert at living on her wits. This she would have called legitimate and high-class business.

The compiling of the guest-list had been a gargantuan task. Lady Hatherley had not found Mrs. Rodney willing to blindly follow her lead. Each name, as it was brought forward, had to be fully explained and accredited. At last Clare had put her foot down.

"My dear woman, you don't understand!" she had cried, with her brows narrowing and her red lips snapping. "These people are not of your world. They will come to your house only because I ask them. It is an act of condescension on their part. I refuse to answer any more questions. Take them or leave them, as you please. I'm rather tired of the whole business, anyhow! I've worked like a galley-slave for you. I'm feeling quite exhausted. It would really be a relief to me if you decided not to give this party."

These words, which came only from the lips, filled Mrs. Rodney with dismay, and she hastily apologised. All these arrangements were made without consultation with either of her daughters, simply because she knew that neither Estelle, with her big, honest heart and fearless courage, nor Kathleen, with her quick, sensitive spirit, would have stood for a moment Clare Hatherley's scarcely veiled impertinence.

Estelle frankly loathed her and deplored the influence which she had secured over their mother. Kathleen, less observant and more tolerant, perhaps because she had seen more, if she was less indignant and foreboding, sincerely wished that they had been left to guide their own ship of fortune. Frequent talks with Mrs. Dyner had somewhat reassured her, however, for that good lady had told her that she would not permit Clare Hatherley to go too far, and that, if Mrs. Rodney wished to have a little flutter in the fashionable world, there was positively no other way of getting it. She had also said that the more drastic the dose the quicker the cure.

Where was Cyrus Rodney in the midst of all this strange planning and scheming for things so far removed from his ken or desire?

In obedience to his wife's command, he had postponed the voyage to Australia which he was to take with Jack until this party should be over. The date of this event was the twenty-eighth of March, and they were sailing the following week on the third of April.

He was genuinely uncomfortable at the prospect of the party, and he looked so as he came out of his dressing-room this evening at the call of his wife's voice.

"I'm ready to go down, Cyrus," she said, wheeling round from the long pier-glass where she had been putting a few rouge touches to her cheeks. "Do I look nice?"

Cyrus regarded her with something like dismay.

It was a beautiful frock, judged by the ordinary canons of the dressmaker's art, but anything more unsuitable to a middle-aged woman—the mother of a grown-up family—could not well be imagined. It was cut very low. Cyrus Rodney's colour rose a little as he surveyed the expanse of bared neck and shoulders, where the gown was held up by pearl-embroidered straps.

"It's very pretty, I suppose, mother, if there were a little more of it. Couldn't you put a shawl, or a scarf, or something over your neck?"

She laughed shrilly.

"Oh, Cyrus, you are an old sheep—and no mistake! Why, Madame Mantilla says I have a lovely neck and shoulders, and that lots of women would give anything for them. Well, do you like my hair?"

It was piled high and tortured into an

immense mass of little curls puffed out round the face. An enormous aigrette, glittering with mock diamonds, stood up from these curls, and sent little shafts of light over the coiffure with every movement of the head. Not a grey hair was to be seen, every trace of greyness having been wiped out by some wonderful process known only to the very expensive artist in coiffures, who was one of Lady Hatherley's numerous introductions.

She looked young, most certainly, but it was with a distressing kind of youth that had no resemblance to the real thing.

"You don't look like yourself, Louisa. I preferred the old mother," was Cyrus Rodney's verdict.

"Oh, you'll get used to the new one," she replied. "And please don't call me mother again. Haven't I told you not to, scores of times? It made Lady Hatherley laugh the first time she heard it, and she mimicked you perfectly! For heaven's sake, don't say it to-night when everybody is listening. You needn't be about, unless you like, after the first half-hour. I must say you look quite nice, Cyrus, and your coat fits perfectly. Come here till I put your tie straight. Don't get it round to your left ear before you leave the top of the staircase."

"Must I stand there with you, Louisa, and, if I must, for how long?" he asked in dismay.

"For a little while, my dear, of course. You don't want to be left out of everything in your own house, do you, old man?" she said, giving him an affectionate pat on the arm. "Besides, you really do look very nice! If you don't say anything very stupid I shall be quite proud of you."

Evening dress, cut and made by a tailor beyond reproach, had worked a change in Cyrus Rodney's appearance which had astonished them all. Being perfectly natural, he wore it with that fine unconsciousness which is the secret of successful dressing.

His figure lent itself to the distinction of the well-cut clothes, and his face had a sort of quiet and pathetic dignity.

Before the night was over several people were to ask who he was. Nobody would inquire concerning Mrs. Rodney. Her standing, personality and pretensions were expressed in her clothes.

"It's a quarter past nine, dear," said Mrs. Rodney. "We'd better go down. Wonder where the girls are, and whether they look nice! Este is so tiresome, Cyrus, you wouldn't believe it! She actually said she thought she wouldn't appear to-night. I had to give her a good talking to, but I didn't dare to say anything about her clothes. She has such queer ideas about dressing. She'll look like a nun, or something, I'm sure! Lady Hatherley made such a good suggestion with regard to her. It was that we should say that Estelle is a genius. Everything is allowed and excused in geniuses. I expect we're to have a lot of the tribe to-night. Isn't it wonderful, Cyrus, and can you believe it is really us?"

"It is difficult at times, I admit," he answered in a voice which had a minor key vibrating through it rather painfully.

As husband and wife stepped out on the corridor a door at the far end opened, and Estelle came out.

"Look, Cyrus! Didn't I say she would be like a nun? Black—to-night of all nights! It's rude to me. Clare would call it impertinent. Come here, Estelle, and let me look at you. Do you think that is a suitable frock for a night like this?"

It was black velvet, made quite plainly, cut away a little at the neck, but not by any means low, though her neck and bosom were as white as the driven snow. A string of pearls which her mother had given her—and Kathleen too had received one—was her sole ornament. Yet she struck an instant note of distinction. She was a most beautiful woman.

"It's the best I've got, mother," answered Estelle quietly. "What's the matter with it? Kathleen likes it. She has just told me so."

Had Cyrus Rodney uttered his own conviction, it would have been that his wife and daughter might with perfect propriety have exchanged costumes, and that his wife, at least, would have benefited by the exchange. Beside Estelle's stately, unadorned dignity Mrs. Rodney looked tawdry, over-dressed, even bizarre, though every detail of her appearance had been arranged by Clare Hatherley, who prided herself on her taste.

"Is Kathleen ready?" inquired Mrs. Rodney in her most dignified voice, and with an air which dismissed the subject.

"Just coming. She looks perfectly sweet,

mother—she'll make up for your disappointment in me."

Kathleen came at the moment, an alluring vision in a gown of pale green *crêpe de Chine* cunningly draped about her pretty figure, its delicate tint showing up the fairness of her skin.

Mrs. Rodney's eyes brightened as they fell on the lovely picture she made.

"There, now!—that's something like! I shall be proud of you, Kathie. At least you don't look like your own aunt, as Estelle does! It isn't natural for a girl to ape being an old woman."

"I'll soon be twenty-seven. By the by, is Aunt Agnes coming to-night?"

"I told her about the party, and left it open to her to come or not, just as she pleased. I even offered her a gown, but that she declined. One can't do more. Well, come, Cyrus. Was that the bell? Come and stand by me, Kathie. I shall want everybody to see you."

They hastily descended the staircase to the wide, open space where Lady Hatherley had decided that the guests were to be received.

Estelle slipped back just within the doors of the big drawing-room, and sat down on one of the gilt chairs to watch the comedy of the stairs.

Lady Hatherley, contrary to expectation, did not come early. She had satisfied herself that all the arrangements were beyond reproach, had supervised the supper menu and the musical programme; but she did not wish to take too personal and pronounced a part in the evening's entertainment.

Mrs. Rodney got through the ordeal of the first arrivals with undoubted credit. She smiled sweetly and murmured a word of welcome to each, and most people turned with evident interest, and some with considerable surprise, to the man who stood by her side.

He was so entirely different from what they had been led to expect! There was nothing of the climber or of the pusher about Cyrus Rodney. He looked exactly what he was—a simple English gentleman.

The concert commenced in the large drawing-room at half-past nine, by which time a considerable number of guests had arrived. But not a soul was personally known to the Rodneys, and those who knew one another wandered about, talking in quite audible whispers about their entertainers and openly appraising the contents of the house.

Estelle heard some remarks which sent her in a state of boiling indignation down to a settee half-way up the stairs, where Kathleen had seated herself for the purpose of watching for Mrs. Dyner.

"I think some of these people are perfectly horrible, Kathie," she said in an indignant whisper. "Do you see that woman in the green chiffon with the thing sticking out at the back of her head? What do you think she said, putting up her lorgnette to stare at mother, and speaking in a quite loud voice so that other people could hear?"

"What was it?" asked Kathleen interestedly. "Green chiffon? Oh, I've seen her! No, I don't know who she is. What did she say?"

"She said: 'So this is Clare Hatherley's latest investment! Pretty cute one! She's got her to pass muster. A little more frock and a little less powder perhaps would have been an improvement. But she makes a pretty good show on the whole. Looks as if she might show nasty, though, sometimes.' These were her very words."

Kathleen laughed. At Mrs. Dyner's she had grown accustomed to the free speech of the visiting world, and she attached little importance to it. Estelle, of the serious mind and the honest heart, resented such remarks with her whole soul.

"Oh, that's nothing, Este. Don't take on about it. She didn't mean anything—just society froth. I've heard lots worse at Ambrosia. I do wonder when Mrs. Dyner will come. She faithfully promised that she would. Ah, there she is, bringing Anna Helder! I didn't know that mother had invited her!"

"Who is Anna Helder?" asked Estelle, struck by an odd little note that had crept into her sister's voice.

"Anna Helder is Mrs. Dyner's niece—her real niece. Lady Hatherley, I believe, is only distantly related to her, though she calls her her aunt."

"Mrs. Dyner looks like an old French marquise, and her niece is certainly a handsome woman, but very foreign-looking."

"She is partly Dutch. Mrs. Dyner's husband was really Van Dyne, you know, Este, and Anna Helder is his sister's daughter. She positively hates me, and I



"'Do you think that is a suitable frock for a night like this?'"—*p.* 501

Drawn by C. E. Brock.

do her. I'm surprised at her coming here to-night."

The light and gladness had gone out of Kathleen's face. Nevertheless she rose and ran downstairs to greet her beloved lady enthusiastically.

Mrs. Dyner, got up for an evening party, was very different from the poor old wreck whom Clare Hatherley had interviewed in her bed when she was starting out on her exploitation of the Rodneys.

She wore black velvet, partially draped with old lace, a handsome necklace of old French paste, and she walked with a jewelled stick.

Anna Helder, a tall, black-browed woman about thirty, in yellow, made an excellent foil for her.

"How do you do, Mrs. Dyner? I'm so awfully glad to see you," whispered Kathleen ecstatically. "I was so afraid you weren't going to come. Good-evening, Miss Helder. Mother is at the top of the stairs. Let me help you up, dear Mrs. Dyner."

It was very pretty to witness Kathleen's devotion to her sometime employer, and the beaming affectionate smile which the old lady bestowed upon her.

Anna Helder stood back a trifle haughtily when Mrs. Dyner indicated that she would like to be helped upstairs by Kathleen. Her soul was filled with jealousy of the girl's fair beauty and youth, which had never been shown to better advantage.

She looked about her with cold, hostile, critical eyes, but she could find nothing to cavil at, though she considered herself a connoisseur in all things pertaining to house decoration. She had come out of simple curiosity, eager to find something to jeer at, but she was disappointed.

When she had been duly received by her hostess she passed into the drawing-room, and when she saw the artistes her confusion and chagrin were complete. Clare had not made a fool of the people. Her advice, if expensive, was genuinely worth while having obtained. And the crowd that had flocked to the house in Hans Crescent expecting to find something to laugh at—a sort of bear garden where they could amuse themselves without considering the feelings of their entertainers—were also disappointed.

They found nothing but a particularly well-done and unimpeachable entertainment in the house of people with whom no reasonable being could find fault!

Cyril, one of the handsomest men in the house, was moving about, keeping an eager watch on the door for Lady Hatherley.

It was half-past ten and Mrs. Rodney had begun to despair of her coming, and she was feeling herself very much aggrieved, when she beheld Lady Hatherley and her brother approaching the front staircase.

Clare wore a gown of daring red which suited her to perfection, a long rope of something which looked like real pearls, and a wonderful Paradise plume in her hair. The Honourable Edward Charters made a fine figure by her side. Together they were a most distinguished, well-matched pair.

Estelle, to whom nobody was paying much heed, saw them arrive, and she accidentally caught an expression on Anna Helder's face which told her a good deal. That lady was standing on the top landing leaning against one of the pillars at the door of the drawing-room, Mrs. Dyner being seated just within it, when her eyes fell on the face of Ted Charters. An eager light sprang to her eyes, her swarthy colour rose, and Estelle saw her fingers move nervously about the sticks of her fan. But he gave her only a careless nod over his shoulder and immediately went to greet Kathleen with quite pronounced enthusiasm. It was not the only bit of comedy which Estelle watched that night!

"I thought you weren't coming, dear," said Mrs. Rodney in a low, eager whisper, "and I was going to be very, very angry and put out."

"We were dining at one of the Embassies. Didn't I tell you we were going there?" said Clare languidly.

"Is everything all right?" asked Mrs. Rodney in a breathless whisper.

Clare nodded, taking in the weak points of Mrs. Rodney's appearance, but on the whole satisfied.

"Is this Mr. Rodney? How is it that we have never met before?" she asked, directly addressing him.

"I don't know, madam, I am sure," answered Cyrus simply. "I have generally been in the house when you called."

"I know," said Clare with a coquettish smile. "She was afraid to introduce her handsome husband to an unprincipled person like me! Well, I shall punish her by taking you down to supper. It's your duty, anyhow, Mr. Rodney, to offer me a good supper, seeing that I have worked very hard for the success of this evening."

"I am sure you have, and I hope it is a success and pleases you," said Cyrus, his kind eyes quite earnest and sincere.

"Don't you yourself think it is?" she asked, tapping his arm with her fan.

He shook his head.

"I don't know anything about it, my lady."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't say 'my lady.' Anybody might hear you. Lady Hatherley will do. Or Clare is my name, if you prefer to call me by it."

"I'm sorry if I've given offence," said Cyrus quietly. "Will you come down to supper now?"

Clare regarded him curiously from under her half-lowered lids.

Here was that rare thing—a perfectly natural and simple human soul without pretence or guile! There could be no kinship between her and such an one, yet she felt an odd desire to probe deeper into his nature and, above all, to find out what were the actual views of the situation held by the master of the house.

She slipped her hand through his arm, and together they descended the stairs. Nobody who was watching them thought of smiling significantly or had a jeering whisper to make.

No one in that motley throng struck a note of more pronounced dignity than the master of the house.

"So you won't tell me if you are pleased, Mr. Rodney," said Clare. "I do assure you you ought to be. We've all worked hard, and some of the people here have not been easy to get. You know what I mean, don't you? They are exclusive; they have come here only because I have asked them."

CHAPTER XII

"IN THE SWIM."

CYRUS RODNEY did not even smile. Moving quietly through the throng, taking care that the woman on his arm should not be jostled or rendered uncomfortable in any way, he found a little table in the corner of the great dining-room, and set her down there.

"You haven't answered my question yet," she said pettishly when the waiter had brought her a cup of bouillon and some iced champagne. "And aren't you going to eat anything?" she added.

"I've dined. I couldn't eat food of this kind so late," he answered; "I should be afraid to. I'm afraid my tastes don't lie in this direction, Lady Hatherley."

"So far as food goes, you are in the front bench," she answered flippantly. "Do you see that old thing in the pink turban talking to General Branksome? That's the Viscountess Fevershott. She lives on tabloids and mineral waters. I suppose it's what we're all coming to. But I mean to have an answer to my question. Aren't you pleased with your wife's big social success? It's amazing at the beginning of her first season, and I'm patting myself on the back."

"If you are pleased," he began, but she touched his arm impatiently.

"I don't want to hear about my pleasure, but about yours. I've just got what I expected—no more and no less. Don't you like this sort of thing? You'll get two or three paragraphs in the Society columns to-morrow. I've written them myself, and the man is coming for them presently."

"If you want a truthful reply, Lady Hatherley," answered Cyrus in his usual, quiet voice, "then all I can say is that I see no meaning or sense in it, and I can't think what has come to my dear wife that she should imagine this to be either pleasure or success."

Clare Hatherley laughed in spontaneous enjoyment.

"Now I call that too lovely for words! So that's why she has kept you in the background so long, is it? Of course, I know a good deal about things. I shouldn't be here—none of this would have happened unless your wife had talked to me freely. But I should dearly like to hear what *you* would have done with the money, supposing it had come to you instead of to your wife?"

"I shouldn't have done this, anyhow," he answered. "But there are plenty of channels through which money can be made to run for the benefit of the greatest number. I have been a poor man all my life, but I have had my own dreams and visions. Some of them have been aided by imaginations regarding the possession and the spending of money. I should like to help people—not perhaps the very poor, for a great deal is done for them. There is another class who are not so much remembered, because they don't make any noise."

"Whom are you talking about?" demanded Clare, interested in spite of herself.

"The poorer professional and business



"'Let me help you up, dear Mrs. Dyner'"—*p.* 504.

Drawn by C. E. Brock.

people, who like refinements and education and opportunities for their children, who are often gifted, and who have to bury every ambition almost as soon as it is born, who never have a moment free from sordid anxiety."

"Oh, but they, of course, represent quite a small number," said Clare flippantly. "And for that class there are heaps done really—scholarships in the County Council schools, and all that sort of thing. I really think you exaggerate. But perhaps you speak from personal experience. Which of your sons have you had to bury ambitions about? Cyril has plenty of brains of a kind, but I don't think they run in the same direction as yours."

"I was not thinking of my own case, but of the case of many others that I have known."

"I like that second boy of yours. What an eye he has! I wanted him to come and speak to me, but he just looked me through with a kind of schoolboy contempt and walked off. Plenty of grit he has, I should say, and his face will take him anywhere. Will you send him to Oxford?"

"No. I am sailing with him to Australia next week."

"Oh, of course you are! Your wife mentioned that. Well, how long do you expect to be out of England?"

"Only until the autumn, probably."

"But won't you encounter the hot weather out there? I've always thought people sailed to that kind of place in the late autumn. It was always October when I went to India or to Africa."

"If my son is going to live in the country, the sooner he makes acquaintance with the climate the better."

"And you are glad to be getting away?"

"I shall not be sorry."

"You will find all sorts of changes when you come back: we move so rapidly nowadays! Perhaps your daughters will have married. They can pick and choose now, you know. Your Kathleen is as pretty as a

dream. But the other! An iceberg! No man will look at her!"

Cyrus Rodney laughed a little at this summing up of Estelle, whose warm heart he knew.

"You don't know Estelle, Lady Hatherley," he assured her, and he spoke with the same ease as had distinguished him throughout.

"Perhaps not. But if I could get near enough to warn her I would tell her that nobody likes cranks or poseurs. It is all a pose, you know, because it is the nature of woman to like this sort of thing. Perhaps a few months will teach her. I don't think I want any more to eat or drink, and I must go and talk to those two over there that I asked you to look at. Will you come and be introduced properly? You would like her, and she you—which is of more importance. You ought really to have taken her down to supper, for she is your most distinguished guest."

"She can dispense with me, Lady Hatherley," answered Cyrus, as he stood aside to let her pass.

"I say, Mr. Rodney, what was it you really sold in the City Road?" she asked, with her wicked eyes fixed on the fastening of her glove.

"It was a men's mercer's shop, Lady Hatherley; and I would give five years of my life to be standing behind its counter now!"

She looked a little startled, and the moment she had crossed to greet her friends at the other side of the room she directed their attention to their host's retreating figure.

"See that man, Leila? Look at him well. He's the master of the house, and he's the most unique thing in it. I must bring him to you later, though he has just declined the honour of being presented."

"The impertinence of the creature!" said Lady Fevershott, as she put up her lorgnette to focus her host's rapidly retreating figure.

"Oh, there is no impertinence in him. He's only one of the tiresome truth-tellers. His wife is very wise to get him out of the way by shipping him off to Australia. I dare say she hopes he'll stop there. Forbes-Robertson ought to see him! He's a sort of third-floor-back—don't you know?—quite interesting, though perhaps a little of him goes a long way."

"The General and I want to know what we have been brought here for, Clare?" said Lady Fevershott, her transient interest quenched.

It was a question which several asked themselves that evening, but, on the whole, the function was a success. Before midnight the rooms began to clear, and Clare herself was preparing to go when Cyril claimed her.

"I haven't had a word with you this evening," he said hotly, "and it is a shame! You have talked to everybody but me! Why have you been so cruel?"

She met his reproachful eyes with laughter in her own.

"Dear boy, don't be foolish! This is not the sort of place for talk between you and me. Come and lunch to-morrow at a quarter to two, and we'll talk things over."

Having made him happy, she moved off towards the cloak-room, and when the mask left her face it grew suddenly tired and old.

At the door of the library, which was being utilised as a cloak-room, she met Anna Helder, with her ermine wrap about her throat, and angry-looking.

"Oh, how do, Anna? Haven't had a word with you this evening. What have you done with Aunt Julia?"

"She stayed only an hour; then Cockshott took her home," answered Anna sullenly. "She is furious about the whole show. She has got something to say to you about it."

"Has she? Well, if she says too much, I'll be obliged to tell her to mind her own business."

"It is something of that kind that she will say to you, Clare."

"This *is* my business. I've never worked so hard in my life, and if I ever get anything out of it, which is doubtful, it will be earned. But I am keeping you, Anna. Good-night."

She pushed past, and Anna Helder passed out into the hall, where the Hon. Edward Charters was waiting for his sister.

She swept up to him at once, her face pale under its rouge, her eyes full of sombre fires.

"Do you think you have treated me well this evening, Ted?" she asked.

"Beastly crush all night—couldn't get near you," he answered, apparently undisturbed.

She made a most impatient movement with her hand, and Cyril Rodney, waiting in the background for another word with Clare Hatherley, or at least for a look at

her, wondered what was passing between them.

"Don't beat about the bush, Ted. Of course, it's the same old game you are playing at. I saw you making love to that girl—the cat-faced thing with the saucer-blue eyes, that chit whom Aunt Julia has hopelessly spoiled. You'd better be careful. Remember, I can put several spokes in your wheel."

Clare came out at the moment, and Anna Helder darted through the door, which the footman had already opened, and passed out into the night.

Then the door was shut upon the last guest, and that strange sense of forlornness, of the futility of things, seemed to descend on the little family.

There are few things more depressing in life than the half-hour succeeding a big social effort which has taxed all the powers of those who have made it and which yet leaves behind it so little of the supreme satisfaction of "something accomplished, something done," which is the reward of love's labour.

Even Mrs. Rodney relaxed, kicked off her satin shoes with the Louis heels, and sank upon a chair.

"I'm glad it's over," she said with a little gasp of relief. "But it was a huge success."

"I'm afraid you are very tired, my dear," said Cyrus Rodney solicitously, "and I think the best thing that we can all do is to go to bed."

"Somebody would need to go down and see what they are about downstairs and that everything is put away properly. I'm really not equal to it. Will you go, Estelle?"

"Isn't Williams equal to it, mother? You know that if you poke round he always gets nasty. I should hold him responsible for seeing to all that if I were you."

"Oh, well, perhaps it would be better. Well, did you girls enjoy yourselves? I'm sure it was a brilliant show. I've only one regret, and that is that none of the old Ebenezer crowd was there to see it! I could easily have wedged some of them in. Nobody would have observed them. And I must say that some of Clare's fine friends—even some of those with the biggest titles—wore awful clothes. Did you observe the frock that the Viscountess had on?"

Nobody had.

"Why, wherever were all your eyes? I saw everything! I believe I could tell you what everybody had on. How did you get on with Lady Hatherley in the supper-room, Cyrus, and what did you and she talk about?"

"The party, chiefly. She was anxious to know whether I was pleased," said Cyrus with a slow smile.

"And I hope you said you were," she said swiftly. "For she did what she said she would do—she filled the house, and though some of the people she invited looked rather queer, I'm sure there was no doubt about their social standing. She gave me her word on that head."

"Some of them might have mended their manners without hurting themselves," said Estelle a trifle sourly.

"Your face was enough to make anybody forget their manners, Estelle. Next time we have a party I'll thank you to stop in your own room if you can't be anything but a wet blanket. How did you enjoy it, Kathie?"

"Bits of it were all right."

"You went down to supper with Mr. Charters."

Kathie nodded, and a faint colour was visible in her pale cheeks.

"Didn't you find him nice?"

"He was quite nice."

"And isn't he adorably handsome?"

But Kathleen refused to discuss him.

"You haven't told me yet what you said to Clare about the party, Cyrus," said Mrs. Rodney, once more addressing her husband.

"I'm afraid I said that it was a little out of my line and that it did not correspond with my old fashioned ideas of hospitality."

"I thought you said something queer to her by the way in which she spoke to me about you. She called you the Stranger in the House, whatever she might mean by that. But, anyhow, you haven't offended her very badly. Are you going to bed, girls? Well, good-night. You won't see me very early to-morrow—or rather to-day. I'll only get up in time to go out to lunch."

The girls kissed their mother and father and went off.

They had rooms adjoining each other on the third floor, with a communicating door between, and, as yet, nothing had occurred to disturb to any serious degree their sisterly relations.

But day by day the little rift was widening. Estelle saw Kathleen being slowly but surely drawn into the vortex of pleasure, and farther away from the old simple ideals of life and duty. She had watched her

that evening with Lady Hatherley's brother, had observed his assiduous attentions, and had no doubt as to their meaning and intention.

And her heart ached for John Glide, whom she had loved all these years as if he had been her own brother!

"We don't want to talk any more, do we, Este?" said Kathie, stopping at her own door. "I'm dead-tired. Society is rather wearing, and we haven't got used yet to such late hours. I think I'll just say good-night. Why, whatever is the matter?" she added anxiously.

Estelle, as she bent forward to kiss her sister, had tears in her eyes.

"I don't know, Kath—it's just everything! I am just miserable, but I dare say I'll feel better in the morning."



"'Do you think you have treated me well this evening, Ted?' she asked"—*p.* 507. *Drawn by C. E. Brock.*

She hurriedly went into her own room and closed the door.

Downstairs, in the smaller end of the drawing-room, Mrs. Rodney and Cyril continued to discuss the affair with unabated interest. Cyril at least was in full sympathy with his mother's aims and ambitions, and he was full of anticipation for the future.

In her secret heart, perhaps, Mrs. Rodney was a little astounded at the way in which Clare Hatherley had taken possession, inviting him to her house at all times and seasons, and treating him with a strange unconventionality. As yet she was uninitiated into the odd, free-and-easy ways of a certain section of society and into their rather slack ideas regarding the proprieties, and, having only what Clare called "the middle-class mind," she was often bewildered and sometimes even a little shocked.

But there was no doubt of it, Cyril was in the swim. The Honourable Edward had taken him in training, introduced him to his tailor—in return for which introduction he obtained further credit for himself—to his cigar merchant, to his bootmaker, and to sundry other tradesmen whom the man about town requires to assist him in his career. And he had got him put up for a certain club where the "Nuts"—to use the current expression for the useless idlers of the male sex who swarm in the West End—most did congregate. And Cyril was enjoying himself immensely.

Lady Hatherley had talked seriously to her brother about him, and, between them, they had settled what his allowance should

be. Mrs. Rodney in her secret heart would have been ashamed to mention the sum, so large was it. She still suffered sundry qualms over the lavishness of her expenditure, and she daily took vows to keep strictly within the limits of the interest accruing from her fortune.

Clare had been at pains to explain to her that the initial expenses of the first year, though a little heavy, would not be repeated, and that she must be prepared for a big outlay if she was to obtain the desired return.

What that return was she did not specify in so many words, but, broadly speaking, Mrs. Rodney understood it to mean good marriages, or, at least, eligible suitors, for her daughters; a career, preferably Parliament, for Cyril; and for herself steady and permanent social advancement. It will be observed that in these arrangements there was no mention of her husband. Perhaps she regarded him as hopeless, or perhaps, as he was to remain abroad for an indefinite period, he did not count.

Cyrus Rodney was thankful to be left comparatively quiet. His wife did not really trouble him much. His days were his own to dispose of, and he disposed of them as seemed good in his sight. She had no idea of the almost daily visits which he made to the City Road shop and to his sister's little house at Chelsea, or of the motor-bus rides which he enjoyed to the old haunts, or of how often he would stop sadly at the end of Bigwood Lane, afraid to go up and look at the empty house lest the sight of it should wound him too much.

Nor did she know of the money he gave away, never recklessly or thoughtlessly, but with a finely considered generosity, to those whom he had known in the old days and who needed help.

It was not his wife's money that he gave away, for he had too fine a sense of honour to do that. He himself was not penniless, seeing that he had kept a modest sum in his own bank, and that his wife, in her first rush of generosity, had given him a cheque for a thousand pounds for himself.

There had been rather a pretty little scene at the presentation of that cheque, and Mrs. Rodney had been quite her most natural and best self, kissing him, with tears in her eyes, thanking him for her happy life, and expressing her joy at being able to make some little return for all his goodness.

Cyrus, then, was not actually unhappy, though with every return to his fine mansion in Hans Crescent he was conscious of a deepening sense of depression and hopelessness.

It may be said here that every servant in the house, from the French maid to the little tweeny on the stairs, adored the master, who had always a kind word and a considerate act for them; and it would have amazed his wife could she have overheard them speaking of the place he held in their regard. He was, in the highest and best sense of the words, the master in the house, and there are no better or, in the main, more just appraisers of life and conduct than the persons we employ.

After parting with her sister, Estelle turned up the electric light in her room, and walked to the toilet table to look at herself.

Her frock did not interest her. It was her face which riveted her gaze, for it was hard, defiant, incredibly old—the face of a woman into whose soul the iron had entered.

"I can't go on with this life! I can't, I can't!" she said to herself, leaning her elbows on the table and glowering at her reflection in the mirror, as if demanding from that bitter-faced woman some solution of the problem of her life. "It's a hundred thousand times worse than Romsey Road! Heavens, what wouldn't I give to get back to my little class-room again! Even the smell of the great unwashed would be sweeter than that of these poor dead roses on the stairs! There is, at least, something human and real about it. God, are you going to help me? If you're not, I'm going to do something desperate! I can't live like this!"

Her mother, undisturbed by any such acute soul tumult, slept the sleep of sheer exhaustion, and, when morning came, awoke fresh and eager for the next stage in the social siege of London.

The *Morning Post* announced that Mrs. Sheldon Rodney had held a large and successful reception in Hans Crescent, and it mentioned the names of the principal guests. The words which pleased Mrs. Rodney most of all were these: "Mrs. Sheldon Rodney is to be numbered among the new hostesses of what promises to be a particularly brilliant season."

She was as proud as a peacock for the rest of the day.

[END OF CHAPTER TWELVE]

LIFE AT THE HALF-CENTURY

No. 4 of the Series "My Life, and How I Face It"

By A LADY JOURNALIST

The unmarried working woman of fifty often sees more of the grey than the gold. In this little confession a woman, who has often written about all sorts of subjects, writes for the first time on a new one—herself.

I AM a working journalist and an author; yet, accustomed as I am to set forth my ideas in words, to write of such an intimate affair as my own life is exceedingly difficult. It would be impossible, if it were not for the conviction that the narrative may possibly be helpful to others and afford a crumb of comfort to some fellow-being. For if by the time we are middle-aged we have brought no wisdom from the treasure-house of experience, the schooling life has given must be worse than wasted upon us. Of one thing I am convinced in looking back on the years that are gone: nothing has been really lost. The hardest experience, the stiffest bit of work, the sunniest times of light-heartedness, the weeks of illness and the delightful holidays, sorrows as well as joys, have fitted together like bits of mosaic that go to form a picture; and all through, though I could not see the Master hand that was fitting the pieces together, it has been there at work. *I* have no idea of the completed picture, but the Mind that designed it has.

The Days of Childhood

To go back to the days of childhood, I was one of a large family, seven of whom, three boys and four girls, survived to grow up. My father's business did not expand to meet the needs of his growing family, and though my parents were the dearest, most loving and devoted father and mother imaginable, being a sensitive child, the straitened circumstances in which we lived from about my tenth year, and anxiety for the family welfare, took from me much of the joyous insouciance of childhood. Fear often blotted out the sun. How I hated to be a burden for food, clothes, music lessons and school fees. When, as was sometimes the case, the grocer's and the butcher's bills were running up alarmingly, and the coals were exhausted, what awful shame I endured, and how I longed to be independent, and lift some of the burden that was ageing my dear parents!

We lived in a London suburb, where I attended what was, for those days, a most progressive and excellent private school. I can picture now the hilly garden in spring, bright with apple and pearblossoms, the cosy dining-room on some winter evening, my mother busy over her mending, the younger children in bed, we elder ones occupied preparing our lessons at the table. Geography, composition, literature, Scripture, science, drawing, I loved, but mathematics I found difficult; indeed, I did not enjoy Euclid one bit until I reached the later teens. The day seemed incomplete until the learning of my lessons had been tested by searching questions from my ever-patient and ever-interested father, as I sat on a stool at his feet.

Study and Work

Being a rather delicate and small-made child, who had to be nursed through numbers of childish illnesses, I had a very special niche in my mother's heart. Both parents were earnest Christians, and the home influences were wholesome and cultured, though luxuries were few.

With all the vigour of mind with which Nature had endowed me, and with a real delight in knowledge, I studied hard, and passed the Cambridge and Oxford Locals and the examinations of the College of Preceptors.

When I was offered a scholarship at a Midland college, as a result of success in English in the Oxford Senior Exam. (a scholarship which health and financial considerations hindered me from accepting), and an examiner at my school reported of one of my science papers, "It ought to be printed," it was natural I should be offered the position of pupil-

teacher at the school where I was a foremost scholar. That led on to a form-mistress-ship. There was a brief and unhappy experience in a girls' school in the north of London, and then several terms in a boys' school, where one of my brothers was boarded in exchange for my services. When he left, at the age of fourteen, to start life in a City office, my great desire was to go abroad to study languages. No suitable opening presented itself, and I made the mistake of going to a girls' school in Holland *au pair*. Finding I was wasting time there, I returned to England, to discover the financial difficulties at home were increasing.

After engaging in various kinds of teaching, in one of which I had the disagreeable experience of the spoilt and unmanageable child of aristocratic family, I settled at home to teach a private pupil and prepare for examinations, the passing of which would secure me certificates of value to a teacher.

The Note of Tragedy

A fortnight before one of these examinations, my dear father, who had been ill, but was then convalescent, was sitting with the family at tea one afternoon, when he suddenly fell from his chair at table and died of heart failure. I was then about twenty-three years of age, old enough to feel with my heroic mother every incident of that awful time—the sudden wrench from life without a word of farewell, the settlement of money matters, the eventual disposal of my father's business, and, finally, the removal from the home of my childhood.

The bravery and resignation of my mother were to me an example and a stimulus to duty. I left no stone unturned to secure all the visiting teaching and coaching I could cram into the day, and it was by sheer hard scouring of neighbourhoods and answering of advertisements that numbers of profitable engagements were obtained. There were years brimful of work, often performed while struggling against physical pain, lunch being occasionally partaken of in a train between two schools!

"She will wear herself out," said my mother to our doctor.

"Let her go her own way," was his reply.

I did, and it was my great delight to be able to take my mother to the seaside in summer. I did not care for all my work, being too sensitive and nervy to be a success with obstreperous children, and I particularly disliked having to make "fancy" lessons to please idle girls; but, given pupils willing to work, teaching was a pure delight, and is so still.

It came to be interrupted in the most curious way imaginable. On the last day of a summer holiday at the seaside, I was taking a cycling lesson, and owing, I think, to some momentary inattention of my instructor, I fell and ruptured the tendons of one foot. Of course I was disabled for that term, and my teaching engagements slipped from me. There were but few of them left when one winter's evening I caught a chill and was laid aside with peritonitis. It seemed that I *was* to be drawn away from teaching, for after my recovery a literary friend offered me a post in his editorial office, and altogether I worked at sub-editing for about five years. At one time I halved my time between teaching and literary work.

I might almost say the first half of my life ended with my mother's death. I was a child-woman till then, more intellect than heart, an intelligence tussling with life. One of my sisters married disastrously, and her death broke my mother's heart. Soon after, she, too, "passed over," and left five of us living together with a good faithful soul who had served the family from the time the youngest was born.

Facing Life

These are bare facts to relate; the filling in of blanks between the lines is doubtless unnecessary for those who have imagination and a knowledge of human nature. They will picture the struggles of a young woman of the 'eighties who won her own way, but they will also recognise that where a human being is endowed with acute sensibilities, the capacity for enjoyment is just as keen as that for suffering. Pleasure balances pain; the commingling of both humanises us. In my girlish days undoubtedly I placed knowledge, culture, intellectual power on a high pedestal;

I rather despised illiterate and ignorant people, and was somewhat blind to other merits they possessed. Middle-age is tolerant, and makes allowances; it knows what remorse means, the remorse of being hard and not understanding, the remorse of being weak and yielding where one should have been steadfast as a rock.

Looking back, I can see how one event in my life prepared the way for another. Even the lessons I gave in essay writing, the University Extension lectures on literature, which were often attended in a state of physical and mental weariness, were a useful preparation for writing. Teaching proved an excellent vantage ground from which to write for young people; the teacher's desk was a fine nursery for the public platform. Even the information gathered during school holidays in England and abroad has come in flashes to illustrate articles and books.

Among the lessons I would fain learn from the past are hopefulness, toleration and consideration for others, forgiveness for injury (this never came easily), the necessity of being practical and tactful, and the assurance that, however dark and narrow the outlook, the way *will* open out. "When one door closes, another opens."

I know now what I want: to help others, and that chiefly by my pen; to advise parents how to train their children; to suggest suitable occupations to young people; to be a power for good.

A Childless Woman's Confession

Perhaps, being a woman, and a childless one, the most poignant regret I feel to-day is the absence of any close home ties. No "better-half" to share the good and ill, no "Darby" with whom to go hand in hand down the incline, no son or daughter to be a comfort and a pride. No! life stops short with me. All the effort of Nature throughout the ages has, as far as I am concerned, ended in a cul-de-sac. I have nothing except the children of my brain to contribute to the future race. In the busy years of strenuous work, this feeling of loss, of ineffectiveness, was in abeyance or rigorously suppressed; now, when even the possibility of possession is passed, it returns with redoubled sharpness and sense of pain.

I meet happy wives and mothers, and that troubled feeling of being outside of things, a stranger at life's feast, grows in intensity. That noble-looking boy, this gentle and affectionate girl—if only! But it is unwise to rake over the dull grey ashes of any bit of the trodden pathway. No seeds that can flourish into beauty lie there. Regret for what might have been shall not, must not, injure the good yet to be.

Is there any other shadow across the pathway? Yes, the thought of a time when capacity to earn money is gone—money not for self, but for others, who have been less able to win means of support. Can I, in the remaining years, secure to needy ones—nature-knit to me by the tie of blood—the daily provision of bread and butter? This is a pressing matter—the fear of leaving helpless relatives to struggle alone.

Love—Leisure—Liberty

Surely all these things are enough to make a sensitive soul shrink dismayed at the idea of passing the fiftieth milestone? As I ponder the matter by the side of that milestone with the Roman numeral, the L suggests brighter thoughts. Love, liberty, leisure, literature, are a few of the imperishable treasures fancy associates with it. Along with advancing years, love for one's fellows may become purer, more unselfish, more comprehending, more spiritual in essence and more practical in aim, more tolerant and sympathetic with all the phases of childhood, youth, and maturity.

Surely, too, no trace of self-interest, jealousy, or hardness shall mar the attitude towards one's fellows. There will be liberty—more freedom in speech and action than could have been possible for a young woman. Age has its privileges, and there are still young people willing to profit by words of advice or warning from those who have been the same way before.

There will, of necessity, be leisure to reflect more—less rushing about hither and thither, more time to think and talk with intimate friends about the really big things of life, the things that in the busy early days received no real attention.

In the quiet of the evening of life, art, music, books, will still be there—the choice

selection of a lifetime, familiar and beloved. These last will not drop out of knowledge or die and leave a blank; they will remain on the shelf a few yards away, and one can select the companion to accord with the mood of the hour.

With ample time for reading or being read to, one need never grow out of touch with the changing conditions of life, never grow so out of sympathy with the progress of the world as to rail at change and innovation. There are plenty of elderly people to-day who inveigh against the use of aeroplanes, and regard them as "a wicked tempting of Providence." In a previous generation the same was said of railway trains. Such distress was self-inflicted by these people, out of sympathy with progress that is inevitable. The world moves on; may I, for one, never live to be too old for it, never live to moan over the new and grieve for the things that are gone.

True, at fifty, the shadows of the past are deepening, and there are rocks ahead; but beyond these there is all the light that is needed for the descent. Life as it is—my life—must be faced, and it has to be faced honestly, bravely, understandingly, walking steadily on—alone, if God wills it, but helping others as opportunity offers or can be found.

Save Me from Selfishness

One thing I pray to be delivered from—a selfish old age. Ah! it is so ugly, so revolting, and I have seen such awful instances of it. It seems to me so terrible that, after living through years of happiness, of health, of enjoyment of the good and beautiful things provided for us so lavishly, at the end all the result should be nothing more nor less than interest in one's own petty self and the creature comforts of the body. This means no facing of the glorious sunset, but a backward gaze over the pleasures of the way, the flesh-pots prized above all else.

I wonder sometimes how Christ would have faced life at the half-century. What beautiful words of comfort and courage He might have spoken to men and women who reached the same milestone, surely as tender and sympathetic as those to the children at the beginning of their life. If the writer of Ecclesiastes xii. tenderly pictured man's life when "the years draw nigh," surely the Son of God would have a glorious message of welcome for such as were nearing the end of the journey. That thought shall brighten the future that remains, and inspire me with hope. The wisdom acquired, so often at great cost, the lessons of love and forgiveness learned in bitter suffering, the mastery of self gained in battles hard, these things there is time, please God, *there is time*, to use for others.

In her little poem, "High Noon," Ella Wheeler Wilcox mentions three things of precious worth she has learned to guide and help her down the western slope:

"I have learned how to pray, and toil, and save:
To pray for courage to receive what comes,
Knowing what comes to be divinely sent;
To toil for universal good, since thus
And only thus can good come unto me;
To save, by giving whatsoe'er I have
To those who have not—this alone is gain."

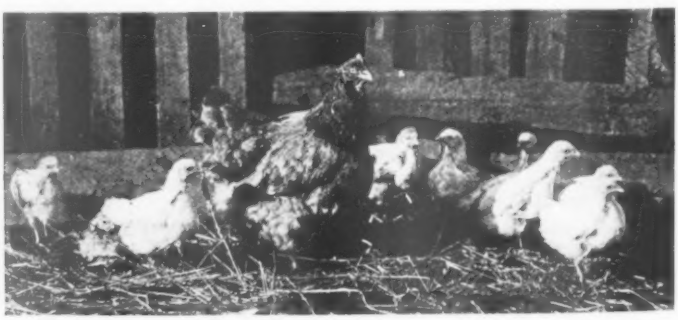


Photo: J. T. Numan

THE FACE ON THE WALL

A Story of Splendid Illusions

By MONTAGUE HERBERT

EUNICE FAIRBOURNE glanced coldly over her shoulder at her husband.

"My dear John," she said, "if you are really too worried with business to come to the Eschmanns' I should advise you to stop away! But it is too bad to leave your decision to the last moment. You know very well how difficult it is to get a substitute for a dinner-party. You'd better get on the 'phone at once and make whatever apology you can."

"Oh, if it's as important as that I suppose I'd better come along. Might just as well do that as sit at home and mope. Though how I'm to get out of this hole I don't know. I wish I'd never touched rubber."

Mrs. Fairbourne, surveying herself in the long mirror, paused to rearrange a fold in her dress before replying.

"I suppose, John, this is the hundredth time I've heard you make a remark of that character. I do not pretend to understand business, but I cannot see what is the good of worrying about things after leaving the office. You know very well in a week you will be coming home and telling me of some gigantic coup you have pulled off, and then nothing will satisfy you until you've bought a new motor or gone in for some other extravagance. . . . Yes, I'm ready, Phyllis." She motioned to the maid to fetch her wraps.

Eunice Fairbourne looked particularly charming in her gown of dull blue silk, and a softened expression passed over her husband's face as he watched Phyllis's deft fingers adjust her cloak. He followed Eunice into the motor in silence, however, nor was he any more communicative as they were being swiftly borne away to their destination for the evening.

As a matter of fact, John Fairbourne felt himself to be on the edge of a precipice. A remarkably shrewd man of business, at the commencement of the rubber boom he had conducted operations on a gigantic scale, and had reaped a gigantic reward. The Lombard Financial Corporation—which spelt John Fairbourne—had floated, underwritten, financed companies "of all descriptions," as the prospectus said, but mainly rubber companies, as Fairbourne ruefully told himself now. It was the day of enormous profits, and the harvest had indeed been golden. A mansion in Park Lane, motors, Continental tours, lavish entertainments—these were the outward and visible signs of a well-filled exchequer. Mrs. Fairbourne had taken her place naturally and inevitably in the best society, and no exclusive function was complete that did not number her amongst its guests. From the days when she held a small court at the house of her father, the well-known scientist and author, she had reigned as a queen over men and women alike. Her entertainments helped to give the necessary aristocratic backing to her husband's companies, and helped, too, to dissolve the profits that they brought him. This he did not mind whilst all things went well, but just now the inevitable slump had come, and men in high places were shaking in their shoes. It is not unreasonable that after two-shilling shares have touched ten pounds they should drop to five, though it is distinctly annoying that they should afterwards go down to two pounds ten.

Five or six well-known concerns were "on the rocks," and it was distinctly bad for the market when impartial and imperious committees of investigation appointed by shareholders revealed the unpleasant fact that occasionally rubber forests in the swamps of Madagascar or New Guinea had only a paper growth, and that the yields from their trees were only fruitful in the too sublime imagination of promoters. Yes, it was distinctly bad for the market, and although John Fairbourne had tried all through to do business honestly, as honestly as most, still——

The lady whom Fairbourne had to take in to supper, although witty and entertaining, complained afterwards of what little response she could get out of the great financier. Mrs. Fairbourne, too, although

better able to hide her feelings, appeared to be a trifle bored. Bored and weary of it all, she really was feeling at the time. There was no particular novelty about the Eschmanns, and social triumphs, after all, seemed to be rather like Dead Sea fruit. She compared the inanities of the dinner-table to the sparkling wit of her little circle in the old days. Were those friends of her father's really clever, or was it that now she was tired of the whole thing? She remembered her father's stern gospel of "work," and shrugged her pretty shoulders. He would say that she was leading a useless life—and well, perhaps she was.

She glanced round the table. Here were three young girls giggling, and a fatuous youth passing idle compliments; a middle-aged man, whose chief end in life seemed to be to eat; an old lady trying to simper back into youth; and a military-looking individual, who frankly looked restless and uncomfortable. Just then she caught a glance of her husband. He looked at her a minute significantly, and then turned his eyes lightly to the man on his left. Evidently he wanted Eunice to notice him. She instantly responded; she had frequently been of service to her husband, and if he wished her to take an interest in this particular individual, well, it was better than boredom.

The individual in question seemed to be gazing at her with a look of curiosity. He had a strong face, Eunice immediately decided. His eyes had the piercing quality of perfect straightness—and perfect coldness. A man with a will of his own, and not easily touched by sentiment, she thought. Then the man on her right made a remark about the weather, so she left her speculations to give him her opinion on that interesting topic.

When the gentlemen joined the ladies after dinner, Fairbourne for a few moments found himself next his wife.

"That was Philip Strange I pointed out to you," he said in a low voice; "the one man who could get me out of the hole I'm in, if he would."

Eunice looked round with quickened interest. Her husband had often told her about this man, though hitherto she had never had an opportunity of meeting him. Philip Strange, like Mr. Fairbourne, dealt extensively in rubber. In fact, his name had come very much to the front in connection with the recent investigations. The Shareholders' Committee had been disastrous to the reputations of quite a number of men whose honour and standing had hitherto been regarded as beyond reproach. Philip Strange, too, had been assailed, and was found to have had a much wider interest in operations than had been suspected even by those "in the swim" of things. Yet the remarkable fact was that the more closely his conduct was investigated the more sound it was found to be. He had touched the business at all points, yet always with honour and wisdom. It was proved that several times he had been approached with tempting offers—offers which he could have accepted without anyone being the wiser; yet it seemed as if an invisible hand had kept him back from engagements which, in the light of to-day, would have cast shadows on his financial reputation.

So, from being an assailed man, he had, during the last few weeks, come to take his place almost as a popular hero. Strange, like Cæsar's wife, was above reproach; anything he put his name to must be quite sound, and the companies on whose boards he was a director rose in public esteem.

To a social adept like Mrs. Fairbourne, it was not a difficult matter to secure an introduction, and half an hour later she was sitting under the palms in the conservatory engaged in a *tête-à-tête* with the man of the evening.

Now if there was one quality on which Eunice prided herself, it was the art of drawing a man out. She was a born listener—a rare gift—and she threw herself with ardour into the task of making this man talk about himself. With skilful and sympathetic questions she endeavoured to draw him on. Her allusions to finance showed a naive and amazing ignorance, but an ignorance which simply invited enlightenment from one who was a master in these matters.

Yet there was something disconcertingly straight about the eyes of Philip Strange. Slow to reply, but never hesitating and never at a loss, he appeared to be delighted at the opportunity of frankly telling all he knew about the subject under discussion, yet when afterwards one calmly thought over the conversation, the questioner would



Drawn by
Balliol Salmon.

"'That was Philip Strange I pointed out to you,' he said in a low voice."

invariably find that Strange had given less than he had obtained.

"My husband was telling me, Mr. Strange, how splendidly you turned the tables on—now whom would it be?—at these committees of shareholders, or what is it? You see, Mr. Strange, women really can't get a grasp of these matters, can they?"

"Your husband?" His eyes lighted up with friendly interest.

"John Fairbourne," she replied, thinking he had forgotten her name.

"Oh yes, of the Lombard Corporation. A very clever man, your husband, madam, a very clever man."

She tried again, and he fully and patiently explained to her the details of the course of events—information which had appeared in the papers the week before, as Eunice knew. Yet it was done in such a kind and friendly manner that she could not get away from the impression that this master of finance was honouring her with his confidence.

"Mr. Strange," she said at last, "do you know that one of my little hobbies is character-reading? Of course I'm not a palmist, or anything of that sort, but I do think that people are so awfully interesting—so well worth studying. Do you know—you won't think me rude, will you?—I could not help noticing your face as we sat at dinner, and what you have told me to-night has made me so want to know the secret of your power. How was it, Mr. Strange, that when all these other men seemed to have involved themselves in unfortunate directions, you were able to choose the right direction so amazingly well each time? Do you believe in mascots or things of that sort?"

There was a portly Hebrew in the background waiting to get hold of Mr. Strange, and Eunice felt she could not decently detain him longer.

"Would you really like to know the secret of my financial immunity, my dear lady?" He smiled, but his tone was of sober earnestness. "If so, come and have a cup of tea with me at my place on Sunday, and I'll tell you! Why, here's Mrs. Eschmann come to carry you off. . . . All right, Isaacstein, I'll give you a minute presently. . . . Well, good-bye, if I don't see you later. You're a delightful listener, but I fear I must have bored you. . . . Now, Isaacstein."

The next day John Fairbourne returned home from his board meeting with a gloomier countenance than ever. His wife had arranged a theatre-party for the evening, but he absolutely refused to join her; business was too pressing, he declared.

"It's our North Borneo shareholders' meeting on Tuesday, and Illingham, one of our biggest shareholders, declares that he will force an investigation. I'm going off to Barker's place for the week-end, to see if we can fix anything up, but I doubt if he can help me. If North Borneo starts, all the other concerns will follow suit and the Lombard won't be able to hold its own. If only we could get Strange to join the board it would at once inspire confidence and we would be able to tide it over. Gad, I'd give anything to get Strange. He could come in on his own terms."

"What is it exactly that you want him to do?" his wife asked quickly.

"To accept a directorship, either with the Lombard or one of the allied companies—this North Borneo business, for instance. We'd make the figure anything he'd like to name. But there, it's impossible, of course."

"Will you let me have a try, dear?" She put a hand on his arm. Eunice did not often use terms of endearment to her husband, and he noticed her earnestness with surprise.

"Oh, if you think you can do anything, have a shot, by all means; but it would have to be settled by Monday, or it will be too late."

"That's quite long enough for me. Of course, I won't promise anything, but I shall be seeing him on Sunday, and I'll see what I can do. Now don't worry, and don't sit up half the night reading those silly reports."

When his wife had gone Fairbourne turned to the pile of documents on his desk and turned them over slowly. With all his heart he wished he had never touched rubber. Of what good was this extravagance and show when it was coupled with heart-breaking worry? He wished he could drop it all. He remembered the offer of the Drysdale Syndicate to take over the Lombard Corporation, lock, stock, and barrel, with all its allied interests. He had, of course, rejected the proposal with scorn. It was perfectly ridiculous. But if he did

entertain it? It would mean the end of Park Lane and society and the life they were living—social extinction for Eunice. No; she could never stand it. The thing was impossible.

Mrs. Fairbourne awaited her visit to Philip Strange with unusual interest. Her husband's straits she did not regard overseriously; in the troubled waters of finance a storm was no new experience. But there was something compelling about Strange that drew her. The fact that he was a bachelor added piquancy to the situation. Why had he never married? she wondered. Should she ask him? And she smiled.

She presented a charming figure when at last a tall and stately butler ushered her into the drawing-room of Mr. Strange's town-house. The great, handsome apartment was deserted except for his sister, who played hostess. Evidently Mr. Strange did not entertain on a Sunday.



"She presented a charming figure when ushered into the drawing-room."

He entered after tea was brought in. He seemed to be preoccupied, though those straight, piercing eyes of his flashed on her once or twice, and it seemed as if they would pierce to her very soul. When she had finished her cup of tea he rose abruptly.

"I promised to show you something," he said with a smile. "If you come with me I will keep my promise."

They went through the apartments to the back of the house until they reached what was evidently Philip Strange's sanctum.

Curiosity was her predominant feeling as she entered. The room was quite a small one, plainly furnished. A desk, with numbers of papers tied up in bundles, a case with financial and legal books, a couple of chairs, seemed to comprise the furniture.

She looked round the walls, but beyond one or two calendars they were quite bare, with the exception that just over the desk, a little above the level of the eyes, was a small framed photograph. Eunice's eyes instinctively sought it out as he motioned her to take a seat. Then she almost gasped with surprise. Could it possibly be true?

The picture on the wall was her own portrait! Not, indeed, as she appeared now, but as she was years ago, a girl of seventeen. She well remembered the photograph being taken. How eagerly she had sat for it, and how it was the portrait her father liked best. How different she was from the girl of that day! The visions of youth, how they had passed away and left her a blasé society woman! . . . But how did the portrait come here, and did the man before her know it was hers?

Eunice Fairbourne had had considerable training in self-mastery, but she found it a difficult feat to turn to her host with a smiling face and a commonplace remark. All this time his eyes had been on her—kindly but keen, straight and piercing.

"This is where I do my work," he said at last. "It is not often I have visitors in this room. I do my thinking here. In my City office there are so many interruptions that it is not easy to do any solid work. So when I have anything difficult to do—some decision to arrive at, or some new scheme to work out—I come here into my little den."

Mrs. Fairbourne longed to ask him about the portrait, but could not frame a question ingenious enough to lead up to it.

"And here you find inspiration?" she said at last.

"Well, at any rate, I find quiet," he smiled. "But I brought you here to tell you a little story. Now you are here I really do not know why I asked you, because—well, I don't often talk about myself; but I must admit that when I saw your face at Eschmann's I, on my part, was rather curious. You see, I, too, make a hobby of studying character."

Mrs. Fairbourne turned uneasily in her chair.

"Well, you asked me a question about the secret of my power or something of that sort. No, I have no mascot, and very few superstitions. But—well—" he hesitated, "some years ago, when I was a beginner in finance, and a beginner in many other things too, I happened by chance to be turning over the leaves of a woman's magazine—*Mothers and Daughters*, I think it was called. I was struck with one of the portraits in the number—the picture of a pure-minded, high-souled English girl. I really forget her name, though afterwards I wished that I had paid more attention. There was a paragraph about her to the effect that she was helping her father—some scientist—with his literary work. Well, I cut it out and stuck it on the wall of my room—an idle whim as much as anything. No, I did not fall in love with the portrait," as if in answer to an obvious comment, "but somehow, when I was working at my desk here, I caught myself every now and then looking up to the face on the wall. And then, somehow, I got to wondering what that innocent girl would think of my schemes. At first, indeed, I used her to see if anything in a prospectus, say, would appear to be too involved or perplexing for an intelligent, well-educated woman such as she must be; but then, those pure eyes of her——" He groped for words to express himself. "Well, you understand, don't you? I could not do anything not quite above-board with that girl reading every word I wrote. No doubt you'll think this fantastic or sentimental—but there you are."

For once Eunice Fairbourne could not say a word. A perfect passion of self-loathing passed over her soul. This man, with one stroke, had cut away the veil from her eyes, and shown her herself—as she might have been, as she actually was. To think that that man should have used her portrait—*her* portrait—to keep him straight! *Her* innocent eyes, *her* purity of heart! She blushed with shame. And yet—in those days she was something at least of what he thought her: all the freshness and enthusiasms of youth pulsed through her veins, and she had cherished her "splendid illusions." And now!

She suddenly thought of the present. She had come here for a purpose. In low tones and without any of those arts she had meant to use she told him her mission. She spoke rapidly, trying to keep out of her mind the vision of the past, while all the while debating within herself the two questions: Does he know me? Shall I tell him I am she?

He listened gravely, not interrupting her. There was a kindly light in his eyes as he quickly replied.

"My dear Mrs. Fairbourne, I knew all this—at least the facts of the case. I am sorry, deeply sorry, for your husband. But I cannot do what you have hinted at. . . . *She*"—turning to the portrait—"would

never approve of it. At least, that is, I could not explain it to her. No; without boring you with business details, there are several things that have to be cleared up in connection with the Lombard concerns before I could join hands with it. I am truly sorry, but"—rising and suddenly putting his hand on her shoulder—"my dear Mrs. Fairbourne, why doesn't your husband cut clean away?"

As if ashamed of his impulsiveness, Philip Strange sat down again as hurriedly as he had risen and, as if by habit, his eyes sought the face on the wall, and his expression grew strangely wistful.

At last he rose. "You will think me a peculiar man—'just a freak of a bachelor,' a charming woman like you will say. Now let's go back to the drawing-room."

Eunice hesitated. Evidently, extraordinary though it appeared, he did not recognise her. Should she tell him? No; better leave him with his ideal. They passed out.

Eunice did not meet her husband until dinner-time on Monday evening, and then he seemed anxious and nervous. After dinner he had the appearance of a man who has a guilty secret to reveal, and is afraid of what will be its reception.

He had not asked Eunice how she had fared, which was strange. She, for that matter, was not in a mood for talking.

"Eunice, I've—I've some bad news for you. Oh, hang it all, I can't put it properly, but I want to clear right out of this." He waved his hand. "I'm sick of the whole thing—Park Lane, rubber, companies, everything. Strange has offered me the managership of a concern in Canada, and, upon my word, I wish I could take it. I'd like to make a new start, in a humble way. But I realise it isn't fair to you. There, I've blurted it out, but don't take it badly. I'll keep on the Lombard and fight it out if you say that you can't give it up. But for my own part——"

"And for mine, John dear, I'm tired of it all, too. Let's start afresh away from all this glitter. I want to be more like the girl I used to be. Let's help each other to start again."



Tired Out. Photo: Alfred Cubelus.

GENIUS AT FORTY-FIVE

Men who have Made their Mark long after Youth

By FRANK ELIAS

OUR common philosophy of human nature has many faults, and one of these is its easy assumptions. These assumptions are based so little on a genuine study of life that as often as not they are quite wrong.

Now it is our habit to assume a relation between genius and youth. If a man has not exhibited great powers before he is twenty-five, or thirty, or thirty-five—the age we mention depends, perhaps, a little on our own number of years—then, we declare, we are without hopes for him. Our assumption is based on complete ignorance of the facts of life and on an entire neglect of the biography of celebrated persons, whether of our own or any other age.

Late-flowering Genius

If we consider for a little the history of many people whose names we cherish to-day, we shall find that had they died before reaching forty, or even forty-five, we should not remember them at all. The genius of men of state has, as a matter of fact, often flowered late. Such men are, more than any others, the children of opportunity. The occasion, it has been said, produces the man. It might be added that the occasion never troubles itself about age.

In 1422 there was born in Kent one who,



Edmund Burke.
By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.
(National Portrait Gallery.)
Photo: Emery Walker.



John Howard.
By Mather Brown.
Photo: Emery Walker.

when he had become a man of fifty years of age, had still no greater reputation than that of a competent translator from the German.

And yet this person, who had done nothing remarkable ere reaching middle life, was to do something which was to achieve such a revolution in knowledge and manners as few other men were ever to do. In 1474, in performance of the duties of his calling of translator, William Caxton visited Cologne and there saw, for the first time, a printing press at work. Setting himself to master its mechanism, he was able on his return to England



Rt. Hon. J. Chamberlain, M.P. *Photo: Russell & Sons.*

to set up his own press at Westminster, with results to his own nation beyond all computation.

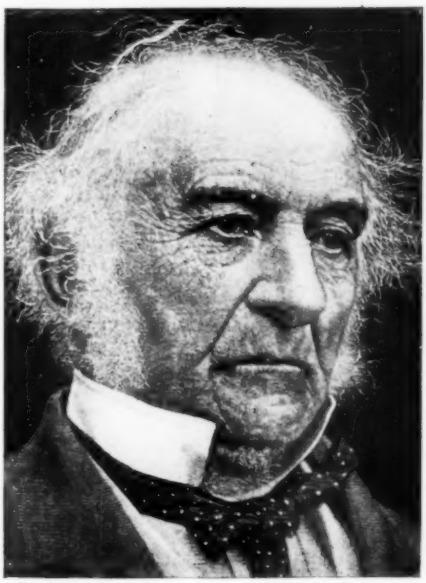
For one year after another British prisoners rotted in their filthy places of confinement, dying of typhus by the hundred or surviving to be the butt of any man's cruelty. It was only when a genius for humanity awoke in the heart of a middle-aged country gentleman—a person small and undistinguished-looking and unknown outside his own village until then—that the vast reforms in prison administration were wrought which the world associates still with the blessed name of John Howard. In 1773 he became Sheriff of Bedfordshire, and for the first time saw the ghastly state of the gaols of his time. The man had planned a pleasant, quiet, easeful life; but what he saw led him to initiate a campaign which, in the issue, he conducted with all the enthusiasm of youth, and that ended only when success came. A signal triumph, this, for middle-age!

And he in whom a genius for his kind appeared at its fullest splendour, Edmund Burke himself—that supreme figure in the history of British Parliaments—all his triumphs were the triumphs of the middle-aged man. It is true that, on entering the House, as he did, at the age of thirty-seven, he made an instant impression; but it was in his speeches on the war in America that he first established his reputation and began to be recognised as the chief political genius of his century.



Lord Morley. *Photo: Elliott & Fry.*

He was forty-six at the time of the first of these great deliverances—"a feeble instrument in a mighty hand," as he called himself; and from this time onward his great powers were magnificently displayed. Within the next ten years occurred the famous speech impeaching Warren Hastings, while not until the last decade of the century were the orations on France heard. Had Burke died at forty-five we should not recognise his name to-day.



Gladstone, in his Prime. *After the Portrait by W. Biscombe Gardner.*

There can be no doubt that the statesman does his best work, through having his fullest opportunity, in middle life or even later. Chatham, Peel, Palmerston, Disraeli—each displayed his fullest powersat that period. The example to the contrary, provided by the case of the younger Pitt, is merely the exception which tests the rule. William Gladstone was forty-four when he introduced the first of those great budgets which brought him his earliest prominence. And when we consider the after achievements of the

man, continued right up to the last, we may well be carried away to the conclusion that in politics it is the old men who do the great things. The celebrated gibe at "an old man in a hurry" simply falls to the ground. Consider, too, the case of Lord Morley. Until forty-six he was a journalist. True, the editorial chair which he occupied was a distinguished one, but the world knows little of its great journalists. But in his forty-seventh year John Morley entered a British Cabinet, and began to show that his sense for politics was not merely academic but thoroughly practical.

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable example of a late awakening of political genius is that of Mr. Chamberlain. At the age of forty he was still outside the House of Commons. Had he died then, he would have left behind him no more than a reputation as a person with an instinct for local government. For in his native city of Birmingham he was already a power. To the world, however, he was probably merely an embodiment of the spirit of the parish pump. But when he entered the House it was at once understood that here was not merely a new leader, but *the* new leader of his party. And in twenty years we find his figure overtopping that of all the men of his time.



John Milton.



John Knox. From an Original Painting.

John Knox

Let us glance at Scottish history. It has been said that Scotland is Presbyterian to-day by reason of the force of a single man. We may guess his identity if we allow ourselves in imagination to look back through the years until we come in sight of a man with burning eyes and sweeping eloquence, who stands in a window in High Street, Edinburgh, clutching at the air with long fingers as his message moves him and compelling Scotland to give him her ear. Not fighting man, nor courtier, nor monarch has mastery in Scotland, but this plain preacher, the reverend John Knox. Knox was forty-five ere he entered the ministry at all. Until that age he was an unknown tutor in Haddingtonshire. Had Knox failed to survive his forty-fifth birthday, what would have been Scotland's position to-day?

John Milton

If it be acknowledged that political genius naturally flowers late, it may yet be urged that the same thing is not true of the genius literary. But when we examine the facts of history we have little difficulty in establishing the proposition that without the productions



James Boswell. *By Geo. Dance, R.A.*

of forty-five-year-old (and later) genius, English literature would be immeasurably poorer. Such a deprivation, indeed, would involve the greatest epic poem in the language. John Milton was born in 1608. At forty-five some of his chief lyrics were already in the possession of the nation; but, occupied as he was with politics and propaganda, he delayed the performance of the supreme task of his life until his fifty-sixth year. He was fifty-eight when "Paradise Lost" was published. Milton, indeed, is perhaps the best example of a late-flowering genius, and his plan of life is the best tribute to the potentialities of middle-age; for, with the full consciousness of the fact that he was formed for great things, he was content to wait until the hour had struck for the performance of his noblest toil. It is no genius-fired youth whom we see settling to his task, but a blind man and bent, with white face and swollen, gouty fingers. Yet the mind behind that frail person is ranging the fields of Paradise in the fiery chariot of his own genius, and amidst a light brighter than youth ever knew.

John Bunyan

Contemporary with Milton is another of whom it may be said that his gift to his country was made when he was well beyond the age of forty-five. John Bunyan was born about 1628. It was not until 1675 that he wrote, and it was not until 1678 that he published, his "Pilgrim's Progress." Imagine an England without that single book, and then realise of what, under Providence, the genius of middle-age is capable. In millions of homes from that date in the seventeenth century until now Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has had a place second only to the Bible, and that great piece of English—the gift of middle-age—would still be retained by millions at the price of everything written since. Can youth triumph over age, when an elderly tinker can perform a work like this?

While the two great Puritans were each going about the chief business of his life, a third was also writing the work by which the world remembers him. True, he had already done much, being, in fact, the father of English journalism, and as such recording the great affairs of his time; but Daniel Defoe was fifty-eight when "Robinson Crusoe" appeared.

Richard Hakluyt, to whom we owe nearly everything that we know of the noble maritime achievements of the Elizabethan age, published his famous "Voyages" when he was forty-six.

Middle-aged Biographers

Coming to a later age, it may be noted that the greatest biography in the English



John Bunyan. *Photo: Emery Walker*



Lord Macaulay. *From the Portrait by Sir Francis Grant.*

language was the work of a man of fifty, just as the first of recent biographical works—Morley's "Gladstone"—is the achievement of a man of sixty-four. True, Boswell had from early manhood collected facts and anecdotes regarding the great man whom he made his hero; but the book was the production of middle-age. And is not Johnson himself a personage whose genius we instinctively associate with the idea of the meridian of life? Which Johnson is it that seems to us the characteristic Johnson—the Johnson around whom great traditions have gathered? Not the struggling youth, nor the wayfarer in Chesterfield's ante-room, but the Johnson of "good talk"—the Johnson who dominated little groups of listeners and made conversation a thing pulsing with the abundant life in himself. There we have the essential Johnson, and the essential Johnson is the Johnson of age.

Really, when we come to sum up, it might almost be possible to declare—not that genius is exhausted by forty-five, but that only then can it be expected to flower! Let the doubter consider literary history, and he will find that that age had been attained by Spenser when he produced the "Faerie Queene," and by Dryden before he had written any of the satires by which alone, in the opinion of critics, he lives to-day, while Macaulay had passed that age before his great History was given to the world.

The age of forty-five—even the age of fifty—then, is *not* the time of aftermath. True, the lyric in its highest form has usually been the achievement of youth; for in the production of the lyric, experience but clogs the spirit. To be great it must be spontaneous, and spontaneity is a gift of youth. But in all other work the genius which is mature has usually accomplished most.

And so we come to our conclusion that the man of forty-five or thereabouts may be expected to exhibit not a mitigated fire, but a flame which seems to those who marked its earlier manifestations to have grown in volume and sustained power.

Yet let us make no mistake. Genius is nothing acquired. The fire that bursts forth only when years have passed has been present from the beginning. In any young man—or man of middle life—there may be lying dormant great and strange powers; but the power is there. It is possible that its display is delayed: it is possible even that it will never appear, for there *are* "mute, inglorious Miltons"; but if it is to appear it is there now, for we cannot add one cubit to our stature. Genius is ours in a flash, or not at all.



Samuel Johnson, LL.D. *From the Portrait by Opie.*



THE POSSIBILITIES OF RHUBARB

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

"SPRING fruit," as the country people call rhubarb, is one of the greatest assets to the frugal housewife at this season of the year. It is practically the only fresh fruit obtainable, for apples are becoming woolly and flavourless, and oranges and bananas, though quite useful in their own spheres, do not help much for ordinary everyday puddings.

Rhubarb possesses two attractive qualities which are not always found side by side with delicious flavour—i.e. cheapness and wholesomeness. A large bundle of short red "champagne rhubarb," quite the best variety both for colour and taste, can be bought for the average price of fourpence, and the bundle contains enough fruit for two large puddings or pies. Stewed rhubarb is an excellent substitute for uncooked fruit at breakfast time, but in order to retain its full flavour and nourishment it should not be cooked in the ordinary way. Try this method and see if you do not find it a great improvement on that usually employed:

Take as many fine sticks as are required, wipe them with a clean cloth, and divide into pieces about 1½ inches long. In order that all should be cooked and become tender at the same time the pieces should be as much of the same size as is possible—those that are much thicker or thinner can be reserved for tarts, jellies, or a mould.

Place the fruit in a stone jar or casserole, strew it thickly with sugar, and add a *very* little water—only about 2 tablespoonfuls to a pound of fruit. Cover and stand in a warm oven until the rhubarb is quite tender, but unbroken. The result should be a dish of full-flavoured, well-coloured fruit, with thickish juice, very different from the pale, tasteless dish that is commonly served as stewed rhubarb.

A little lemon juice or a strip of thin peel can be added before the fruit is placed in the oven, or a small piece of crushed ginger cooked with it imparts a pleasant flavour.

The young people, as well as their grown-up relatives, soon tire of one particular dish, especially when they are constantly reminded that this dish is wholesome and necessary. When this time arrives, or before, try some of the following recipes. They make good-tasting puddings, which are not too tedious to prepare, and of which you will have no difficulty in persuading any of the members of the family to partake.

Rhubarb Toad-in-the-Hole

For the batter, 4 oz. flour, two eggs, ¼ pint milk. Six sticks of fruit, 2 oz. sugar. Wipe the fruit and cut it into strips 3 inches long; roll each in the sugar until well coated. Put the flour into a basin. Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately; add the latter to the milk and stir into the flour; beat to a smooth, bubble-covered batter, and leave for one hour. Stir in the stiffly whisked whites. Place the fruit in a deep, well-buttered pie-dish; pour the batter over, and bake for an hour in a warm oven. Sprinkle the crisp browned surface with sugar and serve at once.

Rhubarb Meringue Pudding

This delicious pudding can be eaten either hot or cold.

Wipe and cut up half a dozen sticks of rhubarb, put them into a stewpan with 2 oz. sugar and 1 tablespoonful cold water. Stew till tender. Meanwhile put 3 oz. cornflour into a basin; add the unbeaten yolks of two eggs and ½ pint milk. Mix well, and pour into a saucepan; stir over a slow fire until it thickens and becomes a smooth, thick sauce. Turn the fruit into a pie-dish, pour the sauce over, and bake until the top has acquired a pale brown tint. Make a meringue with the whites of the eggs and a little castor sugar, colour it with cochineal or carmine, and pile on the pudding, which can be returned to the oven for the meringue to set, or be served at once, according to taste.

Rhubarb Charlotte

An economical way of using up stale bread with cheap fruit.

Cut ¾ lb. stale bread into slices and toast them. Dip each slice into a liquid composed of 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar dissolved in a little boiling water. Line a buttered pie-dish with them, reserving some for a top layer. Fill with rhubarb cut into pieces and well strewn with sugar. Cover with "dipped" toast, and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Turn out on to a hot dish and serve with milk pudding or custard.

Rhubarb Fool

Cut the fruit into suitable lengths and cook it with sugar until reduced to a thick pulp. Pass through a sieve. When quite cold mix with an equal quantity of cornflour, thickened milk, or custard. The latter need not be made with eggs, although these are now cheap and contain much more nourishment than a powder substitute. Pour into a large dish, or serve in individual custard glasses with sponge fingers.

The pulp, which is far better made from *baked* fruit than from *stewed*, forms the foundation of several delicious and easily prepared puddings. The fruit can be placed in the oven after the evening's cooking is finished, and removed at bedtime. Next morning it is ready for sieving and can be used in one of the following recipes.

Rhubarb and Raisin Trifle

Make 1 quart pulp as above, add 3 oz. stoned and chopped raisins, and cook until the raisins are tender. Line a dish with sponge cakes cut in slices, and when the pulp is cool pour it over. Rhubarb fool can also be used for this dish, and if the yolks of eggs are used for a custard, the whites can be whipped into a meringue and piled in little heaps on top of the fool.

Rhubarb Hedgehog

Make a pulp with 2 lb. of cut-up fruit flavoured with lemon peel and sweetened. Dissolve 2 oz. gelatine, add this to the pulp, and pour into a well-soaked china mould. To serve, turn out into a glass dish, stick with blanched and shredded almonds, and encircle with creamed rice.

For the creamed rice, place 3 oz. of well-washed rice in a double saucepan with 1 pint milk, the rind of a lemon, and 3 oz. sugar. Cook slowly until the rice has absorbed all the milk; take out the rind, and when quite cold pile the rice round the rhubarb shape.

Rhubarb and Sago Mould

Prepare a pulp with 1 lb. of fruit flavoured with a pinch of powdered ginger and sweetened with 3 oz. sugar. Soak 4 oz. sago all night. Place the sago and pulp in a stewpan, and cook until the sago becomes quite clear. Turn into a wet china mould. Tapioca can be substituted for sago, and custard or cream served with the mould.

Rhubarb cream and flummery both demand that luxurious ingredient of cream—luxurious, at any rate, to the town dweller; but some of my country readers whose gardens produce fine rhubarb, and who can procure cream at a reasonable price, may be glad of recipes for utilising the fruit.

For the cream, wipe and cut into cubes 1 lb. rhubarb, and convert into a pulp by cooking them with a piece of cinnamon, 4 oz. sugar, and the peel of half a lemon. When the pulp has become quite cold, add 1 pint whipped cream. Pile on a dish, and decorate with crystallised fruits.

Flummery

Put 1½ lb. fruit cut into very small pieces into a stewpan with a little water, and cook until tender. Drain off the juice, and put this into a saucepan with ¼ oz. isinglass, previously soaked in 3 tablespoonfuls of cold water. Stir over a slow fire until the

isinglass has dissolved. Sieve the rhubarb, and mix the pulp with the isinglass. Add 4 tablespoonfuls thick cream, with enough sugar to sweeten, and stir the mixture over the fire until it is hot through; it must on no account be allowed to boil. Pour into a china mould, and turn out when required. Serve with whipped cream.

Rhubarb soup is probably a novelty to many of my readers, but I have two good recipes which will be found particularly useful for children and invalids.

(1) With stock. Take six sticks of young rhubarb and cut them up, then place them in a stewpan with 1 pint of veal (or any other white) stock, two slices of white bread, one sliced onion, and pepper and salt. Boil, skim, then simmer slowly until the fruit is reduced to a pulp. Strain, and serve with crisp toast.

(2) Without stock. Cut up ¾ lb. fruit, and boil it with 1 quart of water, the grated rind of a lemon, and four lumps of sugar. Strain, and add the beaten yolks of two eggs or 4 tablespoonfuls cream. Cook till hot, but do not boil, or the soup will curdle.

A Refreshing Rhubarb Drink

Wash and cut up enough rhubarb to fill a quart basin twice. Put this into a large stone jar, add 2 quarts water, 6 tablespoonfuls white sugar, and the grated rind of two large lemons. Stir well, then cover the jar and set it in a cool oven for several hours. Before serving, strain, add the juice of two lemons, and ice.

A good supply of rhubarb jam should be found in every store-cupboard, for it costs very little to make and is invaluable for puddings, open tarts, etc., during the winter months. It must not be forgotten that rhubarb yields an extraordinary amount of juice, and this possesses the delightful quality of absorbing any other flavour, so that it can be added to currants, raspberries, strawberries, etc., thus increasing the bulk, without spoiling the flavours, of these more expensive fruits. To extract the juice for this purpose, cut up the rhubarb and place it in large stone jars with a very little water —not more than enough to just cover the bottom of the jars. Cover tightly, and stand the jars in a cool oven for several hours. The oven must not be too hot, or the juice will evaporate. Strain off the juice, which is then ready to be added to other jams, jellies, etc.

Rhubarb Marmalade

To every pound of rhubarb allow six sweet oranges and 1½ lb. sugar. Cut up the rhubarb and, if necessary, peel it. Place it in a pan with the grated rind of the oranges. Remove the white peel and pith from the oranges, slice them, and take out the pips, then place them also in the pan. Add the sugar, and boil until the marmalade is clear and jellies when tried on a cold plate. Pour into jars and tie down as usual.

Rhubarb Ginger

To every pound of rhubarb allow the same quantity of crushed preserving sugar and the grated rind of a lemon.

Cut the fruit into 2-inch long pieces, and arrange them on a dish. Strew with sugar and lemon rind, then leave for twenty-four hours. Next day boil ½ lb. loaf sugar with ½ pint water for ten minutes; drain off the juice from the rhubarb into this, then boil again for twenty minutes. Add as much powdered ginger as is required to flavour the syrup. Place the pieces of fruit in the syrup, cook until they are tender but not broken, then lift them carefully into jars; boil the syrup till very thick, and when cold strain it over the fruit. Tie down when cold.

Rhubarb and Pineapple Jam

To every 5 lb. rhubarb allow the same amount of sugar and a tinned pineapple.

Cut the pineapple and rhubarb into neat pieces of the same size and place them in a preserving pan with the sugar. Stir until the last-named ingredient is dissolved, then slowly simmer for one hour. A quarter of a pound of almonds, blanched and coarsely chopped, may be added to the preserve ten minutes before it is cooked.

Mrs. St. Clair will be pleased to answer inquiries on matters dealt with in these pages, but a stamped envelope must be enclosed. Address—"Mrs. St. Clair, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C."

HEALTH IN THE FORTIES

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER, M.B.

More than most people realise, health counts more for happiness than age. Too many middle-aged people neglect their health. Hence the importance of this subject.

IT isn't such a very great advantage to be young. In the teens and twenties life is often difficult, strenuous so far as emotions are concerned, and the depths of its disappointments almost neutralise its moments of intense joy. Even those of us who have reached the thirties, unless we have curbed our impulses and worsted our own particular devils, still face the *Sturm und Drang* which men and women in the forties have surely passed. The best years should be after forty years of age. All the work and effort, the struggle and stress of youth, both physical and mental, should yield rich harvests of bodily and mental health in the forties.

The healthy man at forty is in the prime of life. As for the woman of forty, she has attained her physical maturity, and, if she has lived and learned through her experience of life, all the charm of an understanding heart, and a fresh, joyous, richly stored mind should be hers. After all, *joi de vivre* is a matter of health, physical health mainly, mental and spiritual health as well. Far too many people in middle life are depressed, dull, uninterested, slack, and sick of their lives. And the great fundamental cause is ill health.

If you are not conscious of being at your best, of having fulfilled the promise of your youth, now that you have graduated in the university of life, ask yourself "Why?" Have you adapted yourself to changing conditions of work and living? Have you become slack where physical exercise is concerned, and allowed yourself to lapse into the *dolce far niente* which gravitates towards the abyss of obesity? Have you allowed your nerves, if you are a woman, to get a grip of you, so that your mind is seared and your body attenuated with worry? Are you depressed by the spectre of old age, which will not be upon you for twenty years at least if you live wisely and control your thoughts, your muscles, your emotions, and your actions?

Well, you must first realise that there is harmony and joy in life in the forties. Your past experiences have given you judgment, efficiency, and certain achievements which are the glory of middle life. What man or woman has not contributed something to the world's work, be it ever so little, at forty years of age?

In the second place, never for a moment imagine that you are beginning to go downhill. For the next twenty years you can remain in the prime of life, and even keep wrinkles at bay, if you care to take the necessary trouble. But, after all, life is so big and interesting, so full of calls and work, that the wrinkles are but the landmarks of character, visible tokens of past effort and feeling which make us what we are.

Thirdly, keep yourself as fit and healthy as is possible to you in your particular environment. Don't let go of any outdoor interests you may have formed. Keep up the muscular exercise which is so essential if waste products, which are body poisons and brain poisons too, are to be got rid of from the system.

Exercise in Middle Life

There is no reason why men should not golf when they are octogenarians, or women either, for that matter, but perhaps there should be golf courses for elderly people, as the one danger is that the old man hates to be beaten by those who are younger, and runs the risk of hurry and strain to keep well ahead in the game. Tennis, too, is desirable for people not only in the forties, but up to the very portals of old age, say the seventieth birthday. Those who live a healthy, active, vigorous mental and physical life, only conclude middle life at seventy.

Most people die from accidents. We must include infections under this category. Tuberculosis, which kills one person in ten, and most of them in youth, could be eliminated from the ills that flesh is heir to. Cancer also is almost certainly a preventable

disease, and it kills one man in twelve, one woman in eight, in the very prime of their lives. The more health is maintained, the more the vitality is kept up to a high level, the less danger there is of succumbing to disease.

So we must have exercise in ample amount, but we must avoid strain. Excessive muscular strain hardens the arteries, paving the way for the diseases of middle life, for "a man is as old as his arteries." Such exercises as walking, or games out of doors, which refresh and exhilarate without bringing exhaustion, are infinitely preferable to stereotyped gymnastic exercise and physical culture courses.

Heart strain is not very likely to occur in the forties, unless muscular exercise is excessive; after the fiftieth birthday the heart is more easily tired, and there is danger in violent exercise. But nothing but good can result from five minutes' swinging of arms, bending of body, stretching, deep breathing, knee bending, hip exercise, all of which provide a natural internal massage. Women as well as men should practise these exercises night and morning, as they keep the body supple, prevent the increase of adipose tissue, of middle-aged stoutness, and make all the difference to the complexion also.

Diet in Middle Life

The amount of food which should be taken at this stage of life, as at every other, depends very much upon appetite. If your appetite is good it means that you can digest your food. Most middle-aged people are afraid of eating too much, but it has not yet been definitely decided that even gout and rheumatism are the results of over-eating. Where women are concerned at least there is more danger of eating too little. It is natural to lay on weight somewhat at this age. The woman who gets thin after forty is likely to develop "nerves" and to be a worry to herself and to her family. It is a fatal mistake to cut down rations rigidly in fear of fatness. That bogy called "fatty degeneration of the heart" has nothing to do with body plumpness, and it occurs just as often in the very thin as in the comfortably fat. At the same time, you do not require so much food at forty years of age as between fifteen and twenty, when the tissues are being built up, and muscle and brain and bone are developing rapidly. The right amount of food to take depends upon the output of energy, also the kind or quality of work. A man engaged in work that entails great muscular effort can digest what is impossible to the sedentary student. The business or professional woman, the strenuous housewife, the expectant mother, ought to have more food than the woman of leisure, who has nothing to sap her vitality or use up her energy.

The three-meal-a-day rule should be strictly followed in the forties, and if the food is to be digested properly very careful attention should be given to the teeth. It is after forty that the teeth begin to fail in many cases, and a fairly frequent cause of depression and "tiredness" at this age is neglected teeth. The person whose teeth are not sound suffers ultimately from dyspepsia, and various nervous ills also, because the poisons of decayed teeth are constantly being absorbed into the blood.

Poisoned Blood

Practically all the ills of middle life are due either to bad digestion or improper nutrition from faulty assimilation of the food. When digestion is imperfect poisons or toxins are all the time being absorbed, circulating in the blood; irritating and depressing the nervous centres, causing lassitude, headache, and the feeling that everything is an effort and hardly worth while. Many people find that a liver-pill helps them for a time at least, but its effect is only temporary, and the common-sense thing to do is to get down to the fundamental cause. Is it too little exercise, too frequent meals, too much alcohol, insufficient rest? Worry, as everyone knows, will bring on dyspepsia by itself, and a tendency to worry is very often due to lack of rest and sleep, to nervous tension.

But don't let us forget that eye mischief is a common cause of ill health and worry in middle life. Certain errors of refraction begin to develop at this time. The eye becomes too long sighted, and so there is a difficulty in reading, and strain and headache frequently follow any eye work. The wise person visits regularly, perhaps twice a year, or at least once in twelve months, the oculist, so as to keep pace with any changes which are taking place in the eye. Women often develop wrinkles which could have been averted by obtaining in good time

glasses for reading or sewing. The eyes after forty should be spared any artificial light, more than formerly, whilst the tired eyes, of course, require a good allowance of sleep.

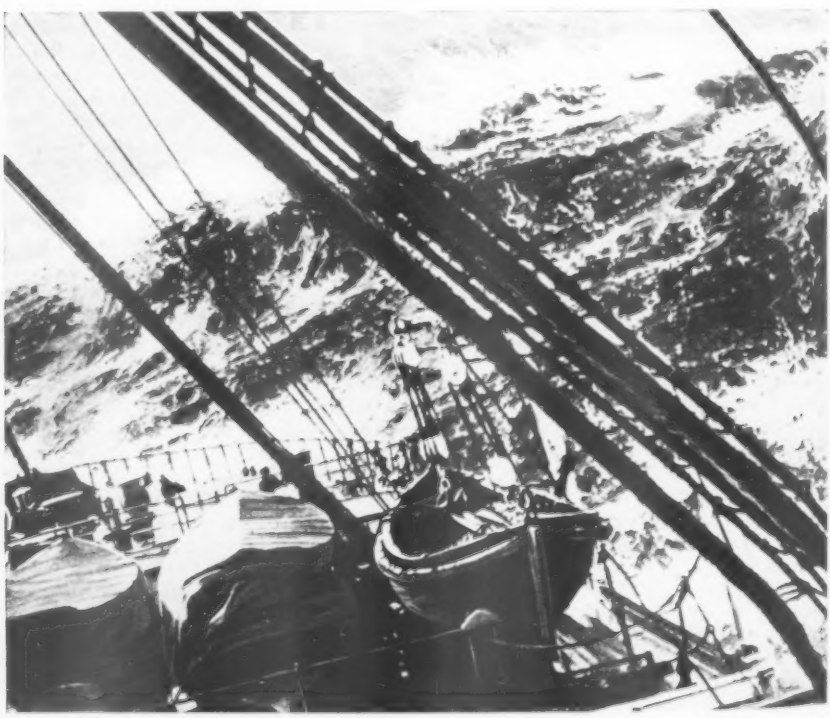
Plenty of Sleep

Health is far more dependent upon the quality and quantity of sleep than most people imagine. In middle life it frequently happens that less sleep is taken. For one thing, sleep is likely to be less continuous at night, and perhaps it is curtailed in the early part of the night by work or by pleasure. The habit of awakening earlier is apt to become established, and people make the mistake of believing that they do not need so much sleep as they grow older, but it is not the case. In middle life everybody requires just as much sleep as he or she can possibly obtain. And there is a good deal to be said in favour of a short nap some time during the day, especially for those who do not sleep so well as they ought to at night. But regard sleep in the proper light, namely, as Nature's means of restoring and recuperating energy, not as an end in itself.

Play in the Forties

The characteristic of youth is the capacity to play, and all the people who remain young retain delight in what, in after life, we call hobbies. The worst fault any life can have is monotony. It is not work that kills and ages and handicaps health. What does injure people in middle life is the horrible sense that the work is drudgery, that life is tame and monotonous, dull.

Let every middle-aged man and woman determine to start two hobbies, one out of doors, and one suitable for home cultivation, and they will find a new elixir of youth.



A Rough Sea in Mid-Atlantic. Photo: Underwood.

(This gives some idea of the gale that was raging at the time of the burning of the *Volturno*.)

THE "QUIVER" HEROES MEDAL

Special Award to Captain Inch



Inscription on reverse of "Quiver" Medal.

THE burning of the SS. *Volturno* in mid-Atlantic has already passed into history, with its record of tragedy and heroism.

It was on Saturday, October 11th, 1913, that the news reached London in a message to Lloyd's: "British steamer *Volturno*, from Rotterdam for New York, abandoned, on fire, October 10, latitude 48.25 north, longitude 34.33 west." On Thursday morning, October 9th, the *Carmania* received the first intimation of the fire on board the *Volturno*, and at once hastened to the rescue. They were 78 miles away, but the distance was covered in the shortest possible time—in just under four hours, although a fierce gale was raging. The splendid work of Captain Barr and the officers of the *Carmania*, and that of the nine other ships that quickly gathered, is too well known to need repeating. The best account of the whole tragedy is contained in a little book, "The Burning of the *Volturno*," by Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, who, being a passenger on board the *Carmania*, was able, in a couple of lengthy aerograms to the Press Association, to give the world a full and prompt description of the occurrence.

What, perhaps, has not received such prompt recognition is the really heroic part played by Captain Inch, in command of the *Volturno*. Through a crisis lasting for over twenty-six hours he remained cool in the face of imminent disaster. Surrounded on deck with the great crowd of foreigners praying and crying, down below a raging inferno, with only a bulging steel barrier between the two, he acted with that courage, fearlessness, and wisdom such as could only come from a truly heroic soul. Every moment of that long night he was fearful that the intense heat of the steel—some of the girders were white-hot—should ignite the strips of planking above and precipitate all on board into a horrible death. Yet he kept his faith and courage with the knowledge of the real imminence of the danger, and worked with might and main in what seemed to be an absolutely forlorn hope.



Captain Francis Inch.

Mr. Spurgeon, in his book, says, "So occupied was Captain Inch with the work of endeavouring to hold back the progress of the flames on the one hand, and that of preventing confusion and panic among the passengers on the other, that he had no food from Wednesday night



The Lord Mayor of London
(who made the Presentation)

until Friday morning. . . . During the long-drawn watches of that awful night Captain Inch and the Chief Engineer, assisted by two or three seamen who remained with them, spent their time in improvising rafts, so that when the ship broke up, as they expected it would do at any moment, the passengers might be able to keep themselves afloat until perchance they were picked up by one of the boats cruising around. I cannot imagine greater courage than this. Captain Inch and the Chief Engineer knew that the fire was stealing its way aft, but they kept the grim secret to themselves, and while the tempestuous sea lashed the sides of the vessel they steadily went on making the rafts."

Lord Desart, who presided over the official inquiry, well summed up the matter when, referring to Captain Inch, he said, "*He did his duty.*"

The "Quiver" Gold Medal

The Trustees of THE QUIVER Heroes Fund felt that here was a case most certainly demanding recognition, and accordingly they have awarded Captain Inch a QUIVER Heroes Medal of Gold. A facsimile of this specially engraved medal appears on this page.

The presentation was made by the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor of London, Sir T. V. Bowater, at the Mansion House on February 4th, the medal being accompanied by a Gold Watch, subscribed by the *Carmania* passengers and other admirers of Captain Inch's heroism.

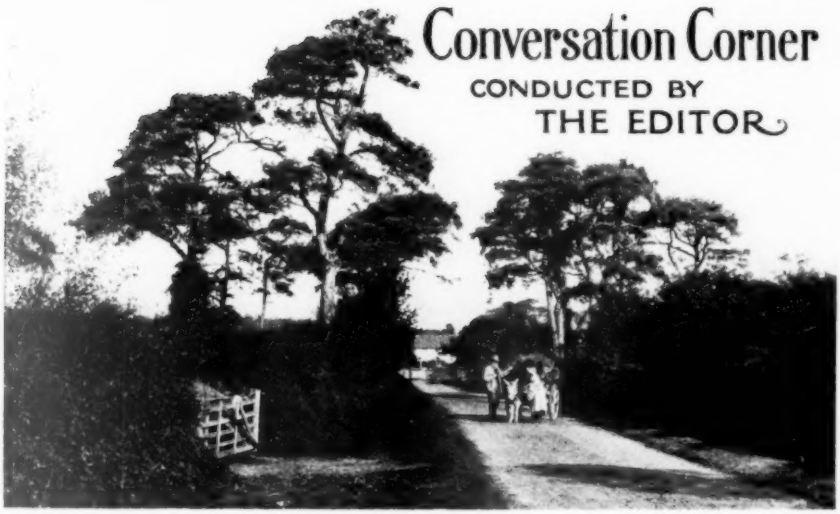
Presentation to Mr. Spurgeon

In recognition of the voluntary services rendered to the British Press in connection with the sinking of the *Volturno*, the editors and managers of the daily newspapers of the United Kingdom gave a luncheon to Mr. Arthur Spurgeon at the Trocadero Restaurant on January 21, the occasion being utilised for a presentation to Mr. Spurgeon, consisting of a library desk and revolving chair in oak, a library clock, a painting, and an address on vellum.

A rose-ring of diamonds and emeralds was presented to Mrs. Spurgeon.



Facsimile of the Medal.



Conversation Corner

CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR

The Prime of Life

BY the time readers reach this page I suspect they will have had more than enough of Middle-Age and its problems. Still, this is the first number ever devoted to that particular subject—not only as regards THE QUIVER, but in the history of journalism so far as I am aware! Let me say, then, that I have had the utmost difficulty in compressing the ideas of my contributors into the narrow limits of one issue, and it is more than probable that several of the permanent features of the magazine will have to be held over this month. Contributors, then, have been eager to write; it remains to be seen whether subscribers are equally ready to read.

Restoring the Glory

WE have tried in this number to restore some of the glory to Middle-Age. I believe that my contributors generally have entered most sympathetically into the optimistic spirit in which I planned this number. Of course I know that March was the wrong month to choose for the purpose in view: the springtime is the season of youth with its promise. If May and June might represent the flowering period of life—young manhood and young womanhood, September would stand for the harvest season, the time of fruition; and surely Middle-Age is this. At any rate we have tried to represent it as the time of achievement, of harvest, of in-gathering. Surely that, and not youth, is the Prime of Life. I hope that this number will achieve its purpose in putting new heart into every middle-aged man and woman who reads it. Then I shall be able to risk the scorn of the young person who lightly passes it by.

The Drift of Things

AT the same time this number would not be complete did it not add its warning on the inevitable dangers of Middle-Age. Look back ten or fifteen years, you middle-aged men and women, and I think with me you will be a little awed by what I might call the drift of things. Think of the dreams and visions of the early twenties, and though you may smile at youth's extravagances, it will be a little wistfully. For you have drifted into the maze of business, or the absorptions of home life, and you find yourself in no little danger of that deadly indifferentism, or equally subtle materialism that is the special bane of middle life. We know all about youth and its temptations—we have heard these shouted from the house-tops. But the very strength and fire of a young man's passions produce a reaction that spells idealism and enthusiastic devotion to some noble cause. The same man who so nobly fought and conquered in a righteous cause at twenty is

quite likely enough at forty to be absorbed in a mere struggle to get six per cent. out of his investments instead of five. I know it is hard; the rates and taxes have to be paid, the school expenses of the children increase alarmingly, the stress of competition in business adds furrows to the brow. The young man of noble aims recked little of all these things, yet it is not to be wondered at that the gold on the shield has become a little tarnished. Personally, I believe that more souls succumb to the insidious materialism of middle life than to the fierce but bracing temptations of early youth. One cannot forget that Solomon with all his wisdom could not withstand the glare of the noonday heat, and that his father, David, in middle life was a very poor contrast to the fiery youth who killed Goliath. We pity the unsuccessful man who finds himself "too old at forty," but I am not so sure but that one's heart ought not to go out in sympathy more to the average "successful" man who is in danger of losing just that fine touch of idealism that separates man from the savage.

The Middle-aged Mother

SO far for the man. I think the dangers are even greater for the woman. Not that a married woman of forty is in any peril of the "worship of mammon." She is, most assuredly, in danger of settling down into a more or less even round of servants—children—servants—home. The very conditions of a married woman's life are cramping. The husband at least goes out to the city, or the club, or the market, and meets men and "knocks about the world." But for real tragedy send me to the well-educated, well-brought-up woman who, by the time she reaches forty, can talk of nothing better than servants, nothing more cosmopolitan than her own children, nothing more catholic than the Dorcas meeting! God never meant any woman's soul to be straitened like this! You fail to see the tragedy of it? What of the time when the children grow to womanhood and manhood, and she, the mother who has made them, finds they have grown right beyond her? Some say this is inevitable; I would rather call it tragic: the tragedy of the woman who has allowed her soul to be encased in iron bands. I know it is difficult, but, middle-aged woman and mother, strive hard to give your soul a chance to grow; keep abreast of the times; fight for your intellectual life just as you would for your children's bread. Then, indeed, Middle-Age may be the Prime of Life, and not the yellowing of the leaf.

Prizes for Letters

AS I mentioned last month, I shall be glad to have the opinions of my readers on this question. For the best letter, of not more than 400 words, criticising the articles in this number, and giving the views of the writer on Middle-Age in general, I shall be pleased to send a case of teaspoons, with tongs. This is limited to readers over thirty. For those who are younger I shall be pleased to give a case containing a set of brushes, for the best letter, of not more than 400 words, on "What I Mean to Make of Middle Life." Envelopes should be marked "Prime of Life," and must reach me not later than March 31st. Each letter must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the advertisement section of this issue, and it must be understood that the Editor's decision is final.

The Cedars of Lebanon

A ROMANTIC interest has always attached to the Cedars of Lebanon, that forest of Syria whence King Solomon obtained the wood for his temple. The cedars still exist, though not in such numbers as in early days. The traveller who makes the long and wearisome journey usually combines this with a visit to some of the most remarkable ruins in the whole world—the Temple of Baalbec. At considerable expense, the American Colony of Jerusalem sent an expedition to Syria to visit these two places, and the result is some exquisite photographs. In my next issue Mr. Harold J. Shepstone describes the journey from Tripoli to Baalbec, and tells all about the cedars.

Out for Adventure

THE succeeding stories in Mrs. de Horne Vaizey's series "Heart's Desire" will be read with increasing interest, I imagine. Certainly there is no lack of interest in the story of "The Girl who Wished for Adventure" which will appear next month. This story is much longer than that in this issue—and no one will object to that!

The Editor

THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

Conducted by ALISON

Motto. By Love Serve One Another

How, When and Where Corner,
March, 1914

MY DEAR BOY AND GIRL FRIENDS. One day in Christmas week I wished particularly that you could all have been with me, or at least able to watch, as invisible Companions, while I made a pilgrimage. Those of you who had sent me dolls or scrapbooks for the little invalid children for whom I appealed to you for these things, would have been so glad that you had taken trouble to enter for those competitions. Those of you who had not would, I fancy, have said, "Well, really, another year, if I am ever so busy, I must try to find time to do so too." Of course, I could not carry to their destinations nearly all the gifts. But I took a number, and am wanting to tell you about some of the boys and girls I personally visited.

First, let me say that though I was disappointed at not receiving many, many more dolls and scrapbooks, I was delighted with the care taken over most of those sent in. The scrapbook prize winners you know already. WINNIE WOOD (Hornsey) wins the Senior prize for her doll. It was a daintily clad little maiden, in its beautifully stitched pink muslin, and with underwear exquisitely neat and fine. I congratulate you, Winnie, on having made a really charming gift. The Junior prize goes to YVONNE MARTIN (Hythe). In addition to dressing hers, Yvonne pinned on to it, as part of its outfit, a nice nightdress, and that gave great pleasure to the little girl to whom it went. All the gifts were for boys and girls who are under the care of the Invalid Children's Aid Association, through one of its North London branches. I had such a long walk that day, and my arms ached with my load and were stiff next morning. Yet it was only part of the day's work, and didn't count at all in comparison with the happiness that came out of it.

Winnie's doll I took to a girl named Laura. Her home is partly in the basement, and partly at the top, of a big house that once was in a fashionable part. They live in the basement kitchen and have two bedrooms upstairs. Laura has had rheumatism so severely (what wonder!) that her heart has become very, very weak, and she cannot do half the things you and I, strong, lucky folk, can do. She is ten, and goes to one of the cripple schools. She was so delighted with her present, and took such pride in those dainty undergarments!

Both IDA and ENID JONES sent in very excellent work. Ida's had a cleverly made coat in pretty blue wool, and a bonnet to match—an ideal winter costume. I was not able to deliver it myself, but it went to Lily, a fatherless child of seven, whose mother keeps herself and three children by mantle-making. A very hard struggle she has too. Lily, alas, is tubercular, and has to have very careful treatment. Theirs is a two-roomed home, beautifully kept, though so poor.

Enid's blue cashmere dressed dolly I took to a paralysed child of four. Helen is an inmate of another of those dreadfully unhealthy basement homes. She is very backward, and looked wan and tired, poor child—and she could scarcely believe that the doll was to be her own. The baby wanted it too! I told the little ones that I was one of Santa Claus's children, and made a jolly game of it all. They entered into it splendidly, most of them, and I felt about seven and a half years old myself a good part of the time.

FRANCES BOSTON'S "Flora MacDonald" gave pleasure to a merry little maiden of two or thereabouts. Poor girlie, she has two "club feet," and will have to wear instruments and special boots for many years, but one of the clever London surgeons thinks they will get right if she is kept to them constantly. Her name is Rose, and her sister Mary is three. They

live in two rooms, and have such a nice mother. I cannot tell you how excited they both were, for, as they were such babies, my sister and I thought Mary must have a doll too, and we had such a gay ten minutes together in making friends with each other and the dolls. I did not see any other toys, and they handled them as though they were priceless treasures. In spite of her crippled feet, Rose was the liveliest little one I met that day.



Phyllis Brissenden.

"Did it really come from Jamaica?" asked Fred, a delicate little lad of ten, to whom I gave a scrapbook full of Jamaica pictures; such a nice fat one it was, made of brown paper (maker, please notice this!). This promised him a real joy-time for Christmas. He, poor laddie, has neither mother nor father living, and is in charge of a grandmother, herself an invalid. That great big brown book, with the red ribbons, was a thing of interest to a big policeman of whom I had to ask the way to one road. And so it was to Albert, the boy who received it. He is a ten-year-old also, has hip disease, and has to use crutches as well as wear an instrument all the time. He is very clever already in getting about with these helps. There was so much in this book that he was sure of hours of interest, and was so pleased with it.

Yvonne Martin's doll went to little Alice, a three-year-old morsel who has spinal disease and has to lie in a special sort of splint. Except when she is lifted out to be washed she has to lie in it all the time and cannot move about at all. She is a dear little child, the only one left to her father and mother now, and her father has consumption. Yvonne would like to have seen her with her dolly!

A small doll, sent by MRS. MCCASH with other gifts in a parcel for these children, went to Henry, a three-year-old boy with tubercular glands.

I must not stop to tell you any more. You can all feel assured that any trouble or sacrifice you put into your gifts is generously repaid by the joy that they have given everywhere they have gone. They have each carried with them a message of love and sympathy, and have helped to strengthen the influence of the Christmas spirit and ideal in some saddened places. Thank you all so much for giving me the chance to give these moments of happiness.

Now to our overflowing

Letter Box

I had a jolly letter from KATHLEEN CRAGO (Plymouth), and she sent me her filled-up collecting book. On looking it through I find she has collected altogether 37s. 4d., and a good part of it has been "made" by her needlework. "Needlework, 1s. 6d.," is an entry that is repeated several times. Congratulations to Kathleen, and many thanks.

HARRY BLADES (Folkingham) had not written to me for a long time, and I was pleased to see his clear writing once more. When shall I hear from DORA? Harry wrote for a badge, and enclosed 1s. each from his mother and Dora for our Fund.

One of our new members writes from Jamaica:

"DEAR ALISON,—I want very much to become a member of the H.W.W.C. and to help you with your little protégés in any way I can. I like reading the Corner, and look forward to it every month. . . . My pets are Stump, a pretty little brown dog; Charlie, a cat; a goat called Jill; and I play on the common with them all the time. Montego Bay is a pretty little town; it has a nice road running right beside the sea all the way, called the Fort Road, and the view of the harbour is very pretty. There is also a bathing place called the 'Doctor's Cave.' It is the best in the island, and all the strangers are delighted with it, and go bathing every day. Stretching from the Doctor's Cave for a long distance are the White Sands. I go there often, and a little time ago some of my friends came down to see me and we had a picnic, and paddled, and had a lovely time. I am trying to get some of my friends to join our Corner, and my cousin has promised to join as soon as she comes back from school next week. I am longing for her to come, for we are just the same age and spend most of our time together. I will write you again soon, and send something for the Fund; but I must say good-bye now. With love and best wishes from your little friend, CICELY HUMBER."

CICELY is eleven, and, as you observe, an excellent letter-writer. It will be pleasant to have her cousin too; Here's a note from Leven (at last!). NANNIE MCDONALD says:



Kate Edwards.

"DEAR ALISON,—Just a hurried note in sending you this small donation to the Violet Fund—its from our band. There is quite a lot to tell you, but as I am very busy just now I must leave it over until another time."

So I am looking for a specially interesting letter from Leven.

MARTHA REID is one of the best writers at nine years of age whom I know.

"I am sending a postal order for 1s.," she says in her last note. "I am sorry it is not more, but I only started to save my pennies not long ago. It has been snowing here, and I was out all day playing with my little brother. Your loving Companion, MARTHA."

Martha's was one of those precious shillings that helped to save our honour in December. Thank you, Martha. It is the shillings that make up the pounds, and if twenty others saved pennies too, at the same rate each quarter, we should have one whole pound from them alone.

Another Scottish letter that gave me pleasure was from ANNIE MORTON, though I was sorry to hear she has been very ill. She was better, though, when the letter came, and we all hope she is quite strong again by now.



Ethel Edwards.

"I have left school now, and am just home for a year or two. Then I am going to learn cookery. As I sit writing here at the window I see on one of our rose trees two pink roses. I read with interest Cathie Gardner's account of Wigtown. I have been there to see the monument erected in memory of the 'Wigtown Martyrs.' We have the 'Men of the Covenant' in our bookcase, and it gives a splendid description of them. I remember my mother telling me the story when I was about nine years old, and when she gave me the book to read it for myself my delight knew no bounds. I am glad the protégés are getting along so well, and was pleased to see such a good report for Philip. I mean to think hard and do something for our Corner in 1914. Wishing you and all Companions a bright and prosperous New Year."

A very kind note came just at Christmas time from MILDRED ELLIOTT, away in Western Australia. She was delighted with her badge. "I hope," she wrote, "the coming year will prove even more successful than this last in regard to the H.W.W.C. and our work."

By chance the next letter I pick up comes from another long-way-off Companion. Writing from St. Lucia (B.W.I.), LIZZIE PALMER says:

"MY DEAR ALISON,—Thanks very much for your dear letter, which arrived quite safely. I was very pleased to hear from you. You asked me to tell you about myself. I go to a small school: there are not many children there. Three of us go, my youngest brother, and sister, and myself. I have been trying to get a photo of myself to send you, but there is nobody here that takes photos very well. I should like to have one of yours very much: do please send me one. I would also like to get one of our four children, but suppose I can't."

Lizzie tells me she is taller than her mother, and is "getting bigger every day." She is also trying to collect threepences and "anything" from her friends for our Fund.

Isabel Hale-Stenton's Nice Hobby

Now you must just please jump right back to Australia, in imagination, for the next item in my Letter Box comes from ISABEL HALE-STENTON, in Victoria. I wish the picture of herself she enclosed were clear enough to print. But I fear even those clever reproducers of ours couldn't manage to make it good in the magazine.

Let me say here, by the way, that this is the reason a number of photographs of Companions and scenes they have sent me have not appeared. I am always sorry when this is so, for I enjoy seeing "what you look like really," and know everyone of you feels the same.

Well, poor Isabel is another invalid.

"I have not written to you for a very long time: nevertheless I have maintained the same interest in the Corner. I have been more or less of an invalid for some months, and at times the pain has been almost unbearable. But the doctor says I am on the improve, and I have felt better lately, and hope soon to be quite well. I have made a scrapbook: it is not very elaborate, and most of it has been done whilst I have been in bed; but it will perhaps help to pass the time away for some poor child. I am learning to do the Braille transcribing for the blind, but can do it only when I am up. There are such a lot of contractions in the words. It is wonderful how they can read it. Next time I hope to send something for the finances. Now I must close, as I am tired. With lots of love from ISABEL."

It would be interesting for us to hear about the Braille writing, Isabel, if you would tell us.

A Busy Member in South Africa

A short note has reached me from HETTIE JOUBERT:

"I have good news for you, as the four Coupons will undoubtedly tell you. Four new members, with Viola five, and I hope to make up twelve quite, quite soon. We mean to be quite a large number of members at Bloemhof before long, and will be looking out for competitions, too. . . . We have quite a number of Companions in South Africa now, have we not? I saw the names of two new members in the Christmas Number."

That is a breezy, business-like note, is it not? Let us say "Welcome" to our new-comers—LETTIE K. VERSFELD (aged 14), LUCY R. NEL (aged 17), JUDITH RAUBENHEIMER (aged 15), and ANNIE GOOSEN (aged 16). I am glad to hear you all joining us, girls; please write soon. By the way, what jolly times you may have at school, all together, through this united interest!

JEAN BEST sent another donation of 8s., the product of her magazine "The Violet," which she circulates so well among her friends in Aberdeen and elsewhere. I am, as I write, watching for "The Violet" to reach me, for I am sure none of its subscribers can enjoy it more than I. "I hope 1914 will be a good year for our Corner," she says.

AGNES IRVING wrote from her South African home. She was busy qualifying for postal work, so that she may be a post-mistress.

"Our rains," she notes, "come in winter, and, as the summer heat is cruel here, an occasional shower is very welcome. We have a huge canal running through Bonnievale, so the farmers are not dependent on the rains for their water supply, as they irrigate their lands at regular intervals from the canal. Each man has so many hours allotted to him to irrigate his lands, and it is his fault if his turn goes by. Ostriches are the only things here. They flourish very well, and the feathers are a sight worth seeing just after they have been plucked. Ostrich farming is a most interesting topic, and I could fill pages on the subject, only I am afraid of boring you."

We should like very much to hear something about it, Agnes, and you need not be afraid of "boring" us.

Yet another invalid! NETTA MARTIN wrote from her home in Renfrewshire that she had been ill, but was better. She was going to Largs for a holiday.

"Largs is a very pretty place and very bracing. I read the letters in THE QUIVER every month: some of them are very interesting, and I do enjoy reading them. I will try and write soon after the holidays. Yours, with love."

How Marian helped her Father

MARIAN HARDY (Norwich) says:

"MY DEAR ALISON,—Thank you very much for your letter. This term I had 74 out of 100 marks for music. Every last Sunday before Christmas (once a year) father has a breakfast for his Adult School men. To-day and last year Joan and I went, and this year I recited 'King Robert of Sicily.' I expect you have read it or heard it. Could you give a competition on some history?—because it is my favourite lesson. Father has a lovely history book—all pictures. I think I shall start trading in the New Year. I am very fond of embroidery. Your loving friend, MARIAN."

PHYLLIS BRISSENDEN sent me a long letter after a long silence. She asked if I did not think "the Christmas QUIVER had more interesting articles in it than sometimes"?

"I was looking through two or three years of THE QUIVER last week," Phyllis continues. "One thing I was trying to find out was whether I could cut out the photos of yourself and the Four without spoiling the reading on the backs of the pages, but I found it was impossible to do this. When I discovered that, I wondered whether it would be at all to your profit to have the photos of yourself and the children printed and put on a firm back, to be sold for a trifle? I should think the Companions would be pleased to buy a card to hang in their bedrooms or somewhere else where they could 'see' you every day instead of having you shut up inside a book which they probably would not open more than half a dozen times in the course of a month. I hope you will not think this is a very absurd and impossible idea. How the Corner has grown in these last three years! I saw two maps in one of the old books—one of England, with the names of places from which the Home Companions came, and the other of the World, for the Foreign Companions. There were a large number of places marked then, but I am sure it would need maps about three times the size to take all the places in which we now have members."

I am printing this part of Phyllis's letter for a special reason. It is this: I am always so delighted when any of you tell me of *any ideas you have for the improvement and increased interest of our Corner*. "Two heads are" very often "better than one," really, and I welcome every suggestion you can send me, even though it should not be practicable. Every one receives thought and careful consideration. If it should not actually be carried out, it is possible that the thought may lead to another plan that is workable. So do not ever be afraid to let me know your criticisms and ideas about our own section of our magazine. It is very kind of Phyllis to make her suggestion, though I do not think there would be very many who would wish to add such a card to their photographic collections. Still, I think perhaps by and by, when we get new pictures of Our Four, we might try to have them put together. Then those who cared to have them could send for them. Thank you, Phyllis.

A Special Service in Jamaica

The next letter is from INEZ AGUILAR.

"I have a class of girls, and they are collecting for a pipe organ for our church. We would very much like to get it by the time the church is finished, but I do not know if we will manage it: anyway, we are working hard for it, and the collection we got at the P.S.A. went into our collecting pan. To-day is a year since the hurricane. This morning the Baptists and Wesleyans had a combined service in commemoration of last year. The service started soon after six, and lasted about an hour. I left home about five-thirty, and I had a lovely walk to the church, which is about a mile and a half from home. The morning was just grand—at first moonlight, and little by little daylight came; the sky was beautifully tinted—such a lovely peaceful morning to what it was a year ago; and everyone in that little chapel must have felt real thankful for spared lives, etc., etc., for it has been a very hard year for us all. . . . With love and all good wishes to Our Four."



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Inez enclosed her subscription to the Fund. We all shall wish her success in her own collecting scheme. I was pleased to read about the commemoration service. Let us hope it will be many, many years before Jamaica suffers again in such a severe fashion.

A Good Lead from Newcastle

MAUD ARMSTRONG sent me an exceedingly interesting letter, and a contribution of £2 5s. for our Fund. The Newcastle Group raised this by a little bazaar.

"DEAR ALISON,—Thank you very much for your kind letter. I showed it to two ladies yesterday who bought things at our sale, and they both thought it very nice of you to write to Companions individually, and I think so too, because I am sure you must be kept very busy.

"Now I will try and describe to you a few details of our bazaar. On the Friday afternoon Norah and I made a few cakes and some toffee. We did not need to make many cakes, because several ladies had promised to give us some. Norah came over to our house on Saturday morning to help arrange the things. We had three small tables set out in the drawing-room for the tea, and we put a cream jug and sugar basin on each, and a vase of chrysanthemums. We laid all the needlework on the dining-room table. We had it pushed against the wall, and then we piled some books up at either end and laid a piece of wood across, over which we hung some of the articles. The toffee and chocolates (which father had bought for us at the wholesale price) we put in dishes on the sideboard, together with the scales.

"Father bought us each a buttonhole of violets to wear for badges. Norah didn't come until half-past three, because she had been sick and then she had fallen asleep; but her auntie didn't waken her, because she thought it would do her good, and it seemed to, as Norah was quite well for the rest of the day.

"The sale opened at three, and we had got them all well started with tea by the time Norah came. As everyone sat down to tea together, we had a busy time keeping them all supplied.

"When all had gone we started our own tea, and then we counted the money. But we didn't know exactly what our total would be, as I had orders from two aunties and an uncle in London, and I had kept their things to show, so I did not get the money until I sent the things. And two friends who helped us, as they could not come to the bazaar, sent me their work to be on view with the rest, and they sent me their profits when I returned the work.

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I sent my congratulations and thanks direct to Maud. You will all feel like joining in "three cheers" for their plucky helpfulness, I know.

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I am glad Madge has written more fully about her idea. We will arrange, I think,



The Perfect Complexion

is a woman's birthright, and there is no reason why EVERY woman should not obtain this priceless possession if reasonable care be only taken. The first essential of a beautiful complexion is found in the regular use of a reliable toilet cream. La-rola is world-renowned for its many beautifying properties, and is strongly recommended to those seeking a perfect emollient. It is invaluable for protecting the skin from the ill effects of Frost, Cold Winds, Hard Water, etc. It will whiten the skin and make it beautifully smooth and soft. If BEETHAM'S LA-ROLA be regularly applied to the face and hands the complexion will soon be greatly improved. From all chemists and stores in 1/- and 2/6 bottles.

BEETHAM'S

La-rola

Special Offer.—*Send us 3d. and we will forward you (in the United Kingdom) a box of samples of La-rola, Tooth Paste, Rose Bloom, Soap, etc., for you to try.*

M. Beetham & Son (Dept. Q),
Cheltenham.



BABIES WHEN WEANED

FROM THE BOTTLE OR THE BREAST

SHOULD BE FED ON

ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS
"IN POWDER FORM"

made with milk. They will grow up charming children, the picture of health—muscular, sturdy, active and intelligent. They will escape half the ailments which prey on childhood.

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CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



Neither Scratch nor Spurt.

Attention is also drawn to the **NEW PATENT ANTI-BLOTTING PENS.** Sample Box of either series, **7d.**

Works: BIRMINGHAM.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE: 124 NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

Throatlets contain **Thoralin,** the vegetable antiseptic which quickly destroys throat germs, and gives soothing ease and lasting benefit in all cases of **Throat Trouble, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis,** and kindred ailments.

1/1½d. per box.

Don't accept a substitute. If your chemist is out of stock, a box will be sent direct, post paid, for 1 1½d. by

Throatlets Ltd., Dept. B 3, West India House, **Liverpool.**



Inez enclosed her subscription to the Fund. We all shall wish her success in her own collecting scheme. I was pleased to read about the commemoration service. Let us hope it will be many, many years before Jamaica suffers again in such a severe fashion.

A Good Lead from Newcastle

MAUD ARMSTRONG sent me an exceedingly interesting letter, and a contribution of £2 5s. for our Fund. The Newcastle Group raised this by a little bazaar.

"DEAR ALISON,—Thank you very much for your kind letter. I showed it to two ladies yesterday who bought things at our sale, and they both thought it very nice of you to write to Companions individually, and I think so too, because I am sure you must be kept very busy.

"Now I will try and describe to you a few details of our bazaar. On the Friday afternoon Norah and I made a few cakes and some toffee. We did not need to make many cakes, because several ladies had promised to give us some. Norah came over to our house on Saturday morning to help arrange the things. We had three small tables set out in the drawing-room for the tea, and we put a cream jug and sugar basin on each, and a vase of chrysanthemums. We laid all the needlework on the dining-room table. We had it pushed against the wall, and then we piled some books up at either end and laid a piece of wood across, over which we hung some of the articles. The toffee and chocolates (which father had bought for us at the wholesale price) we put in dishes on the sideboard, together with the scales.

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for the Special Effort Day, and it shall be early in September—that is the birthday month of our Companionship. More about plans, etc., next month.

MARGERY WEBB-WILLIAMS thought the Special Day "would be splendid," and was "very pleased that Madge (her cousin) was the one to suggest it." Part of her contribution to the Fund (3s.) was raised through one of these "Pig Books," and part by some crochet edging done for her mother.

Another New Member

I was delighted to have a letter from Margery's little sister MARY ("MOLLIE"), whom I met when visiting Holyhead some months back.

"MY DEAR ALISON,—I am enclosing a postal order for 1s. for the Violet Fund, hoping you are quite well. Please may I be a Companion now? I am seven years old. Love from MARY."

Another new member in Wales is BESSIE GRIMWOOD (aged 13; Cardiff).

From Cardiff, too, came a welcome letter from our loyal member, DOROTHY POWELL, and another from IDA JONES. Dorothy wrote:

"I, too, think a 'Special Effort Day' is a fine idea. I suppose you would give us a date (in plenty of time to get THE QUIVER and to prepare, if necessary), on which we would all do our best to help our Corner. I expect some Companions would get up bazaars or sales of work, like Maud Armstrong and her friends. We should all try to get money promises and subscriptions too; also, Companions, Don't you think it would be nice to have it on one of our protégé's birthdays?"

Another West Indies member is ARTHUR M. HAMLYN (aged 9; Trinidad).

MADGE WILLIAMS wins the monthly Letter Prize for her practical suggestions.

ARTHUR SMART, WINNIE WOOD, IVY SLESSER, DILYS JONES, KITTY WILLERS, FRANCES BOSTON, ARTHUR AYLWARD, EDITH PENN, KATE and ETHEL EDWARDS, DORA STEWART, and EILEEN NELSON sent their promised subscriptions, each with a letter you would all like to read, but our space is nearly used up. I have many other letters also I would like to show you, but there isn't room.

Will all of you who have no acknowledgment kindly remember that I appreciate your letters every bit as much as though they were printed here in full, and it is only that circumstances prevent their individual notice.

Our subscription list and balance sheet are worth study by all.

Believe me,
Your affectionate
Companion,

Alison.

"THE QUIVER" COMPANIONSHIP FUNDS

The following is our account from October 1 to the end of December, 1913:

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward		1	0
Editor	2	2	0
"Alison"	2	2	0
Dora Stewart		2	0
Arthur Aylward			10
Isabel Dobson		1	0
Mrs. Gregory		1	0
Jessie Anderson		2	6
Miss Johnston		10	0
Muriel Sharpe		2	0
Dorothy Sharpe		2	0
Emily Ramsey			6
Enid and Ida Jones		5	0
Mildred Elliott (Australia)			6
Per Daisy Munro		3	6
Marian Hardy		2	0
Dorothy Collver (Canada)		2	0
Ivy M. Slesser (New Zealand)		1	0
Edith Jones (Canada)			7½
Winifred Topliss		1	0
Marjorie Heard		2	6
Readers of the *Christian*	1	0	0
Kathleen Green		1	0
Granville Green		1	0
Betty Balfour (Jamaica)		4	0
Elsie Hibberd		1	0
Frances M. Boston		3	0

	£	s.	d.
Inez Aguilar (Jamaica)		2	6
Arthur Aylward (C.B.)		1	2
Edith Penn		4	0
Emily Pretsell		4	0
Eileen Nelson (Australia)		12	6
Kathleen Crago (C.B.)		5	0
Mrs. Blades		1	0
Dora Blades		1	0
Maud Armstrong	2	5	0
Leven Companions, per Nannie McDonald		6	0
Kennie MacLean			3½
Kitty Willers (C.B.)		2	0
Dorothy P. Powell		2	6
Kate and Ethel Edwards		8	0
Margery Webb-Williams		3	0
Mary Webb-Williams		1	0
Dorothy Jean Best		8	0
Madge Williams		3	0
Martha Reid		1	0
Dora Stewart		2	0
Daisy Valentine		5	0
	13	9	11
Less Philip's Expenses for the half-year—June to November, 1913 ..	10	10	0
Balance	2	19	11

Price One Shilling net. Postage 2d.

WHY DID CHRIST DIE?

OR

THE TRUE ATONEMENT

AND

"THE MYSTERY OF CHRIST."

By PHILALETHES.

"The earnestness and piety of the author are conspicuous in every page, and the argument is founded upon the teaching of Christ and the Apostles interpreted in the simplest and most literal sense. A mystery which has baffled the greatest theologians is made clear."—*The Outlook.*

"Unhampered by doctrinal bias or theological prejudice, with the clearest insight and without straining the words of Scripture, he arrives at the conclusion. And so clear is the process of deduction, so cogent the reasoning, and so satisfactory the result, that we cordially recommend this extremely able presentation which gives no offence to modern modes of thought."—*Aberdeen Journal.*

"It will be for us to recommend that the book be bought by every student."—*Review of Theology and Philosophy.*

By the same Author. Price One Shilling net. Postage 2d.

THE LIE

OR

THE FALSE ATONEMENT

AND

"THE MYSTERY OF LAWLESSNESS."

These two pamphlets explain the cause of the unexampled success of Christianity when first preached by the Apostles, and of the rapid decay of belief at the present day.

FRANCIS GRIFFITHS, 34 Maiden Lane, Strand, W.C.

A House to Remember

Send your discarded trinkets to Frasers for prompt cash. **Brooches, Rings, Antiques, Pearls, Watches, Bracelets, Old Gold, Broken Silver, etc.** Frasers give biggest prices.

Frasers (Ipswich), Ltd., Goldsmiths, 17 *Princes St., Ipswich.*

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LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

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Dept. Q.R., 133 Oxford Street, London.



BURGESS'
LION OINTMENT



CURES Varicose and all Ulcers, Abscesses, Whitlows, Boils, every form of Poisoned Wound or Skin Disease. Cleansing before Healing. Sold everywhere 7½d., 1/1½, etc., or post free from E. BURGESS, 59, Gray's Inn Road, W.C. Estab. 1847. *Advice Gratis.*

Save YOUR Teeth!

A Tooth Brush can remove *nothing* with which it fails to come in contact—*that's plain.*

It *cannot* clean the cavities, crannies and crypts between the teeth—*that's certain.*

Food debris should be removed so far as possible by brushing with a frictional paste (free from grittiness) to prevent the growth of tooth decay-germs. But nothing will remove all food particles—so the decay-germs which result must be *destroyed—that's easy—*

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE

in the strength applied to the teeth destroys the germs of tooth decay within 30 seconds

Large Tube 1/- All Chemists

WRITE FOR FREE
Trial Tube and Scientists' Endorsements. Address Dept. Q.6, Euthymol, 79 Beak St., London, W.



HOOPING COUGH

CROUP

The Celebrated Effectual Cure without Internal Medicine

ROCHE'S
Herbal Embrocation

will also be found very efficacious in cases of

BRONCHITIS, LUMBAGO AND RHEUMATISM.

Price 4- per Bottle, of all Druggists.

IN CONSTANT USE FOR OVER 120 YEARS.

W. EDWARDS & SON, 157 Queen Victoria St., London, Eng.

Kilspindie

all wool Unshrinkable Wear

From the Manufacturer to the Wearer.



Gent.'s White Cashmere Vests and Trousers

Pure Wool, Unshrinkable, Spliced Seats, Knees and Elbows. Double Forks in Trousers. Nice even weight and beautiful texture.

The City Man's Wear at a great saving in Price.

Sizes.	Slender Men's.	Men's.	Outsized Men's.
Long Sleeves	5/11	6/6	7/6
Short Sleeves	5/6	5/11	6/11
Trousers - -	6/6	7/6	8/6

All Goods Post Free. Send for Catalogue of Ladies' and Gent.'s Wear to the SOLE MANUFACTURERS.

THE KILSPINDIE HOSIERY CO. (Dept. A), HADDINGTON, SCOTLAND.

Rowlands' Macassar Oil

an **ABSOLUTE NECESSITY** for all who wish to **Preserve** and **Beautify** their

HAIR

Avoid doubtful preparations which contain **Lead**, **Spirit**, or other dangerous ingredients.



This celebrated oil is the only preparation for the Hair which contains that Delightful Perfume—Otto of Roses.

It is guaranteed free from any deleterious ingredients, and as it **Penetrates** to the **Roots** it will replace the loss of the **Natural Oil** in the Hair, the want of which causes Baldness. **Ladies** and **Children** should always use it, as it lays the foundation of a Luxuriant Growth. It is also prepared in a **Golden Colour** for **Fair Hair.** Sold in **3/6**, **7/-**, **10/9**, and **21/-** bottles, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and Rowlands, 67 Hatton Garden, London. Avoid cheap, spurious imitations, and Buy only Rowlands'.

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

Letter-Writing

"I AM very fond of letter-writing." Thus a fair correspondent concludes a letter in my monthly budget. It is affixed as a "P.S." I am accustomed to this, and also to some "P.Ss." being longer than the letter itself; it is a woman's way, and that is good enough for me.

But I found myself lingering over this cheery word. It marked the charming writer as one of a class quite by itself, and finding she was nineteen years of age, I lingered longer over the sweet statement, for it considerably explained the liking. Roughly speaking, I have always divided mankind—and womankind too, for that matter—into three classes: those who hate letter-writing, those who love it, and those who squirm at it. The haters have not yet attained their sixteenth year; they love to get letters, but fight shy of writing them; it is the *laissez-faireism* of gay, indolent, irresponsible youth.

It is otherwise between sixteen and thirty. New elements come swarming in about this epoch, one of which need not be further alluded to than by reminding the intelligent newspaper reader that in a recent breach of promise case four hundred letters were produced, written by the Naughty One in the course of ten months! Some people smiled at this item, but I, with superior and special knowledge, took it as a simple matter of course. Other reasons, however, for bounteous aid to the Postmaster-General between sixteen and thirty will naturally suggest themselves.

Snappy Letters

After this tentative period, I have observed, letters have a tendency to become brief and snappy. They are still written, and written with admirable promptitude, but with a most inhuman way of going straight to the mark. There is nothing poetical about them, no excursions into sentiment or broideries of adornment; they say just what they have to say, as a lawyer or a merchant might, and finish with a formula. In a generic sense these are still called letters, but it would hardly be a libel to speak of them as mandates or affirmations.

A great and subtle art is this letter-writing: few are born to it; it demands cultivation. I set myself to the task when I was considerably under sixteen, surreptitiously borrowing my sister's "Complete Letter Writer." Why she owned that Hoary Help I never knew: girls are not usually informative with young brothers about these matters. I wanted it to find out how to address a policeman properly. There had been some habitual vagaries at our local and public gymnasium which I fancied might be remedied by a furtive missive to the blue-coated gentleman set apart for the surveillance of this noble institution, and I had gumption enough to know that success would largely depend on the proper approach made to that high functionary. Yet that letter never was written; the "Complete Letter Writer" abounded in instructions for addressing a Duke, an Archbishop, even an Alderman, but there was never a word about a Policeman. Still, I learnt something from my stealthy study, if it was only the warning "not to use the same expression too frequently in the same letter."

Needs Cultivating

But the point lies here—that letter-writing, like music and painting, and much else, is an art which requires cultivating, whatever the writer's age may be. How to set about this cultivation is, of course, the question that follows. It is no use waiting, like Micawber, for "something to turn up" which will make writing a necessity; that is the time when the expert pen will be most needed. He is a poor sailor who waits for rough weather before looking to his boats: this should be done while there is still leisure; and so it should be with cultivating the art of letter-writing. For want of this foresight there have been untold sorrows. Some people, we are informed, dig their graves with their teeth; perhaps so, but not a few have dug them with their nibs.

Can a better start be made than by writing to children? It is doubtful. There is a sweet ease and freedom about this which is never to be found in writing to grown-ups. The secret of good penmanship lies in its naturalness, for it is the heart more than the head which "tells" in life. This is such a truism that it may be taken for granted.

But where are the children to be found? It is not everyone who is rich in young

nephews or nieces. The Crutch-and-Kindness League supplies the want, and supplies it in the most needed form—little cripples. For in London alone, and under the motherly oversight of the Ragged School Union, there are more than 12,000 *poor* crippled bairns, sadly needing just such loving words and sympathies as can be conveyed by a letter. And who that knows children will doubt the cuddle and comfort of this simple means? It is a stock story, but a true gem in its way, that tells of the crowd gathered round the lost child, crying bitterly, and frightened afresh by every question put to her, till a big, motherly Irish woman pushed her way through, and, lifting the little mite to her bosom, turned on the crowd indignantly, asking, "An' what are yez all staring at? Can't yez see the poor darlin's just needin' a hug?"

She was right, and it is just such a hug as a loving letter can give that many a poor cripple is needing in wide London. Who may not give it? The monthly letter, which is all that the Crutch-and-Kindness League asks of its members, can be written by young or old, the strong or the infirm, in any part of the world where there is a post office—as may be gathered by the locations of the New Members announced here from month to month. It is emphatically a blessed work both for the writer and the one written to. All further particulars concerning the League can be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, J.P., Director and Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH

Mr. Baker, Naples, Italy; Master Stephen Ball, Epping, Essex; Mrs. Borrows, Dunedin, New Zealand; Miss Bunny, Port Shepstone, Natal; Mr. Ernest Buxton, Wincanton, Somerset.

Miss E. Capstick, Bournemouth, Hants; Miss L. B. Carter, Kinsale, Cork; Master Cyril Cassini, Southend-on-Sea, Essex; Miss L. Couch, Launceston, Cornwall.

Miss Betty Dening, Cothelstone, Somerset; Miss J. M. Dent, Bayswater, London, W.

Mrs. James Emery, Enderby, B.C., Canada; Miss Edith Evans, Hampstead, London, N.W.

Miss Norah Hewlitt, Waverley, New South Wales; Miss A. M. Hicks, Oulton, Norfolk; Miss Eva Hill (and pupils), Dunraven, near Teignmouth; Mrs. Hill, Omagh, Ireland; Miss Leila Horne, St. Vincent, B.W.I.; Misses Bessie and Dorothy Hughes, Mosman, New South Wales.

Miss D. James, Llandaff, S. Wales; Miss A. Jones, Downton, Wilts.

Miss M. Lane, Leamington Spa, Warwick; Mrs. R. Lawrie, Belfast, Transvaal; Miss Le Gresley, Gronville, Jersey; Miss Olive Longdon, Whalley Range, Manchester.

Miss Marjorie McCullagh, Kensington, London, W.; Miss Dulcie Moffitt, Sydney, New South Wales; Master George Moulton, Lee, Kent; Miss May Mullen, Abbeyleix, Ireland; Mrs. D. Munro, Otago, New Zealand.

Misses Ada and Annie Owen, Eskdale, New Zealand.

Miss E. Robinson, Shanghai, China.

Miss Grace G. Salmon, East Mersea, Essex; Mrs. Sanderson, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand; Miss Smart, Clapham Common, S.W.; Miss Irene Stokes, Stroud Green, London, N.; Mrs. Sturton, Maritzburg, South Africa.

Miss Talle, Gronville, Jersey.

Master John R. Wadman, Sompting, Sussex; Miss E. R. Woodward, Lilvart, B.C., Canada; Miss Muriel Wooton, Hawthorne, Melbourne, Australia.

Miss Effie Young, Edinburgh, N.B.

THE QUIVER" GUILD OF HOME WORKERS

THE following are new members of the Guild, whose applications were received before my notice appeared in last month's issue (see page 443):

72. Fancy work, crochet, knitting, and plain sewing; children's and ladies' underwear. Hand or machine. (M. M. B., Oswestry.)

73. Crochet (Irish, etc.) in cotton or wool; first-class work. Babies' bonnets, in wool, lined silk, 2s. 9d. (A. G., Burgess Hill.)

74. Fancy work, crochet, embroidery; camisoles, etc. Any article made. (A. S., Grimsby.)

75. Plain and fancy work. Crochet tea-cloth for sale. (R. L., Annan.)

76. All sorts of knitting. Typewriting of all kinds; own machine. (E. M. K. D., Croydon.)

77. Knitting, embroidery, smocking of children's clothes. Invalid seeks orders. (G. L., Wellingborough.)

78. Ladies' and children's underwear; plain frocks, smocked, honeycombed, or braided trimmings; knitting. Certificated. (P. R. G., Bristol.)

79. Ladies' underwear, children's clothes, handkerchief initials, etc. (F. W., Trowbridge.)

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The Premier
MARMALADE
of the World

Doctors recommend it because they know it is produced under ideal conditions from the purest ingredients—selected oranges and refined sugar.

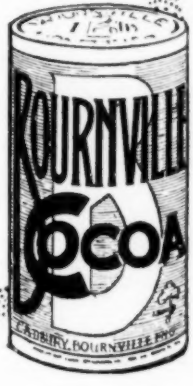
Made in the Cleanest Factories in the Kingdom by
ROBERTSON—
Only Maker.



Bournville Cocoa

Cadbury

In our uncertain climate the **best protection** against chills is a cup of **Bournville Cocoa.** It can be readily prepared at any time, the **flavour** is **delicious,** and it is very **comforting** and **sustaining.**



HELP IN SHOPPING

Our New Department in Full Swing

By THE EDITOR

In a recent issue, the formation of our new department to render aid in shopping was reported. This page gives further details of our scheme.

OCCASIONALLY it happens that a married man, from some accidental cause—illness, holidays, and the like—finds the responsibilities of housekeeping shifted on to his shoulders. It seems an easy thing to provide a meal of some sort three times a day for a week or two—until one has tried it—and then the difficulties of the situation begin to dawn on the hapless male mind. Bacon for breakfast morning after morning is all right as far as it goes, but one soon finds that to ring the changes on beef and mutton for dinner is "not good enough," and to resort to an unvaried diet of tinned goods is worse. One friend of the writer who had seen the references to our new department wondered whether our Buying Expert could help him over his difficulties. I am afraid that that is not quite the sort of help in shopping that was contemplated, but I have no doubt that if the Buying Expert were put on his mettle he would be able to suggest something to help a man faced with an unusual situation of this kind.

But the Buying Expert has found his time fully occupied dealing with inquiries of a more legitimate character.

Woman's Province

One little difficulty has suggested itself: the new member of our staff is a man, after all, and does not pretend to be as familiar with the vagaries of fashion and the orthodox cut of blouses as might be desired. Among the inquiries sent along has been one from a reader who wishes to know what is going to be the prevailing colour in dresses next season! To meet cases of this sort I have arranged to obtain the help of Mrs. Mary Whitley, a fashion expert of the highest repute, who will endeavour to give advice on shopping in all matters pertaining to ladies' wear. Such communications should be addressed not to the Buying Expert, but to Mrs. Whitley, THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, E.C.

For the benefit of those who may have missed the previous announcement, I might repeat what precisely we want to make of this new department.

I think there must be hundreds of readers who occasionally have need of some expert assistance in their shopping. Perhaps you live in the country or in one of the Colonies, or abroad, and are disinclined to order goods from mere lists; or perhaps you are unable to trace the maker of some particular article which you require. If you had a trustworthy friend in the city you would write to him, and he would take a taxi round from place to place and try to discover the thing you wanted. Failing that, you are in a difficulty.

"The Quiver" Buying Expert

To help such I have made arrangements for the assistance of an expert whose business it is to buy, and whose work necessitates his knowing all there is to know about shops. His services I am able to put at the disposal of *readers of* THE QUIVER, *without fee of any sort*. He will undertake to advise you where to procure an article, or will, if you so desire, purchase it at the lowest possible price and have it dispatched to your address.

Let it be clearly understood: our Buyer is not interested in any one particular firm—or any number of firms for that matter—that he desires to push in competition with some rival. He will conscientiously recommend what he thinks will best suit your case, even though it means trouble in the discovering of some out-of-the-way manufacturer or dealer.

Those wishing for help of this description should write to the BUYING EXPERT, THE QUIVER Home Department, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply, and if it is desired to send any remittances, cheques or postal orders can be made payable to Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd., thus ensuring the safe transit of money.

This

is the reason why "it-must-be-Bovril"

It takes the beef of an 8-lb. joint to make a 4-oz. bottle of Bovril.
The Bovril Cattle Estates in Australia and the Argentine cover about 9,799,000 acres, an area equal to nearly one-third the size of England.





You
can lighten the
labour—and expense—
of Spring Cleaning
by using

DRUMMER DYES

"So easy to use"

'TIS in the Spring—at cleaning time—that the housewife discovers many soiled, shabby, and faded articles about the house. Most of them can be restored to original beauty and fresh appearance by dyeing them at home with "Drummer Dyes." The process is so simple, failure is impossible—the colours are absolutely fast, and true—and the saving is enormous, in expense and trouble, as they cost so little and are so easy to use.

Here is a list of things that can be restored as new to give the same good service again:—

Household Articles.

Afternoon Tea Cloths.	**Sideboard Cloths.**	**Curtain Sashes.**	**Linen Table Covers.**
Bath Mats.	**Down Quilt Covers.**	**Duchesse Covers.**	**Silk Curtains.**
Bed Hangings.	**Table Centres.**	**Nightdress Bags.**	**Window Draperies.**
Bed Spreads.	**Casement Curtains.**	**Ottoman Covers.**	**Lamp Shades.**
Bed Valances.	**Cretonne Covers.**	**Silk Cot Covers.**	**Lace Curtains.**
Cushion Covers.	**Damask Curtains.**	**Counterpanes.**	**Indian Muslin Draperies**
Chair Covers.	**Fancy Mats.**	**Pram. Covers.**	**etc. etc.**

When silk and satin are "Drummer" dyed—they must be ironed while damp. This adds a fresh rich lustre, and the article gives the same good service and wear again.

Drummer Dyes can be had in all useful and fashionable colours.
Of all grocers, stores, oilmen, and chemists everywhere.



Sole Manufacturers:

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**His Faithful Friend
Makes labour light.
All rest would end
Lost he Fluxite.**

Anyone can easily repair metal articles with

FLUXITE

The paste that

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

And LEAD-JOINTING.

In Homes everywhere soldering jobs are being done with Fluxite to save time and money. It is used in Workshops and on Motorcars all over the world.

Of Ironmongers, &c., in **6d., 1/-,** and **2/-** tins.

The "FLUXITE" SOLDERING SET

contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron, a pocket Blow-lamp, Fluxite, Solder, &c., and a pamphlet on "SOLDERING WORK."

Price **4/6,** Post Paid, Sample Set, United Kingdom.

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FOR GREY HAIR.



Trial Bottle. **6d.**

SEEGER'S tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired, BROWN, DARK BROWN, LIGHT BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN or GOLDEN. SEEGER'S has a certified clientele of over FOUR HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT THOUSAND USERS. SEEGER'S contains no lead, mercury, silver or sulphur. A medical certificate accompanies each bottle. SEEGER'S is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair or scalp. Large bottle **2/-**, post free **2/2**. Trial bottle **6d.** post free **7d.** Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere.

HINDES (WAVERS) LTD., Finsbury, London.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT

"Uses PROCTOR'S Pinelyptus Pastilles with great success for **Throat,** Voice and Chest, and recommends her friends to use them."

PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES

(Broncho-Laryngeal).

For **CHEST, THROAT, VOICE,**



For **ASTHMA, COUGH, CATARRH.**

A BOON TO SINGERS, SPEAKERS, TEACHERS, &c.

Sold by Chemists and Stores, only in Boxes, **1/-** and **2/6.** Insist on having "Pinelyptus."

PRESERVE BABY'S SKIN



With

CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted when necessary by Cuticura Ointment. They keep the skin and scalp clean and clear, sweet and healthy, besides soothing irritations which often prevent sleep and if neglected become chronic disfigurements.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each, with 32-page book: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London: R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N. S. W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, McLean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Boston, U. S. A.

☞ Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

THE KING OF GAMES.

"THIS delightful game," says an ancient chronicler of the charm of billiards—and his words have echoed down the years. Golf is often spoken of as the "Royal and ancient game," but billiards is certainly as Royal, and decidedly more ancient. Indeed the origin of the game of billiards is lost in the mists of antiquity. Its exact age is as doubtful as the birthplace of Homer or the problem of the Sphinx.

IMPORTED FROM PERSIA?

Some historians suppose billiards to have been imported into the Roman Empire from Persia—and that surely is quite a respectable antiquity. From all accounts however the game as originally known died out with the Roman Empire, and when many centuries later it reappeared in France during the reign of one of the Henrys, it was very much improved. It is on record that that king commissioned a billiard table with a bed of stone covered with cloth having a hole and

HAZARD POCKET IN THE CENTRE.

The monarchs of France indeed were ever devotees of Billiards. Mary Queen of Scots was a passionate lover of the game and a passage in a letter she wrote prior to her execution refers to "her billiard table being taken away from her." The Empress Josephine played billiards with Napoleon and it is said the moody conqueror never appeared more happy than when engaged in the game.

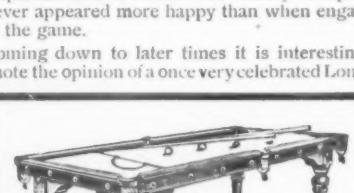
Coming down to later times it is interesting to quote the opinion of a once very celebrated London Surgeon who expressed himself to the following effect—"We should all sleep more soundly if we made it a rule to play billiards for an hour or two each evening before going to bed. Our wives and children would benefit too—they would be at all events more fond of home, for there is nothing that so endears the family circle as the recollection of

AMUSEMENTS SHARED IN COMMON

—games in which we all take part." Billiards today is constantly increasing the number of its followers and there is no doubt much justification for the claims of those enthusiasts who describe it as the most accomplished, fascinating, and absorbing game in existence. The great feature which makes billiards the really ideal game for the home is this: that it will admit of being enjoyed in common by

ALL MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY

circle—parents, sons and daughters, even to the youngest. There was an objection at one time that Billiards was a rich man's game only. This is not so to-day however. Billiard tables are now made in smaller sizes, while at the same time they retain all the characteristics of the larger tables—slate bed, rubber cushions, etc., etc., and are built in exact proportion to the larger size tables. Good judges declare that just the same skill is needed to play on these tables, and quite as good and as interesting a game can be had on them. Undoubtedly the best makers are E. J. Riley Ltd., of Accrington, Lancs., whose fame is world-wide.



Showing Billiard Table placed on Dining Table.

THE SAME SKILLED WORKMANSHIP

that fashioned the perfect Riley Billiard Table upon which Gray and Roberts made World's records is put into the making of *all* Riley Tables. Even the smallest size is not a toy, but a perfect Billiard Table with slate bed in exact proportion to the standard size. And just the same game requiring the same skill can be played on Riley's Miniature Tables as on the large ones.

RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES

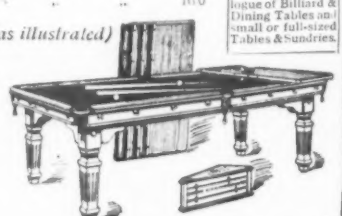
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Superior Billiard Table in Solid Mahogany, French Polished, Best Slate Bed, Adjustable Feet, Rubber Shod, Low Frost-proof Rubber Cushions, Two Cues, Marking Board, Rest, Ivory or Crystalate Balls, &c.

Size 4ft. 4in. × 2ft. 4in.	£3	7	6	Or in 13 Monthly Payments as here shown, being only 5 per cent on Cash Price	13 Monthly Payments of	5/6
„ 5ft. 4in. × 2ft. 10in.	4	7	6		„ „	7 0
„ 6ft. 4in. × 3ft. 4in.	5	5	0		„ „	8 6
„ 7ft. 4in. × 3ft. 10in.	7	5	0		„ „	11 6
„ 8ft. 4in. × 4ft. 4in.	10	0	0		„ „	16 0

FREE on receipt of post-card full detailed illustrated Catalogue of Billiard & Dining Tables and small or full-sized Tables & Sundries.

RILEY'S Combine Billiard & Dining Tables *(as illustrated)*



Fitted with Riley's Patent Action for raising, lowering, and levelling. A handsome piece of furniture as a Dining Table and a high-class Billiard Table. Made in Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, etc. Prices range from **£13/10/0** to **£32** according to size of Table. Cash or Easy Payments. Full details in List sent on application. No charge for packages. LISTS FREE. Folding Bagatelle Boards from 30/-

Prices include all accessories, delivery free to any railway station in United Kingdom, and 7 days free trial.

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KING OF HEALTH
MORNING POWDER
TRADE MARK

No need to go to expensive Spas or baths. No need to spend much money in cures. Regesan Morning Powder is the ***only*** safe, reliable, and sure cure. Whether you suffer from Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Stomach, Liver or Kidney trouble, or an excess of uric acid in the system, you will find Regesan Morning Powder a sure, gentle corrective.

Sold only by **Boots** CASH CHEMISTS **1/6** per Bottle.

Issued by Regesan Ltd.

I'm feeling in the very pink, old chap!"



"TAKE my tip, invest in a Clemak and you'll feel as I do—in the *very* pink."

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Every morning the same—a clean, close, comfortable shave, and no trouble either before or after use.

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The Clemak Book will interest you. Write for a Copy to-day.

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THE RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINE.

THE BEST REMEDY known for

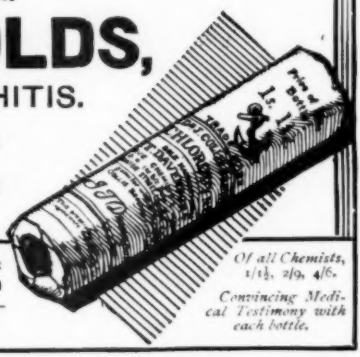
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Of all Chemists, 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6.

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suitable for Drawing-Room, Dining-Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely lettered in 3 different Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Samples Carpets, with this showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits.

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With every Carpet we shall **Absolutely Give Away** a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send **Two Carpets** and **Two Rugs** for

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Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm

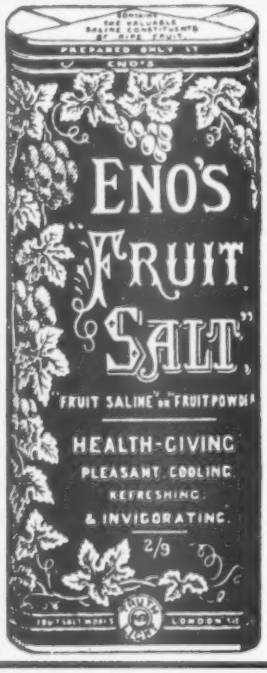
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OVER FORTY YEARS

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PLEASANT TO TAKE, REFRESHING & INVIGORATING

THERE is no simpler, safer or more agreeable aperient which will, by natural means, get rid of dangerous waste matter, without depressing the spirits or lowering the vitality.

IT IS VERY BENEFICIAL IN ALL CASES OF **Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Errors in Diet—Eating or Drinking, Thirst, Giddiness, Rheumatic or Gouty Poison, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, and Feverish Conditions generally.**

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It can be safely used every day even by invalids and children. The best of all household remedies at all times.

Gentle and safe in its action, it does not cause griping or weakness. Always keep it in the house or in your travelling bag, in readiness for emergencies.

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